THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A[illegible] Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

AUGUST 17, 1918

5c. THE COPY
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Floyd W. Parsons — Nina Wilcox Putnam — Carl W. Ackerman — Wallace Irwin
Albert Payson Terhune — Neville Taylor Gherardi — Albert W. Atwood

Blue Buckle OverAlls

Union Made

Here's a war-time message to men who wear, and men who sell, Blue Buckle OverAlls!

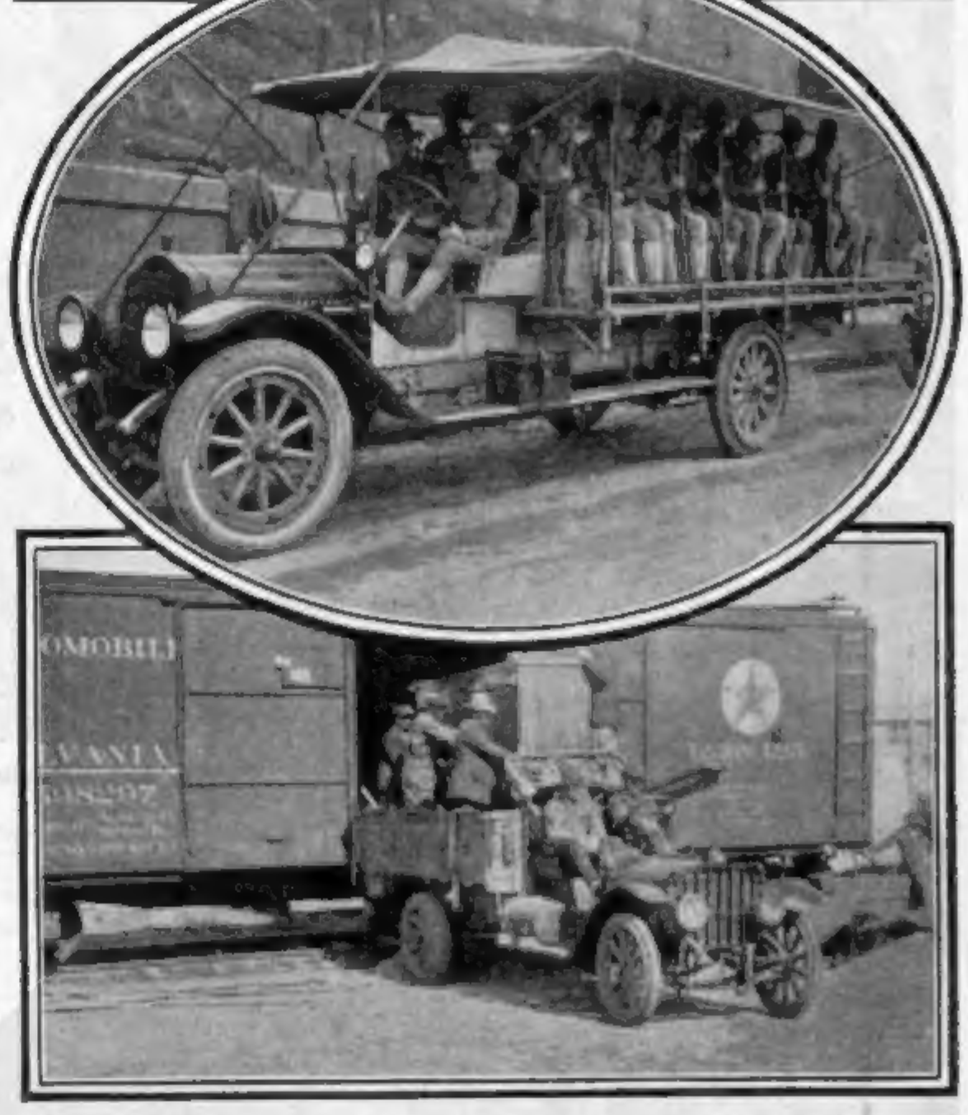
Our enthusiasm to have a real part in winning the war prompted us to offer all or any part of our mammoth new manufacturing plant to the service of the Government. Hence, for the duration of the war Blue Buckle OverAlls will be increasingly hard to obtain. The National Needs with us, as with you, must first be served!

Men who wear and men who sell Blue Buckle OverAlls, in that fine spirit of patriotism so characteristic of the American people, will set aside all personal interests as they have in the withdrawal of other commodities essential to the war's successful prosecution.

Blue Buckles, proud of their part in the victory that must come to our arms, will return to the paths of peace in quantities equal to the tremendous demand for "the first work garment of America!"

Jobbers OverAll Company, Lynchburg, Va., Largest Manufacturers of Union Made Overalls in the World

Selling Agents: W. T. Stewart Dept., Leonard Sales Co., 64 Leonard St., New York



Ninety heavy trucks made the trip from Camp McClellan, Ala., to Atlanta, Ga., a distance of 125 miles, and carried back 130 tons of sugar for the soldiers in camp. *(Central News)*

General Goethals says we need more Good Roads—

"General Goethals, who resigned as State Engineer of New Jersey when he was appointed Army Quartermaster General, with direction of transportation, has recommended to the State Highway Commission that it spend all its available funds this year in building sections of roads that will enable the army to use motor-trucks and other vehicles to relieve the railroad congestion in hauling supplies to its camps and to the shipping bases. His report lists fourteen routes where immediate changes might be made to facilitate army transportation with trucks.

"All the recommendations have been accepted, and the first year's levy of the direct tax that, it is estimated, will total $15,000,000 in five years, will be spent in improving military highways. Four of the routes carry traffic to New York, although the plans for improvements on all routes are intended to increase highway traffic to other ports. Other improvements affect the traffic on highways between Newark, New York, and the Quartermaster depots in Philadelphia, and all the manufacturing-plants between those cities. Better roads to Sandy Hook, the United States naval station at Cape May, and Camps Dix and Merritt are suggested."

—From *The New York Times.*

Every state, every county, has its long through routes that *should* carry a swarming traffic of motor-trucks!

But one impassable mile, one neglectful township somewhere on the route from city to city, breaks the chain and forces shippers to use congested railroads as best they can!

Roads must be strengthened to withstand motor-truck traffic. This means that in most cases they should be built or treated with Tarvia, *which reënforces the road-surface and makes it smooth, dustless and durable.*

Military trucks and the new commercial truck-trains need Tarvia roads.
(Photos courtesy Leslie's Weekly and Commercial Photo Shop.)

Tarvia

Preserves Roads-Prevents Dust

Tarvia has been successfully used on thousands of miles of roadway throughout this country, including many of the principal arteries of the nation.

No other road material is so popular.

Every state highway commission, every county and township authority, every citizen, should be interested in the good road problem, which is so urgent if the nation is to mobilize promptly its food and its fuel, its munitions and its men.

Good Roads and plenty of them will help us win the war.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville

The Barrett Company

Boston St. Louis
Detroit Birmingham
Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

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Save butter and flour. Make Johnny Cake with Crisco and a generous proportion of corn meal after the recipe below.

RISCO

In all recipes that call for butter or butter substitutes, Crisco gives splendid results. It comes in one pound, sanitary, airtight packages and it costs no more than lard from an open tub.

JOHNNY CAKE—Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

1½ cupfuls flour
½ cupful corn meal
½ teaspoonful salt
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
1 tablespoonful melted Crisco
1 egg
1 cupful milk

(Use accurate level measurements)

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add melted Crisco, then egg and milk. Mix well and bake in a well Criscoed pan in a hot oven. Time depends upon thickness of loaf.

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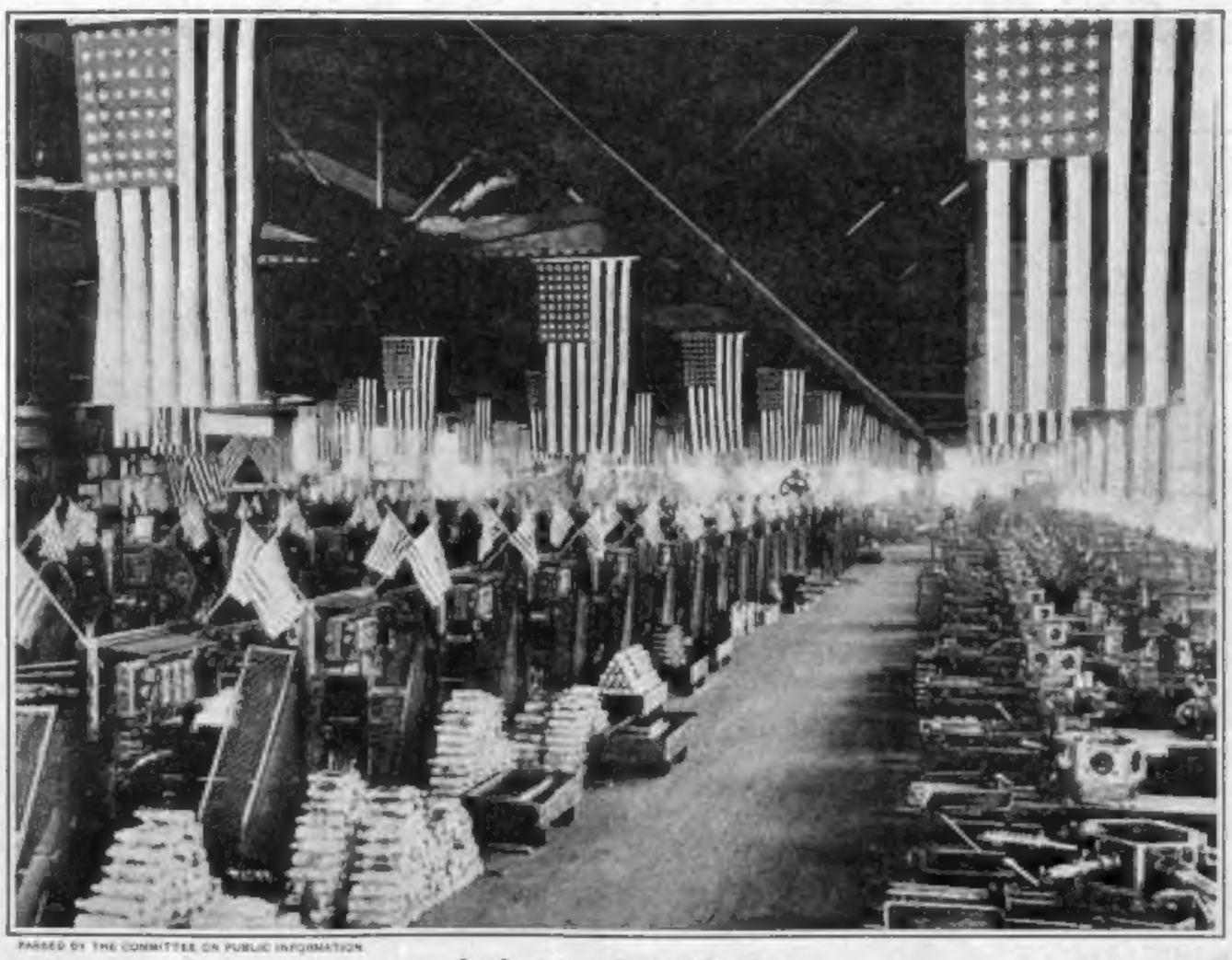
WAR AND SCIENCE

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE present war is the most terrible conflict in history because it is the first time that any nation, such as Germany, possessed of cruelty and barren of conscience, has at the same time been master of science. Expressed concretely, war to-day is 75 per cent engineering and 25 per cent military. When the United States sends a million men to France less than half of these soldiers can be placed in the front trenches, while more than half must be designated for duties supporting and maintaining these first-line units.

An army now must spend more than a month preparing for the launching of a major offensive at any point. If successful, this attack can carry only so far, when the victors must stop and start all over preparing for another advance. These preliminary efforts consist almost wholly of railway and highway construction and general engineering practice. It is evident, therefore, that no army to-day in the face of a strongly organized defense can sustain a long-continued advance. Unless present warfare changes, any great movement forward by one side or the other must consist of a series of jumps averaging 10 to 20 miles each. Engineering skill is the measure of speed.



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An American Projectile Shop

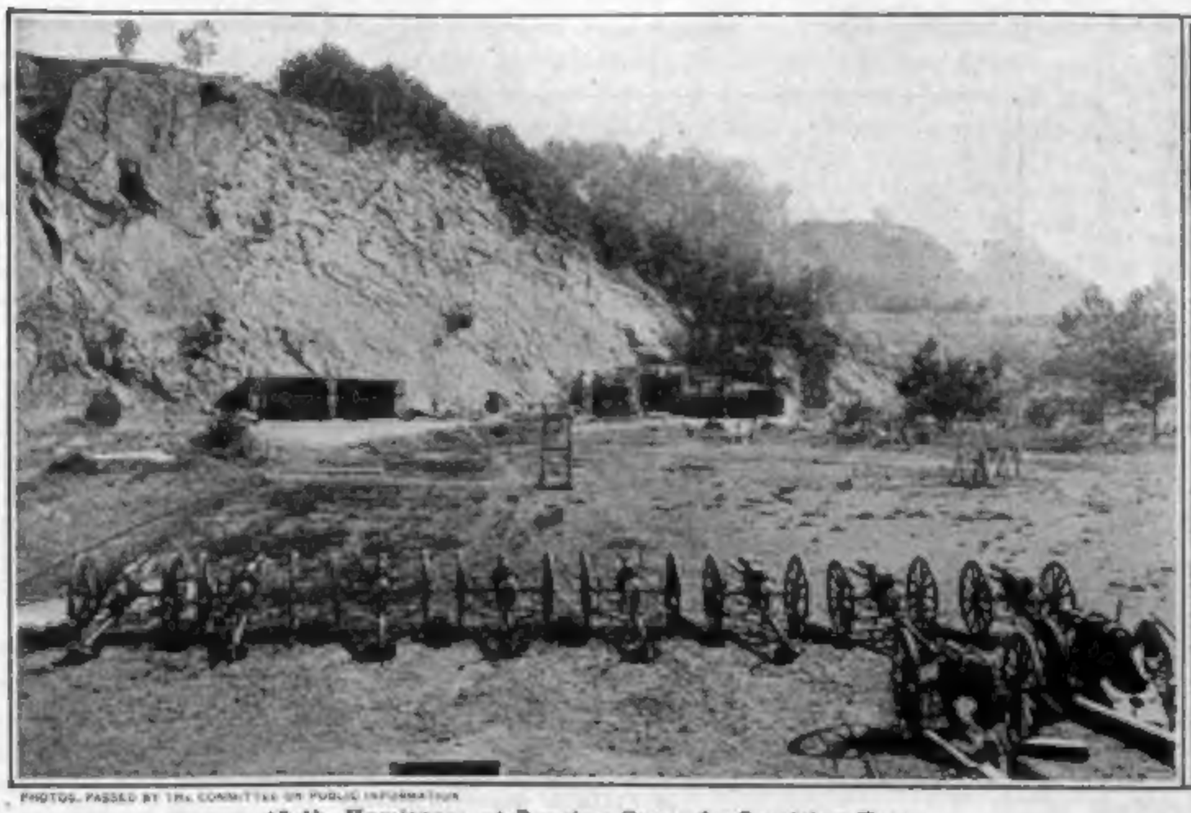
If victory could be won by masses of men, the Entente would not have their eyes turned so earnestly to America; India and China could supply the need from their teeming populations. It is organized knowledge, however, that will prevail, and the United States being a pioneer country—a land of new railroads, bridges, tunnels and great engineering projects, built largely by the present generation—has the numerical superiority in men trained in those phases of engineering most used in war.

Europe has its famous engineers and celebrated chemists, but back of the lines in France the need is for thousands of experienced foremen to supervise thousands of gangs. The laboratory and factory worker must give way to the outdoor construction boss.

Germany, though not a land of pioneer development, is a country of recent intense industrial advancement. Her initial superiority in war was due to the fact that every man in her empire knew exactly what he was to do, and on the first call immediately jumped to his prescribed post. The United States possesses 300,000 technically trained men—a number double the total of any two other nations. However, less than one-half of our engineers and chemists are engaged in purely war work. We move ponderously, and let us hope irresistibly, but with the painful deliberation of one exploring in a strange land. War to America and Americans is a new pursuit.

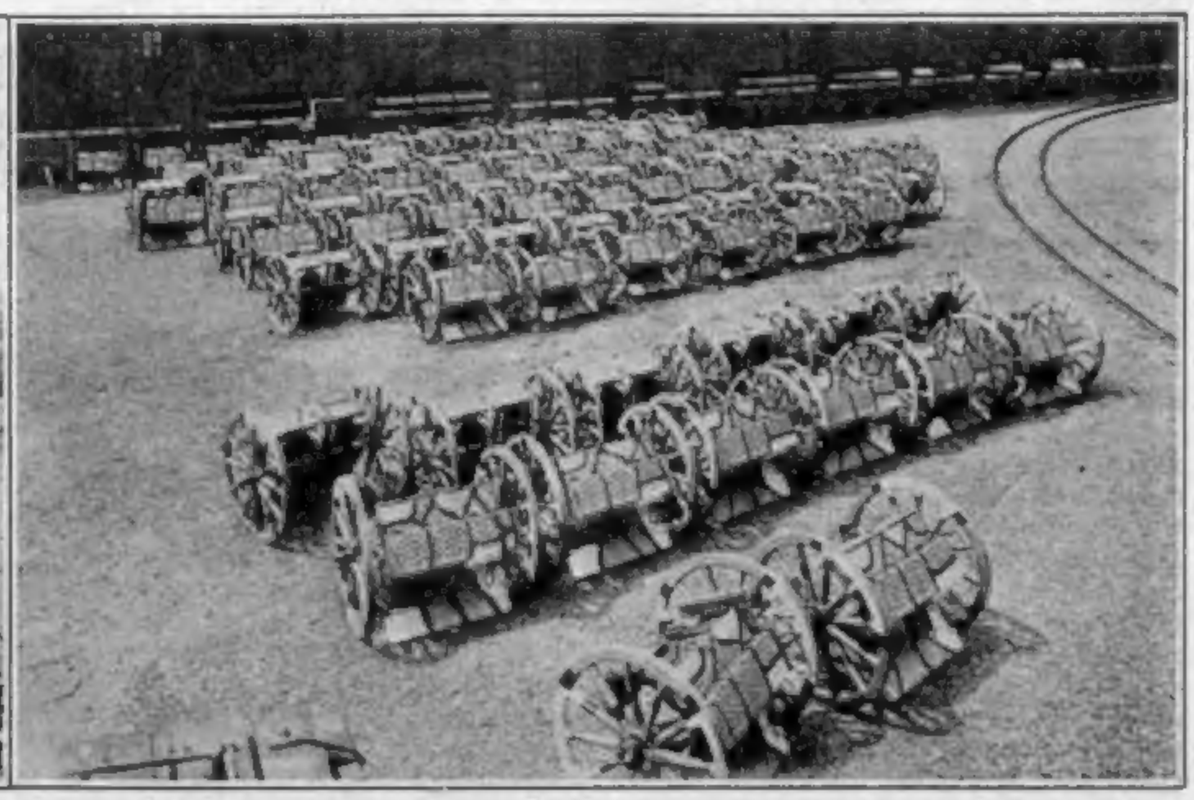
The Germans on the other hand have been carefully educated to believe in the necessity and the righteousness of war. Their record is not a story of invention, for other nations have produced most of the mechanical marvels of the last century. It was not a German who invented electricity, gas, the telephone, the telegraph, the submarine, the automobile, the airplane, the phonograph, the steam engine, the threshing machine or the farm tractor. Nor did the Hun first discover anæsthetics or first practice aseptic surgery. Yet he has the nerve to pose as a superman. The Teutons, however, have been quick to adapt our great industrial ideas to purposes of war. They are perfecters rather than originators, and their temporary successes are due to the fact that they consider only the end and not the means; the accomplishment and not the method.

The civilized world has stood aghast at the infamy of Germany. Nations have found it difficult to credit the stories of Hun atrocities. Science as represented by Teuton Kultur is now a refinement of all the arts of Satan. Why is this so? For an answer let



PHOTOS. PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

16-in. Howitzers at Proving Grounds Awaiting Tests



Limbers for 3-Inch Field Guns—Note Camouflage on Each Carriage

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Crystallization Tanks at a Nitrate of Soda Plant in South America

us dismiss surmise and draw all our facts from that authoritative work—the War Book of the German General Staff. Here we have a volume that is a true child of Prussian military tradition. German morals and policies stand naked before us. We find that in the German mind peace is but a suspension of the state of war, instead of war's being a rude interruption of a state of peace.

Can an officer compel the peaceful inhabitants of an invaded country to give information about the strength and disposition of their nation's forces? No, say the Hague Regulations; but Yes, answers the German War Book, it is regrettable but necessary. Should they be exposed to the fire of their own troops? No, say the manuals of civilized nations; Yes, says the War Book, it may be indefensible but its main justification is that it is successful. Should the forced labor of the inhabitants be limited to works that are not designed to injure their own country? Yes, say the Hague Regulations; No, this is an absurd distinction and impossible, says the German War Book.

The Soul-Killers

THIS Teuton textbook for military officers continues to inform them as follows: Should prisoners of war be put to death? It is always ugly but sometimes expedient. May one hire an assassin, corrupt a citizen or incite an incendiary? Certainly; it may not be reputable and honor may fight shy of it, but the law of war is less touchy. Should the women and children, the old and the feeble, be allowed to depart before a bombardment begins? On the contrary, their presence is greatly to be desired—it makes the bombardment all the more effective, says the Hun.

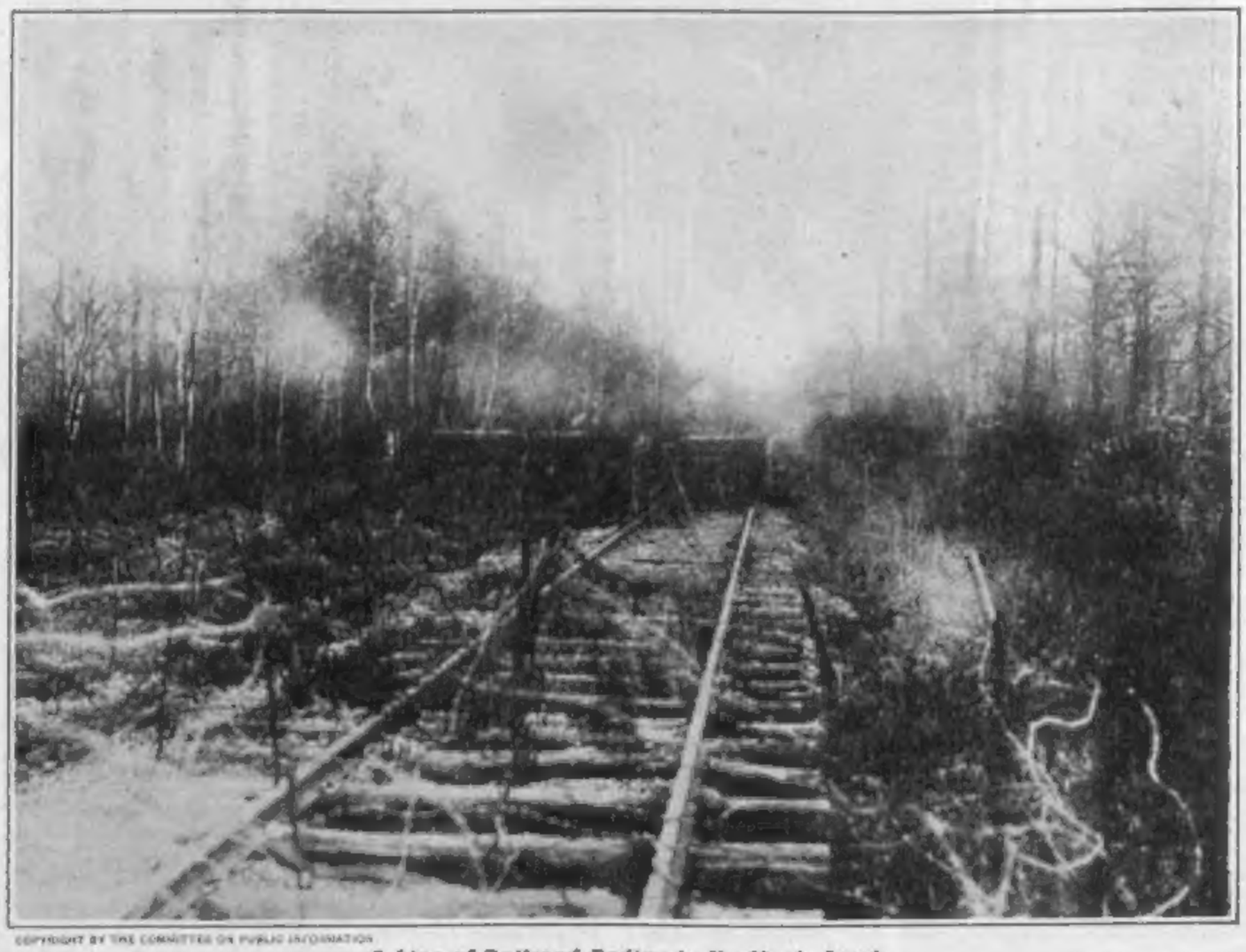
But why multiply these examples of Prussian brutality? Let the reader who doubts, if there still be any such in this country, investigate and satisfy himself.

The War Book points out that "the errors which proceed from the spirit of benevolence in war are the worst. . . . To introduce into the philosophy of war itself a principle of moderation would be an absurdity. . . . War is an act of violence which in its application knows no bounds. . . . Private property should always be respected; but if the necessity of war makes it advisable, every sequestration, every appropriation—temporary or permanent—every use, every injury and all destruction are permissible."

The War Book when it attempts to inculcate frightfulness is never obscure; when it advises forbearance it is always ambiguous. Through centuries, and amid difficulties, international law has progressed with the intent of humanizing the conduct of war. Honorable nations had come to believe that the sole object of war was to disable the armed forces of the enemy. But the German Staff refuses to countenance such a doctrine. It says: "We must seek just as much to smash the total intellectual [*geistig*] and material resources of the enemy." The *Geist* of a people to the German means its innermost spirit and finest culture. So it is evident the Teuton warrior is specifically instructed to destroy not only the body but the very soul of an enemy nation. This explains the definite German policy designed to humiliate and stupefy conquered peoples through wrecking not only material but all spiritual resources.

If the Germans are not still red in tooth and claw, then why does their War Book ignore every decent practice that is based on voluntary morality, such as is accepted by all civilized nations? Perhaps this is the reason that the traveler in Germany finds that things which in our own country are left to the good sense and good breeding of the citizen are officiously "verboten." It appears that the Hun is restrained only by fear. Under the caption Cunning and Deceit the Teuton manual instructs officers that "bribery, acceptance of offers of treachery, support of pretenders, and so on, are permissible." It adds further that "international law is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties, such as assassination, incendiarism, robbery and the like." In this way the German presumes to believe that what is not expressly forbidden is thereby approved. He cannot understand that international law considers certain practices so repulsive that it will not, through legislation, admit the possibility of their existence. I am sure the foregoing paragraphs make clear to the reader the fact that in the application of science to war the German General Staff will act without restraint. We may expect the Prussian to use every death-dealing force of Nature that comes under his control. He will not voluntarily carry on his fight within the limits of any roped arena, nor will he battle according to any set of Queensberry rules. The laws of nations are second to the needs of the Fatherland. Let the Teuton chemist discover a new gas that will penetrate our masks and sear the flesh from our bones, and he will turn it on us with a prayer that it prove doubly deadly. We must dismiss our illusions and go forward with a determination never to stop until there is no German alive who believes it is right in either war or peace to murder peaceful citizens, rape women and crucify children.

We must immediately and effectively use every resource we possess. Let me attempt to acquaint the reader with the most important elements that are essential in the conduct of present warfare. It is only through a correct understanding of the problems we face that we can hope for a maximum coöperative effort. Let me further endeavor to show in simple fashion the relative security of the positions occupied by Germany and America, and explain some ways in which the loyal citizen can help the nation by encouraging the production and conserving the supplies of certain metals and minerals for the needs of the Government.



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A Line of Railroad Ending in No Man's Land

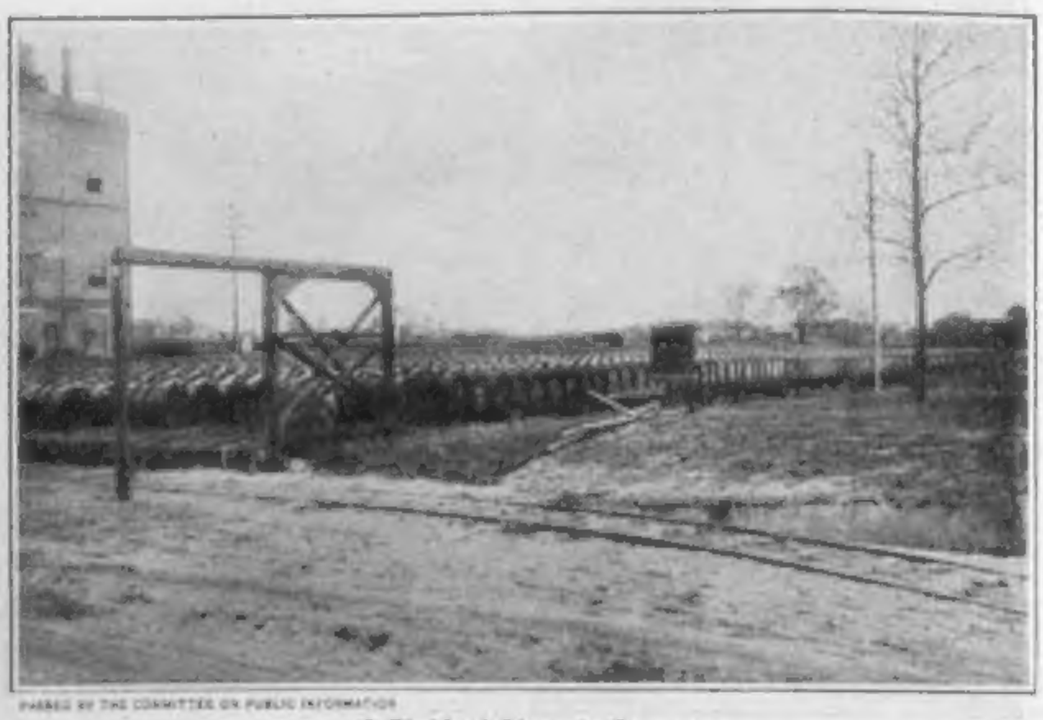
Coal and iron are the basic requisites of modern war. Without both of these in abundance no nation could hope to succeed. Both Germany and the United States have these materials in plenty. Copper is needed in large quantities, and here we are fortunate, for we produce in this country 61 per cent of the world's total copper output. Germany produces very little copper, having only the Mansfeld group of mines, and she is unable to get any of this metal from her allies. In Serbia she gained control of a few small mines, but not enough to help her materially. It is therefore certain that the Teutons are badly in need of this important metal. It is likely their copper is now being obtained from places where it has entered into the construction of buildings, various kinds of equipment and from salvage on the battlefields. It is generally understood that the Germans are substituting zinc and soft iron for copper in many places. Russia cannot help Germany much in the matter of copper.

The importance of manganese as a war mineral is far greater than most people believe, and the development of the manganese industry in America is one of the romances of the war. Prior to our entering the world struggle we were producing at the rate of only a few thousand tons of manganese ore annually, while at the same time we were importing upward of a half million tons, 81 per cent of which came from Brazil. Last year we increased our output to 113,000 tons, and this year, though we may produce no more than 600,000 tons, it is likely the end of 1918 will find us on a self-supporting basis, with an output running at the rate of at least 800,000 tons annually. In the meantime the price of manganese has advanced from $12 to $60 a ton.

A Serious Situation

WHEN the United States went to war one of the first problems that rose was the question of a sure and adequate supply of manganese. We were importing most of this mineral from Brazil, a little from India and a lesser amount from Cuba. Our Government was aware that we must use 14 pounds of manganese in the manufacture of every ton of steel. It was also known that certain special grades of military steel contain 12 per cent of this mineral. The German U-boats were at the pinnacle of their success. Who knew but that they might interrupt our manganese imports and thereby force a curtailment in our steel industry? The situation was serious and Uncle Sam rushed one of his newest and best naval colliers to Brazil for a supply of manganese. This vessel left the Barbados on her way here, and neither she, her cargo, nor any of her passengers has been heard from since. The Germans

(Continued on Page 54)



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A Field of Glycerin Drums

THE VULGAR DOLLAR

By Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE more impossible one's relations are the more impossible becomes the task of making them possible, yet the greater is the impossibility of abandoning the attempt to—to, well, make them possible, if you know what I mean! And generous hearts such as dear Mrs. DeWynt's, when coupled with a strong clan feeling, find it extremely hard to allow any branch of the family to go, as I may say, to seed. Unless of course they happen to be very remote connections who are in so impecunious a condition as to render their keeping up with the right sort of people quite out of the question. Such relations as these she would naturally leave well enough alone.

But in the case of Esmeralda, the vexing problem of whether to receive her or not arose, as it were, automatically.

Being ex-social secretary to dear Mrs. DeWynt I have not unnaturally remained more or less in her confidence regarding such delicate matters, and when she made her gallant but little understood attempt at reinstating her niece in our set it so happened that I was with my dear patroness.

Pending my transfer from the Yeomanry—for I had left my post with the wife of our leading Republican senator only to serve my country—pending my transfer from the Yeomanry to the Y. M. C. A., where we all felt my peculiar qualities would be of more real service to our dear country than on the actual firing line, I was on leave, and of course only too eager to comply with Mrs. DeWynt's request that I assist her with a bridge drive which she had long been contemplating giving for the benefit of the Red Cross.

It was most fortunate that I was free at the moment. The episode came, I do assure you, as a most welcome break in the, as I must say, somewhat monotonous routine of the work I had been doing.

And so it came about that while I was on leave and all that, and the senator was arranging for my transfer, I went to the Longhampton cottage with dear Mrs. DeWynt, and it was there that the question came up whether our young Western relative and her new husband should or should not be included among the house guests who were to be asked down to make the semipublic bridge drive endurable to Mrs. DeWynt, if you know what I mean.

Our conversation regarding the matter took place in the little oval boudoir my dear patroness had copied from Versailles, and impressed itself on my mind—the conversation did—because I distinctly recall my protest against having them.

"Let well enough alone!" was the sum and substance of my advice on the matter—though of course my terms were more erudite and the advice given indirectly. Dear Mrs. DeWynt does not relish direct advice.

"Of course the girl is uncouth," said my dear lady, "but she is so interested in war work; and Red Cross is war work, isn't it, Aggie?"

My dear lady always abbreviated Aloysius, my given name, in this playful manner.

"I assure you that it is war work!" I replied earnestly, "and that we are, as I may say, practically in the trenches ourselves in doing it!"

Mrs. DeWynt brushed this aside and came directly to more important matters—to wit, our immediate affairs.

"Well," said she, "of course Esmeralda did a terrible thing in eloping without my permission. But after all she is my own niece, though she has been brought up so differently from our Eastern girls. And her husband is Lord Castlewing's cousin!"

Dear Mrs. DeWynt is always so kind and forgiving. Perceiving that she had already decided before asking my opinion, I of course changed my tactics at once and confirmed her judgment.

"I Think You Had Better Drop Them a Line, Aggie," Said My Dear Lady; "I Understand Captain Tugwell is Next in Line for the Title and That His Cousin is Not Strong"

"And it isn't as if they were poor," I remarked. "His competence is considerable, I understand."

"I think you had better drop them a line, Aggie," said my dear lady; "I understand Captain Tugwell is next in line for the title and that his cousin is not strong. In case of a bereavement it would hardly look well if there were any estrangement between us!"

Considering that I am of an extraordinarily sensitive nature and that Mrs. DeWynt must have realized how uneasy Miss or rather Mrs. Esmeralda's presence in the house always made me, I think this command was a trifle unkind. Of course I am a confirmed bachelor, and all that. Living so long in any household as I did at the DeWynts' is apt to make a man that. And I am not jealous by nature. But even so, our prospective visitor always, as I may say, disturbed me—profoundly. And so it was with a melancholy trend of thought that I wrote as I was bidden, and when the Captain and Mrs. Tugwell—Lord Castlewing's cousin, he is, did I tell you?—arrived I hardly felt, as I may say, cheery about it.

I always considered that man Tugwell to be an awful ass, and how it ever came about that the British Government sent him over here to purchase supplies I cannot imagine. Family simply must have had something to do with it! And why his wife ever chose him when at least one man of brains and of infinitely better form in the social, if not the, as I may say, physical sense was available, likewise remains a mystery to me.

But I was right in supposing it best to leave these halfway sort of relatives alone. So much was certainly proved. And that Mrs. DeWynt's act in at length dropping them will be vindicated when my statement as hereinafter set forth is read I am sure. Certainly to anyone in our own set, and after all they are the only ones who matter.

Well, our first evening was a dull one and needs no recording here beyond the mere mention of the fact that the Tugwells were both extremely late for dinner on the flimsy excuse that their government work, which I understand they are doing together, had detained them. It was not until the next day that things—really distressing things—began to happen.

Being accountable for the smooth, or as I may say impeccable running of a ménage such as the DeWynts' is never a light task—not even on those days when we are alone, or practically so, for one can never tell what emergency will arise in the matter of entertaining, can one? But the dawn—for it was barely nine-thirty when I arose—of the morning following was burdened with the shadow of the forthcoming bridge drive, which, though long expected by me, was none the less awe-inspiring when I realized that its eventuation was imminent. My dear patroness had devised it as a means of replenishing the nearly always depleted coffers of our local branch of the Red Cross. Of course you will at once appreciate the fact that this condition in that admirable organization is not uncommon—at least in our part of the world, and indeed the national organization has at times criticized us for our lack of funds. To me it has always been a matter for annoyed conjecture as to why people at large cannot see that rich persons are constantly hampered by enormous personal expenses—indeed that the richer they are the greater become their obligations to themselves and the upkeep of their position; the proportion of what they have to give away actually diminishes in accordance with the size of what they are obliged to spend, if you know what I mean. Of course our local branch was poor—why not, when one considers the innumerable obligations of its members? And though when we were first organized I recalled that there were many generous donations toward furnishing the rooms in the village, which the local real-estate person, I think it was, had loaned rent free for this usage, which donations included two comfortable wicker armchairs that dear Mrs. DeWynt took from my sitting room, still, when the question of actual cash funds arose all the ladies were in perfect accord as to how the obtaining of them should be accomplished—namely, by the good conservative method of a benefit of some sort. And so we had had, as occasion demanded, amateur theatricals, an informal costume dance at the club, and now, the treasury being again at, as I may say, ebb tide, was to come the most important function of this sort which had so far occurred during the season—the bridge drive on Mrs. DeWynt's lawn.

Let it be clearly understood that Mrs. DeWynt made no small sacrifice in allowing this piece of patriotic effort to be consummated upon her premises, involving as it did an enormous expense for caterers, hiring of public furniture for the seating of that selected public which would be admitted, and a considerable amount of my time and strength, which was of course somewhat diverted from my usual duties and focused upon the success of the afternoon. I had prepared lists of invitations, arranged with the newspapers and photographers, and in every way taken the greatest care that the affair should have the appearance of extreme exclusiveness. No one would pay five dollars admission to something which seemed in any manner lacking, as I may say, in cachet. And of course we expected a large crowd to be drawn by dear Mrs. DeWynt's name and well-known Italian garden.

Why His Wife Ever Chose Him Likewise Remains a Mystery to Me

This much having been clearly demonstrated, and the sacrifice that our household was making understood, surprise at the attitude that Esmeralda Tugwell took regarding the event will be the greater.

Coming downstairs so early I had scarcely anticipated encountering any of the household except the servants. But fortunately I am never embarrassed by unexpected meetings, being always arrayed nowadays in my uniform, even when about to perform the more material duties of my situation, such as overseeing Hoskins while he oversaw the caterer's men in the arrangement of the tables on the west terrace. Therefore it was with some surprise, though without embarrassment, that I encountered Esmeralda upon emerging through the drawing-room window into the clear sunlight beyond.

As usual she was the first thing discernible, being perched upon the terrace balustrade in a most undignified posture, her red head fairly, as I may say, burning against the blue waters beyond. That uncouth animal, her Jeff-dog, as she called it, was with her, as always, and she was watching the caterer's men hurrying about, while she swung one foot to the rhythm of the tune she was singing—"My country, 'tis of thee," it was, I believe. When she saw me she jumped down and met me halfway across the terrace.

"Say, Penny!" she began abruptly, waving one of her capable hands in a sweeping gesture that encompassed the entire activity then in progress by the caterer's men in conjunction with our own servants: "Say, Penny, how much is this blow-out going to cost in cold cash?"

For a moment I pondered her singular inquiry, having first interpreted her language to myself and digested it.

"Do you mean that you wish to know the extent of the expenditure which your aunt is making in this good cause?" I inquired in my turn, endeavoring to insinuate a more proper attitude of mind than that which was all too plainly existent in her.

"That's about it," said Mrs. Esmeralda. "What will it set her back?"

"Your aunt has not set any definite limit on the expenditure," I replied; "nor have I any exact figures on the matter. I do not believe that dear Mrs. DeWynt would consider it altogether delicate to keep too close a track on such a thing. But roughly speaking and including the music I would say that the cost will be at least fifteen hundred dollars." I made this announcement with some pride, but I cannot truthfully record that Mrs. Esmeralda was duly impressed. Instead she stood there fixing me with that quizzical look of hers which always upset me so unaccountably.

"And how many invitations at five dollars a ticket have been sent out?" she went on.

"Two hundred," I replied. "This is to be distinctly exclusive; if the list were too large the people who are rather on the outside would not be so eager to come!"

"So if every one of them does come," said Mrs. Esmeralda slowly, "you will take in a thousand dollars. And the show will have cost half as much again!"

To say that I was shocked by her commercial attitude is putting it mildly. But I endeavored to clarify her point of view, as was ever my custom when she obtruded her ignorance, which was the more pitiful because of its utter unconsciousness, if you know what I mean.

"My dear Mrs. Tugwell," I remonstrated as gently as possible, "you do not understand. This is not a commercial investment in which your dear aunt is putting fifteen hundred dollars with the prospect of getting back her money and having a profit left over to turn into the hands of the Red Cross! Every cent that comes in will be turned over to that organization by her in person at the next committee meeting. The money she is spending is spent out of her own pocket!"

"Then why doesn't she give it direct to the Red Cross," Mrs. Esmeralda wanted to know, "instead of going to all this bother? They'd be making on it at that!"

"My dear lady!" I protested. "Can you not perceive that more than mere money will come of this? Many women now without interest in the Red Cross will gain that interest through having attended this function. The organization will get publicity from it in connection with Mrs. DeWynt's name. And besides, the upkeep of any charitable organization conducted by gentle people is never done in the way you suggest. If such a thing were even attempted it would at once lose the interest of our set!"

"I don't know about losing the interest of people," said Esmeralda slowly, "and I didn't know that the Red Cross was a charitable institution, either. I thought it was a patriotic affair like men volunteering for the Army. And as for the business end of it, if your local branch doesn't know any more about it than you say, well, it's time they learned, that's all!"

With that she turned and left me there wordless before such a peculiar viewpoint. But without waiting to discover whether or not I had anything further to say she and her dog disappeared in the direction of the garage.

When they had quite gone from sight I addressed myself to the work for which I had descended at such an impossible hour. But the fulfillment of my task was purely mechanical. Despite my utmost endeavor I could not but ponder upon this, as I may call her, stranger in our midst, and her peculiar conception of almost every custom that had long ago been settled correctly by—by a precedent or some equally good authority, if you know what I mean. Take bridge, for example. Before Mrs. Esmeralda's marriage my dear patroness, when she discovered that the game was unknown even by name to her niece, intrusted me with the not repugnant task of instructing that young lady in the rudiments of the art.

"Aggie," my dear lady had said, "Aggie, get two other poor players who won't mind, and make that girl learn. If I am to take her about with me at all she must have some equipment as a dinner guest!" And so, though I would infinitely have preferred double-dummy, I managed to persuade Mrs. Ted Collins, who is absolutely shameless about the quality of her game, and her husband, who was always most awfully decent to our Western relative, to assist me in imparting the necessary knowledge to Esmeralda. And my complaint is not that she failed to learn the game. Far from that! She acquired it with an ease that was almost unmaidenly. But she did not care for it, or so she said, as a pastime.

"William, I Think You and I Might Form the Basis of a New Bridge Table. At Once!"

"I think this game is a dead one!" she announced after the first hour, during which I may mention *en passant* she had won a dollar and sixty cents at a penny a point. "It moves so slowly!"

I endeavored to explain to her that the game was an intellectual effort and hardly a pastime as she had termed it; and how it broadened one and strengthened the brain.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted failed to give me much backing on this, and I fear it did not make much impression on our pupil, for she only said: "What does it strengthen and broaden your brain for, Penny?"

"Why—er—for more and better bridge!" I replied.

Really the girl had a way of asking the most pointless questions at times! And so, though I could faithfully report to my dear patroness that she had learned the game and learned it well, I was careful not to add that she had no taste for it. If I had but mentioned the fact, what disaster might we not have avoided! But at the time I had no conception that Esmeralda's lack of enthusiasm about what I fancy I may well term the national sport of the best people could possibly have any deeper significance than a mere expression of personal taste.

Nor did the appearance of the too-large table upon the terrace have any sinister aspect to my unsuspecting eyes. Its advent occurred directly after Mrs. Esmeralda had left me to the performance of my duties after her questionnaire, as I may call it, regarding the cost of the forthcoming festivities.

As I have mentioned, I was superintending Hoskins as he superintended the caterer's men, and I confess that I was somewhat absorbed in thoughts along other lines than those connected with my immediate task when Hoskins called upon me to settle an important point. I awoke from my, as I may call it, reverie, to find him at my elbow.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Hoskins, "but if we scatter the tables so that they occupy the entire terrace they'll be rather skimpy-looking, sir, and far apart, sir!"

I pulled myself together and grasped this difficult situation with that firmness which dear Mrs. DeWynt has been so kind as to describe as my masterly hand on the proper setting for a social function. I considered the size of the card tables, the length of the terrace and the likely number of guests. Hoskins was undoubtedly correct. It was at this point that I gave those directions which afterward had such fatal consequences.

"Have the tables put closer together, Hoskins," I instructed him, "and fill out the far end by having one of the long tables from the library brought out. You may put a large bowl of tall bright-colored flowers in the center and place cigarettes, matches and extra packs of new cards on either side."

I saw to the doing of this myself, and as a result the terrace balanced nicely. Not too empty nor overcrowded, but giving that pleasing sense of rightness which is so essential to the morale of any outdoor function, if you know what I mean; an arrangement which prevented the guests from feeling too uncomfortably close to Nature, and all that. I then established the position for music, the time and method of serving tea, and at length felt at liberty to indulge in a well-earned rest.

Is it not strange how often the most momentous incidents can come upon us without casting the, as I may say, faintest shadow of foreboding before them? From the most serene sky can come, as some poet chap has it—doubtless one of Mrs. Ted's Bohemian curiosities—from a serene blue sky can come a bolt, or words to that effect, if you know what I mean. And possibly one of the very oddest things about our sky while Esmeralda was technically in our midst was that the bolts usually came in groups of two or even more. And the apparently well-attended-to day of our bridge drive was actually one of the worst.

I have described how, my morning's labor ended, I was about to retire to the privacy of my chambers and indulge in a milkshake and a concentrated perusal of the social notes in the more important newspapers with a view of thus getting refreshment both intellectual and physical, when a most amazing occurrence temporarily impeded my progress.

At dear Mrs. DeWynt's otherwise perfect country place there is one architectural defect. It is a narrow and even at noon totally dark corridor, which attaches the culinary department to the luncheon room. This amazing error in construction is due to the unfortunate fact that the plans of the house as originally submitted to my dear patroness and approved by her contained no culinary department whatsoever. You see the architect who made the drawings was Reginald Carrington-Tweedle, old Tweedle's only son, you know. And of course when Mrs. DeWynt heard that the poor misguided young chap had actually gone in for such a, as I might almost say, menial occupation as one of the arts, she at once, with her unfailing class instinct, felt that the least she could do for his poor mother was to assist him in confining his employment to the best people only. Besides which it was his first commission, and so of course a very large fee was out of the question.

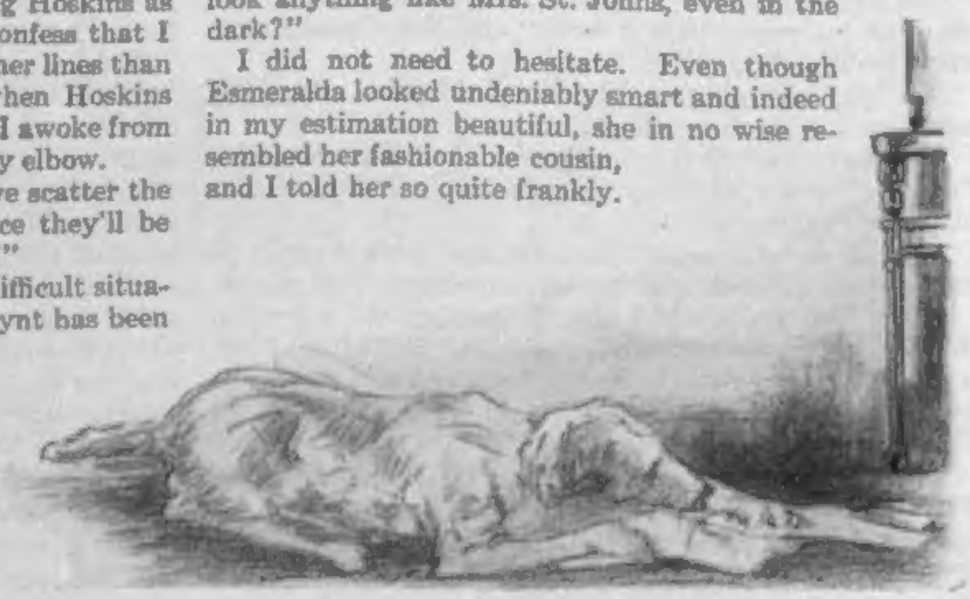
But unfortunately neither young Reggie nor my dear lady even thought about the kitchens, and so forth; with the result that the house was nearly built before this important though vulgar detail was missed. Consequently the necessary addition was hastily made; but the aforementioned dark little hallway was unavoidable. On one side of this corridor was the butler's pantry; on the other side, the luncheon room. At one end of it was a small dressing room for guests' hats, and so forth, and at the other end the main hall.

Now to my incident:

As I was crossing the last-mentioned end, whom should I encounter but Mrs. Esmeralda, who ran into me at a great speed and, being both a trifle breathless and inclined to suppressed mirth, pulled me into the nearest drawing-room. It was only then that I got the opportunity of observing that though she was evidently gowned for luncheon in a most becoming frock of white lace—Mrs. DeWynt's choice, I have no doubt—she carried a partially consumed ham sandwich of enormous proportions in one hand.

"Penny!" she said excitedly, "tell me quick! Do I look anything like Mrs. St. Johns, even in the dark?"

I did not need to hesitate. Even though Esmeralda looked undeniably smart and indeed in my estimation beautiful, she in no wise resembled her fashionable cousin, and I told her so quite frankly.



"Well, Penny, you old copper," said Mrs. Esmeralda, "I've just been kissed for her in the corridor!"

"Kissed!" I exclaimed in all due horror, a sort of sickening feeling coming upon me at the thought. "Will you kindly explain?"

"Well," said Esmeralda, "I've just been in the kitchen getting Gaston, your chef, to fix me up a little snack to ward off starvation till the luncheon company all get here, and as I was crossing the dark hall that Mr. Wynnet St. Johns grabbed me and kissed me. And here I am alive, having had the sense to hold on to my food during the battle. Don't you tell on him—but never, never again think even to yourself that I am not just as stylish as the rest of you folks! Aunt Sally's taste in clothes gets across even in the dark."

And then that awful young woman was off with a laugh, running up the front stairs and finishing her crude morsel of food quite openly.

But that was only the beginning. Before I could recover my breath Wynnet himself came into the room almost, as I may say, at a run, which he, however, quickly controlled as soon as he caught sight of me, and spoke most composedly, he being preëminently one of ourselves and seldom if ever showing emotion. He simply shot his cuffs and addressed me in a voice that lacked nothing in composure except a little, as I may put it, wind.

"Say, Penny, How Much is This Blow-Out Going to Cost in Cold Cash?"

"Did Mrs. Langdon pass this way?" was the amazing question which he put to me.

"She did not," I said. "I believe she has not as yet arrived, though she will be here for luncheon."

"Oh—ah!" said he. "I—I—rather thought I saw her."

Then he lit a cigarette, and as he did not offer me one, but stalking out through one of the French windows left me to my own devices, I continued my progress toward my own rooms without further interruption. On the way upstairs I could not but smile at the curiously piquant flavor which is somehow attached to many of the doings of dear Mrs. DeWynt's set. Here was Wynnet, just married to Marjorie DeWynt, and Mrs. Langdon, our distinguished divorcée, an old flame of his, and—well of course if it had occurred in any other set it might have appeared a trifle improper. As it was, of course, the situation could merely be called, as I have said, piquant, and I was rather pleased with my astuteness in ascertaining it. Almost it made up for my lack of opportunity for rest, because we were forced to have luncheon earlier—at barely half after one as a matter of fact, because the senator motored down ahead of time, bringing Mr. Willy, of the President's Purchasing Board.

Now it is far from my mind to make any critical comment about the husband of my dear patroness; nevertheless, though he is of course the most powerful Republican senator we have and a man of enormous distinction and importance, I greatly fear that his very early life, which was spent in some obscure occupation in the Far West—an affair I believe which had some connection with the construction of transcontinental railroads—has left its mark upon him in certain ways.

Of course he is always beautifully tailored, and is so silent when at home that his manner is nearly perfect. But he appears—with all his opportunity, with all the, as I may say, arduous labors of my dear patroness and the unlimited effort that she has made to spend his enormous wealth to the most advantageous ends—he appears, I repeat, to have utterly failed to develop any interest in or enjoyment of our many splendid functions, and can only be persuaded to attend an occasional one after what, from a person of less importance than Mrs. DeWynt, might honestly be termed a severe urging.

It appears that such an inducement had been put upon him just prior to the occasion of our bridge drive for the benefit of the Red Cross. Dear Mrs. DeWynt, being a woman of infinite mind and foresight, of course realized what a splendid asset the senator's presence would be at such an affair. And his own plans for a little golf coinciding with her arrangements, he had consented to appear, though curiously enough he does not play bridge and merely gave his word to be on hand for a few moments during the afternoon.

Well, the senator's arrival a little early with the demand that luncheon be hurried in order that he and Mr. Willy might play a round of their golf before fulfilling their promise put us all in a great flurry. But fortunately the few guests we expected were already in the house, my dear patroness following the good old Long Island colony custom of having people wandering about the place at all times.

I went into luncheon with the family, as is always my custom on these informal occasions. There were only Marjorie and St. Johns, Captain Tugwell, Esmeralda and Mrs. Langdon, besides the senator, Mr. Willy and my dear patroness. The senator was this day unusually taciturn, and at intervals cast a gloomy speculative eye upon the festive arrangements beyond the windows. But though this silence might easily have cast a damper upon the affair, dear Mrs. DeWynt was so much on the alert owing to the part she was to play during the afternoon that she positively kept us all going.

Yet despite her cheeriness something was wrong with the atmosphere—even before the senator's unfortunate remark. Mrs. St. Johns for some reason had a concealed but discernible uneasiness about her, if you know what I mean; and St. Johns did not seem to have wholly recovered from the dazed condition in which he had left me a short while before, and which had palpably increased since Mrs. Langdon's arrival in her roadster, from which I had seen him help her to descend. Altogether things were not quite happy when the senator spoke. Taki and Whaki, Mrs. DeWynt's prize Pekingese dogs, were disporting themselves about the room in the free manner which was always allowed them, and it was àpropos of them that the senator spoke.

"Where is your dog, Essie?" said the senator to Esmeralda. "I never see him in the dining room; and he is a regular dog!"

Mrs. Esmeralda's face took on a worried expression—one of the few occasions upon which I have seen her give any such appearance.

"I don't know where Jeff is, uncle," said she. "He got away from me this morning going after some birds, and I can't find him. But I guess he'll find me before long!"

Now it sometimes occurs that a word uttered lightly and even thoughtlessly may prove a prophecy, if you know what I mean. And in this instance I regret to state it proved so. This was a fatal day for all of us, and if it were not for the necessity of making a complete vindication of my dear patroness I would omit what followed. But were I to omit it some malicious person might at some future period disclose the event in all its horror, and the rest of this record be accused of worthlessness by reason of the omission.

Mrs. Esmeralda had scarcely mentioned her supposition that her animal would find her when her words were fulfilled. How the creature managed to elude both the second footman and Hoskins I cannot imagine, but he entered the room silently, and our attention was first called to him by a curious snapping sound. It came during a momentary lull in the conversation, and as a consequence we all looked in the direction from which it came. And there in full view of the entire assemblage lay Jeff, his front paws upon an object the nature of which was not at first discernible, and at a portion of which he was gently pulling with his teeth. He would grasp the flexible surface and pull back his head and then open his jaws; whereupon the thing would snap back into place with a sound that was evidently pleasing to the brute. It was a long moment before any of us understood, and had not the senator unexpectedly roared with laughter the terrible scene that ensued might conceivably have been avoided, at least in its worst aspects. But the senator's laugh did the damage irrevocably.

The sound startled that Jeff-dog, who sprang to his feet, still holding firmly to his prize. And then we all saw. It was distinctly and undeniably a rubber corset!

Mercifully the picture lasted but a moment, for Jeff, still frightened and possibly fearful of the loss of that—that unmentionable object, flew—I can use no other term—flew out through the window—and Mrs. Esmeralda after him!

Now this last was of course the very worst thing that could have happened, for, dear Mrs. DeWynt being undeniably stout and avowedly reducing, there was but one logical ownership for the wretched thing. And had Esmeralda but remained seated we might not have seen it again—or heard of it. But no! Off she rushed after that impossible beast of hers, calling "Jeff! Here, Jeff! Bring that here this instant, sir!"

My poor dear patroness lay back in an almost fainting condition, the while the senator laughed and laughed with actual tears of mirth running down

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And There in Full View of the Entire Assemblage Lay Jeff, His Front Paws Upon an Object the Nature of Which Was Not at First Discernible

Germany's Policy in Russia

By CARL W. ACKERMAN

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

GERMANY has had as many policies in Russia as she has had war statesmen. War policies have been made like soap substitutes, and about three thousand of the latter have been placed on the German market during the war. The first war chancellor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, tried on several occasions to make a separate peace with Russia, succeeding in August, 1916, to the extent of informal peace parleys at Kovno. Von Falkenhayn, when he was chief of the Imperial General Staff, had a military policy of ignoring Russia. Von Hindenburg's policy has been to cut Russia's throat and bleed the nation white. The Kaiser has never had a policy which was not made for him by his counselors, and he has approved at various times all the policies that have been tried.

Not only have these men had policies in Russia, but Von Jagow, the round-shouldered Secretary of State; Zimmermann, the Janus-headed intriguer; Von Kuehlmann, the diplomat; Hertling, the silent; and Ludendorff, the dictator general—all have had Russian policies. Germany has tried during the war to frighten Russia, to defeat Russia, to placate Russia, to cripple Russia, to bleed Russia, to win Russia, to hate Russia and to love Russia; and at times she has succeeded in doing all of these things. But at no time has Germany aimed to help Russia. The imperial dream has been and still is of a great nation slowly bleeding to death. In one respect Germany's Russian policy has been consistent—it has been destructive; ruinous since 1914.

Fear, the Dictator of German Policy

FIELD MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG, whose wooden image dominates the Reichstag Platz in Berlin as his power and will rule the Kaiser and that unrepresentative parliament, always has been and is to-day Russia's greatest enemy. From the time he trapped one hundred thousand Russian soldiers in the Mazurian swamps of East Prussia and listened to their cries of agony as they slowly sank in the mire; from that time, when the shrieks of terror were music to his harsh ears, to the present day as he sees all Russia prostrate under his iron heel, Von Hindenburg has hated, and hates Russia. Ever since he caused Russian prisoners to be shipped in cattle cars from the Eastern Front to German prison camps, Von Hindenburg has looked upon the Russians as cattle. This is the man who to-day dictates, through Ludendorff, Germany's policy toward Russia and in Russia. His aim is Germany's policy.

Von Hindenburg is a great dreamer, and what he creates Ludendorff executes. Since the two played chess together in the café at Hannover before the war they have been inseparable because what one of them thought the other could realize. About Russia, Von Hindenburg has always dreamed. Because of this he was selected to command the German Armies of invasion in the maneuvers before the war. It was at this time that he faced the Kaiser, who commanded the Army of defense. It was the result of this stage battle in 1913 that banished him from the Army and sent him back to the chess board of Hannover. His stage Army met the Kaiser's in East Prussia, but the Kaiser won the decision of the judges; whereupon Von Hindenburg remarked that if it had been real war there would have been nothing left of the Kaiser's Armies.

In Hannover, Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff, then a colonel, continued to dream and plan the invasion of Russia, the destruction of Russia. In 1914 the opportunity came. By 1917 and through the revolution their dreams were realized. By the beginning of this year it was a dead dream, and the two generals turned their thoughts and plans to the west.

When the eighth German war-loan campaign was launched the press proclaimed the new slogan: "The seventh German war loan brought peace in the east; the eighth will bring peace in the west." Gigantic offensives were started in France. The two generals expected to do in the west what they did in the east, but the Allies held, the United States shipped more than a million men across the Atlantic, and Russia refused to die even the slow death that the Hindenburg-Ludendorff machine had planned. Their dream became a nightmare.

Prostrate though Russia is for the present, there are so many possibilities of resurrection—now that the United States is an active and mighty belligerent—that Germany is again looking toward Russia. Another policy is being formulated. Once more Von Hindenburg is dreaming, Ludendorff is planning, Russia's death; because that is the substance of Von Hindenburg's aim and Germany's policy.

Though I have not been in Russia since the United States broke diplomatic relations with Germany, I have been observing Germany's maneuvers from the strategic stage of Switzerland. Before we went into the war I made three trips into three different parts of Russian territory with the German Army as a war correspondent. I was in Brest-Litovsk when Von Hindenburg had his headquarters there. I was in Kovno and Vilna a few hours after the invaders arrived. I saw Warsaw after the Germans had been there a year, or rather I saw what was left of Warsaw. Three journeys with the German Armies in Russia when they were commanded by Von Hindenburg furnished me an introduction and insight into the field marshal's aims and Ludendorff's methods. Six months in Switzerland intent upon investigating conditions in Germany and German plans in Russia provided the necessary finishing touches for this article on Germany's policy in Russia.

Fear is the foundation upon which Germany has based and is founding her policies in Russia. The steam roller, about which we heard so much at the beginning of the war, and which seems so improbable to-day, has never been a myth to Germany's military leaders. They feared Russia in 1914; they fear Russia to-day. At the beginning of the war the fear was military; to-day it is economic, with grave military and political aspects. In 1914 Von Hindenburg dealt with an organized enemy, a military foe. To-day he has to work with or fight against a revolutionary, disorganized, frantic, hungry, awakening mass of people. Four years ago the problem was simple: Von Hindenburg faced so many army corps. To-day it is complex and more dangerous, for there is more to lose than there is for Germany to gain. Germany's victories in the east turned out to be like her victories in the west, mere temporary advantages, with the Russian advantage the most temporary of all. Fear of Russia caused the Kaiser to telegraph to Von Hindenburg at the beginning of the war, asking him to take command of the German Army in the east. Fear caused the Germans to attempt to make separate peace with the Czar, and perhaps a similar fear actuated the Czar when he permitted his generals to go to Kovno for a conference. Fear that the German Armies might be defeated this year unless Russia could be forced out of the war caused the Germans to stage the peace at Brest. Fear caused the Central Powers to make the so-called bread peace with the Ukraine—fear of a food crisis within Germany and Austria. Fear has been at the bottom of all of Germany's plots and policies in Russia, and to-day, because there is the fear that Russia may come back, or that the Allies may assist Russia or intervene in Russia, or that the food supplies from the Ukraine may not measure up to the calculations of the experts, Von Hindenburg is again dreaming of the east and Ludendorff is planning.

A Peace That Everyone Hates

TO-DAY there is a great deal of talk in Berlin about revising the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty. Count Czernin and Doctor Von Kuehlmann, who were made responsible for this abortion, have been dropped by their governments, though the peace that they signed was dictated by the military authorities. This method of the Central Empires in making statesmen responsible for what the military leaders do is well known and better understood outside these countries, because to any open-minded observer the farce is clear and self-evident. The peace at Brest was dictated by General Hoffmann, the officer who was chief of the intelligence department of Von Hindenburg's staff when the latter was commander in the east. Hoffmann was the man who sent the thousands of German agents into Russia. He made bribery a paying business. He helped stage the revolution. He was the stage manager of the peace convention, but Czernin and Kuehlmann were made responsible. And now that they are gone and peace in Russia has not been so peaceful as the military authorities had planned and expected—now that food is not flowing so plentifully into Germany and Austria as the public had expected—there is talk of a revision of the peace treaty.

It has long been a favorite statement by most Germans that "everything the Army wins the diplomats lose." It is not true, of course; because the diplomats do nothing that the Army does not order. They are as much a part of the military machine as the servants who are assigned to all commissioned officers. But by having the impression go out that "everything the Army wins the diplomats lose" the military authorities escape responsibility for everything that fails. This is part of the science of deception that makes militarism a success at home.

One could cite a large number of editorials from German and Austrian newspapers on the failure of peace in the east to bring real peace. The kind of peace that Germany and her allies made, strangely enough, seems to please no one. The German farmers complain that the government is paying the Ukraine farmers three times as much for Ukraine grain as they pay German agrarians and landowners. German merchants declare that they do not have the raw materials to manufacture the implements and articles that the government promised the Ukraine in exchange for food. The Socialists argue that peace with Russia has postponed universal peace and that the Allies will never meet Germany at a conference so long as the Brest peace remains to mock German diplomacy. The banks are finding it difficult and expensive to finance some German

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THE DUBBESS

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD L. CHASE

Hester Gregg's Advent at the Faculty Club Dance Caused the Focusing of Many a Pair of Eyes on Her

IT WAS Dirck Barry who coined the name. If Dirck had been hired to compile a brand-new dictionary he most assuredly would have included the word in it, much like this:

DUBBESS—common noun. Feminine of Dub. The female of this species is more deadly dubful than the male. Example: Hester Gregg.

Now there was no more chance of anybody's asking Dirck Barry to compile a new dictionary than to think a new thought. So the term Dubbess circulated by oral report alone. In spite of this limitation, it stuck. Presently nearly everyone who knew Hester Gregg by sight was referring to her by her Barry-given title rather than by her name; which would have hurt Hester horribly if she had known.

Her father was perhaps the foremost numismatist in America. Also, he was a close runner-up for the long-distance Egyptology championship—if such a championship exists. Her mother had not an equal, of her own sex, in the mastership of ethnology in all its branches. Hester was their only child and she had been brought up at home.

In the triune family circle the Greggs never chatted. They conversed. For small talk they had about as much use and aptitude as has a heavyweight pugilist for ping-pong.

Of laughter, though—genial and hearty laughter—there was a lavish plenty among the Greggs. As when, at nine, Hester pointed to a crude sketch of the hawk-headed god, Horus—part of a hieroglyph triptych copied by an amateur Egyptologist and sent to Professor Gregg for inspection—and innocently asked whether it was a picture of Ptah or only of the cat god, Bubastis. The professor's study rang with Homeric mirth at this unconscious quip. And, later, a tableful of learned dinner guests echoed the merriment.

Yes; for all their erudition, the Greggs were not without a fund of humor and jollity. And Hester, as I have said, was brought up at home.

At fourteen she had a long and troublesomely slow convalescence from typhoid. During her tiresome weeks of getting well Professor Gregg laid aside all his weightier interests and duties and devoted himself to entertaining the sick daughter he adored. Doffing his garment of erudition, he was her constant playmate. And what a gayly carefree time they had of it, to be sure! For years afterward, at intervals, both of them would laugh in fond happiness at the very memory of those convalescent days.

For one thing Professor Gregg livened the sick child's boredom by inventing a game whereby, in contest form, she mastered and memorized tables of logarithms. She grew so proficient at this giddy sport that soon she could repeat yards of gloomy logarithmic tables backward.

As she grew a little stronger, logarithms palled. But the ever-resourceful professor was ready with a new game, even more amusing. He and Hester tackled plane geometry, according to a system of the professor's own. They sought playfully to catch each other in errors, and they chuckled gleesomely over their alternating victories.

By the time Hester's typhoid-shaved hair had begun to assume ringlets she and her jocund father were playing a tensely exciting game based on the mazes of the binomial theorem. And Hester had learned to make puns in Greek.

No, it was not pathetic; for there was no unhappiness connected with it—or perhaps, for that very reason, it was pathetic. Father and daughter keenly enjoyed the brain exercise. To the girl's inherited mentality there was a positive thrill in the sport. And she had known nothing different. That was the crux of the thing.

All children look on their parents as gods and are well content with the life at home until they go to school—or until elsewhere they meet other children. Then begins the painful eye-opening—a million times more painful for the dethroned gods than for the disillusioned devotees. Then, too, begins the process of Individualism, which makes its victims a pride to themselves and a pest to the aforesaid dethroned gods.

Hester had never gone to school. She had been taught at home, this being one of the Gregg maxims of education. There were no children of her own age in the rural district where stood the professor's rangy old house—none with whom her parents would let her associate. So she grew to womanhood—or, rather, to nineteen—calmly happy in her superscholarly environment, her sole touch with the outer world formed by the occasional scientific visitors to whom the Gregg house was a shrine.

She grew up wondrous pretty and winsome and sweet of voice. Of course she did not know how to dress. But neither did her mother. And the latter's choice of clothes for her seemed to Hester the last word in fashionable elegance.

When she was nearly twenty her father accepted the professorship of Egyptology and kindred themes at Harle University.

At Harleville the social life of the town centers round the college; and the members of the professorial set are the arbiters of local society. Hester Gregg, all at once, was plunged headlong, but gleefully undismayed, into the real world.

According to time-sacred custom, Professor Gregg's official advent at Harle was marked by a huge and formal dinner party at the president's house. Not less than sixteen Harle professors and their wives were numbered among the guests, as well as four of the trustees and a full dozen of the town's younger set, on whom the ægis of Harle approval rested.

These junior guests—ranging in age from eighteen to thirty—were invited on Hester's account. A veranda dance, as small and informal as the dinner itself was large and ceremonious, was to wind up the evening. This, again, was to launch the new professor's daughter, in due and ancient form, into Harleville's social waters.

One or two men of this faculty-hallowed younger set had chanced to see Hester from afar, as the Greggs debarked from the train, and again as she sat curled up behind a brown little book on the brown little side veranda of the new Gregg home. They had found her deliciously easy to look at. And word went forth that the latest professor had a daughter who would make that brown veranda not only popular but populous in the spring twilights. Not one invited guest from the town dodged the president's dinner; not even Dirck Barry, who usually displayed positive genius at eluding such functions.

Hester was athrill at the prospect of her first dinner party. She had read of these affairs in the pitiably few bits of light literature that had come her way—flashily frivolous tales by Thackeray, Trollope, Jane Austen, and the like, which Professor Gregg tolerated in his library for the pleasure of any fellow scientist's nonscientific wife who might be his guest.

Hester had read of dinners—dinners unlike those at which her father had been host at his own board. And now she was actually going to attend one.

Lest she prove less entertaining than those around her, she was at pains to brush up on several of the topics that had been found especially enthralling at her father's table, as well as upon themes she thought out on her own account for the occasion. She even rehearsed scraps of scintillant repartee, which would have done credit to Evelina or to Maria Edgeworth's sprightliest heroine. She looked forward to the ordeal with nervousness, but with no fear at all. And the nervousness was of a decidedly happy kind.

Hester had a brand-new evening dress, too, made for the festivity and designed under her mother's own eye. It was the prettiest and most expensive dress Hester had owned in all her nineteen and three-fourths years. It was of changeable silk—a very thick and handsome material, splendidly serviceable, with endless wear to it. It had shrewdly reddish lights. But its prevailing color was gray—a harsh gray that our Elizabethan ancestors termed "hodden."

Also, it fitted. Indeed, it fitted with a closeness that, in arm and shoulder, vaguely suggested the skin of a sausage. It was just too high in the neck for evening wear, and just too low for a decorous street gown. It was in no way ridiculous, or even ugly. But—well—Helen might easily have averted the Trojan War by wearing it when first she met Paris.

Hester's soft dark hair was drawn wavily back at either side of its central parting, and was piled in a big knot, too far forward for Psyche's and too far back for Madame Récamier's. A man would have wondered subconsciously what was the matter with the coiffure. A woman's fingers would have itched to rearrange it.

Her full young throat was encircled by a coral-and-chased-gold necklace—an heirloom from her father's grandmother. The necklace, like the dress, was just a little tight.

But, as she looked at herself in the long glass of the dressing room, before going downstairs under her black-silk-swathed mother's convoy on the night of the dinner, Hester fairly caught her breath at sight of her own elegance. It was the first time she had thought much about dress. And the first thoughts were blissful.

Another girl sat in a far corner of the room, waiting impatiently for a white-capped maid to unbutton her street shoes and ensconce her feet in a pair of dancing slippers. Hester, in the glass, shyly but critically appraised the fluffily white costume of the girl and the almost rowdy fluffiness of her hair. The rather low cut of the white dress forced a tiny gasp from Hester. She wondered whether the girl had not forgotten some part of her carelessly intricate attire.

Just then Mrs. Gregg took her daughter's hand and led her downstairs—into the world.

There were quite a million people gathered in the drawing-room, and at least a hundred thousand of them were looking at Hester when she came in. A rush of color ran up over the débutante's classic little face at the survey, and her eyes waxed big and softly lustrous. A horse blanket and a blue wig could not have spoiled her beauty at that minute.

Dirck Barry gave a grunt of heartfelt satisfaction, as of one who, after years of hopeless waiting, finds his life goal.

And almost at once he had wriggled through the press to a post of vantage beside Hester. The moment he was introduced to her he proceeded to cut her out of the herd with all the skill of an exhibition cow-puncher, and to corner her in an alcove.

"If I'd been born lucky instead of saintly," he was saying to her when she came out of her daze, "I'd be treating myself to one large hope that Mother Prexy is going to let me take you in to dinner. But, anyhow, there's the dance afterward. And ——"

"Which of the ladies is Mother Prexy?" asked Hester, interested in locating the bearer of so quaint a title.

"Mother Prexy?" echoed Dirck. "Why, it was she who introduced me to you! Didn't you know who she was? The one, there, with the home-made face and the features that show such bad teamwork. She is ——"

"But I am quite certain you must be in error," corrected Hester. "That lady is Mrs. Gatenby, the president's wife; the hostess of the evening."

"Yes!" assented Dirck, bewildered. "I said so. Mother Prexy—Prexy's one remaining wife. When I was ten years old I fell in love with her; and I made up my mind to marry her when I grew up. I've never forgotten it."

"*Ne tum quidem veterum immemor amorum?*" queried Hester in a shy attempt at small talk.

Dirck, who had not opened a copy of Tacitus in ten years, and whose Latin, at best, had been fragmentary, blinked dizzily.

"Come again!" he invited.

"Indeed I shall," promised Hester. "It is all so charming and brilliant that I shall accept as many such invitations as I am fortunate enough to receive."

From the blankness of his erstwhile ardent face she realized he had misunderstood her, or else that she had in some way misunderstood him. She was slightly dashed by the obscure blunder; but she rallied her analytical mind and went back to the point of divergence to locate the break.

"You deemed yourself in love with Mrs. Gatenby when you were ten?" she prompted. "And you still remember it? I do not wonder. She must have been a comely and statuesque woman in those days. She is still of fine presence. I think, with that rich auburn hair and ——"

"Yes," said Dirck absently. "I remember her when it was gray. I've known her a long time, you see."

Again Hester had a feeling that she had not quite understood. She was not able to go on with her effort to unravel the verbal problem, for the last belated guest came downstairs and dinner was announced. Clem Hathaway darted eagerly to the alcove to claim his hostess-given privilege of taking Hester in to dinner.

Dirck, to his own surprise, felt less grief than he had expected to in his failure to have the lovely newcomer for a dinner companion. And he felt less elated than he could understand when he found that his own place-card enthroned him directly upon Hester's other side at the table.

During the passage from alcove to dining room Hester put herself through a sharp mental reorganization. Somehow or other she had not done well in this brief conversation. She and Barry had apparently been talking at cross-purposes—just like that farcically droll couple in Aristophanes; only in real life it had been confusing rather than funny.

She must keep her wits awake; and she must speak slowly enough for her dinner partner to grasp the meaning of her every word. It would never do to let these new friends misjudge her, or brand her as rattle-brained and lacking in power to follow a rational trend of talk.

Wherefore, by the time she shook out her table napkin she was gallantly ready for the next bout. She recalled one of the topics she had prepared for dinner talk; and, with perfect distinctness and self-possession, she asked Hathaway:

"What is your personal opinion of Meyer's Claim?"

"Whose claim?" stammered Hathaway, who had been marshaling his own forces, with gay confidence, to the attack.

"Why, Meyer's, of course," responded the surprised girl. "Professor Meyer, you know. I refer to the manifestly absurd claim of his that Petrie is wrong and that fully four hundred years elapsed between Egypt's thirteenth and seventeenth dynasties. Or"—she caught herself up—"perhaps you do not consider it absurd. I really had no right to term it so, except that it is my father's contention. And it was Ruthven's too. I should be interested to hear any good sound argument to uphold Meyer."

She paused, expectant. Clem Hathaway was a fast-rising young banker in Harleville, and was clever, withal, at his profession. But his chief knowledge of Egypt was based on the brands of cigarettes he favored.

"I'm afraid I don't go in much for high-brow stuff," he said in cowed apology. "I'm sorry. But ——"

"Clem's a wizard at all that sort of lore," cruelly announced Dirck Barry from the far side of Hester. "He pretends he isn't; but that is just his modesty. Me, now—I'm a dunce! All of my education I can ever remember is something I heard once about Euclid."

"Euclid?" echoed Hester, glad to find something in common with one of these puzzling persons. "Euclid the Megarian or Euclid the Alexandrian mathematician?"

"Search me!" dazedly replied Dirck, reeling a little under the query. "I don't know which one. I never knew there was a whole nest of them. I mean the one who wrote the geometry. And the thing I heard about it that I remember," he went on, "was this: The third book of Euclid is the most interesting of the lot. Because it's so much more impassioned than any of the others."

"Euclid?" gasped the dumfounded girl. "Impassioned? Why, you must be momentarily confusing him with Anacreon! Or perhaps you have unconscious reference to the third fragment of Sappho. Surely not of Euclid! Geometry is merely a true science. Not ——"

"No," insisted Dirck. "I'm right. Perhaps when you studied Euclid they gave you a copy with the racy bits left out. But ——"

"Perhaps," agreed Hester with quick tact.

She realized that this solemn-faced youth had made a most ludicrous and laughable classical error. And she was at much pains to keep her face straight as she foresaw how her learned father would roar over the inexcusable blunder when she should relate it to him on the way home. She did not yet see how a college-bred man could have made such a mistake. But she must not let Barry know she had detected it. It would be unkind to set him right, here in public. Perhaps later on she would do so.

"I hope you are going to like Harleville, Miss Gregg," broke in Clem Hathaway, noting her flush and fearing she had seen through Dirck's clumsy teasing. "There is an awfully jolly set of people here. At least we think so. Won't you try to agree with us?"

"I shall not have to try," answered Hester; "for I know I shall agree with you. I am looking forward so zestfully to mingling with them! Perhaps they may even permit me to join their debating clubs or their research classes—or whatever the favorite forms of recreation are."

"You must surely join our Pythagoras Greek-root League first of all!" declared Dirck, overhearing.

Hester's face brightened at the prospect. A dozen questions as to the nature of this society with the interesting name were rising to her lips when Clem Hathaway cut in, with a suddenness that seemed to her all but rude, and changed the subject.

"I'm sorry, Miss Gregg," he said, glowering savagely at the grinning Dirck; "but we are a pretty frivolous lot here, I'm afraid. We oughtn't to be, of course; but we are. Won't you try to come down to our level, since we can't come up to yours? You see, there is plenty of high-brow intercourse of sorts among the faculty crowd—especially the older ones. But we younger people seem to get more fun out of dancing and golf and tennis and the theater, and all that, than from the intellectual things. Won't you please try to like those low-brow things too?"

"Certainly I shall!" promised Hester in genuine relief and in some regrettable anticipation. "I was so afraid you would find me sadly stupid and backward, living, as you do, in the very heart of learning; and I am glad to hear you can unbend. I should love, in particular, to dance. I never learned any of the modern dances; but I am certain I could acquire them if anyone would take the pains to instruct me."

"Oh, the modern dances aren't everything!" Hathaway assured her. "People say the old ones will come back. And one can waltz to a 'hesitation.' We'll do that to-night if you'll let me."

"I —— But the waltz is a modern dance!" insisted Hester. "I read so in Pessy's History of the Dance. It was in vogue in France—at least a modification of it—as the *valse*, as early as 1795. And as the *volte* it was danced during the reign of Henri Trois. But it was not introduced into England until after the beginning of the nineteenth century; and not into this country until about 1830. So it is really a modern dance. And I don't dance any of those modern dances—the waltz and the raquette and the varsovienne and the schottische and the polka, and the rest of the new ones. I have read of them, of course. I know all their names. But I never had a chance to learn them. As a matter of fact, the only dances I know at all well are the Dance of Isis—which my father taught me when he was reconstructing it from a papyral palimpsest at the museum—and one of the Eleusinian dances. I learned that myself, from ——"

"The most popular up-to-date dance here this season," gravely spoke up Dirck Barry, "is the Post-Chautauqua Dip. It is very simple: A couple stand at opposite ends of a long room and curtsy to each other to the tune of Old Hundred. Very simple but graceful; and quite beyond reproach from a moral ground. It ——"

He broke off, squelched by the scowl in Clem Hathaway's brooding eyes. This time Hester noted the scowl as it flashed athwart her on its way to silence Dirck. And she saw the laughter-distorted faces of two girls who had been listening from across the table.

All at once she knew she had been making herself ridiculous—though she did not at all see why or how—and that Dirck Barry had been making fun of her. Also, that Clem Hathaway had been trying to make things easier for her. She wanted to cry.

Clem, reading her very transparent thoughts, began to talk volubly and banally to her in a monologue, the only value of which was that it did not call for any answers.

All round her was a hum of voices that seemed to blend into a single buzzing note of animated good-fellowship, which was sprayed with splashes of laughter in many keys. The younger folk were evidently on terms of gay comradeship and bubbled with talk. The girls, in their low-cut dresses, were jabbering merrily, and about nothing, with men who loved to hear and abet their chatter.

Hester's mother was talking earnestly and enthrallingly with the professor of ethnology—a man so meager of body that his frame scarcely covered his giant intellect and threatened to leave his mentality improperly exposed.

The rest of the oldsters, whether in general talk or in dialogues, were at their ease. Everybody, indeed, was at ease and happy—except Hester Gregg. Hester was finding her new world a strange and icily lonely place.

She began to study the other girls under cover of Clem's flow of vapid talk. And as she scanned them her own dress

At the Week's End He Went to Call. Four Other Men Were Adorning the Veranda

grew less elegant and up-to-date in her eyes. She did not know why. Also, in contrast with these girls' frothy flow of gossip and badinage, her plans for the preparing of worthy topics of table talk appeared not unlike the carrying of a trench mortar to a humming-bird hunt.

She felt all lost and confused. She was thoroughly at home in no less than three dead and three modern languages. In numismatics, in ethnology, in Egyptology, she had few equals among amateur scholars. She was a natural mathematician. She had a splendidly developed analytical mind. With no conceit at all, she now knew herself to be the mental peer of any of these people—or, indeed, of ninety-nine people out of a hundred. Yet what did it all avail her?

One saphead had made a fool of her. One self-confessed low brow—whatever that might mean—was talking to her through sheer charity alone

Hester was aware of a rising surge of wrath, which not only engulfed herself but spattered over upon the heads of the father and mother who had, until now, been flawless and whom she blamed fiercely for her own social ignorance.

With anger came returning courage. Girding herself afresh, she listened with flattering interest to the almost foundering Hathaway, and laughed loudly at several cryptic bits of general-conversation badinage that were tossed hither and thither across the table.

When the dancing began Hester had another relapse. The strains of music set her aquiver. So did the sight of one filmily clad damsel after another melting into the black-cloth arms of partners and swaying off into the rhythm of a dance whose steps were an insoluble enigma to the poor bookish outlander.

Man after man came up to ask her to dance. Man after man she refused, because she had merely learned differential calculus instead of the fox trot. But her beauty led several of these applicants to sue for the privilege of sitting out dances with her.

Not until the awful evening was nearly over did she note that the same man never asked to sit out a second dance with her. Before his dance was at an end, her partner would begin to look vague and troubled, and to answer her at random when she forgot herself and indulged in some ethnological jest or quoted a snatch of Greek or Hebrew. The moment these men could decently get away from her, they did so. And—except Clem Hathaway—they never came back.

Hester noted, too, that most of them were brought up to her by Dirck Barry. Dirck so dearly loved a joke he could not bear to say good-by to it.

At the last—Clem having been forced to leave early—she sat quite alone, on a very uncomfortable but mercifully shaded veranda bench. On her face was riveted a painful smile of gayety. In her heart were tears and hot indignation. Once or twice she smoothed furtively the folds of the thick changeable silk which had seemed to her so exquisite and which she was slowly learning to detest. The prized coral necklace, too, began to dig into the creamy column of her throat as that throat swelled with the effort of gulping back sobs.

She had looked forward so rapturously to this wonder evening! All her days, like the Lady of Shalott, she had dreamed of the glorious world of real life and of the fellowship of youth. Now for the first time she was in that world. And now for the first time she was lonely and downright miserable.

"Why aren't you dancing, dear?" she heard Mrs. Gatenby's well-meant voice in her ear at last. "I hoped you'd have such a good time; and ——"

"I'm having a delightful evening," said Hester. "I cannot dance any more, I fear, because I have hurt my foot."

Thus did Hester tell her first lie—or, rather, brace of lies. Truly this was a night of first things!

At once Mrs. Gatenby bustled off to a knot of men to bring someone back for the solitary guest to talk with. Miserably Hester watched the hostess stop in front of the group. Miserably she watched the group melt—all its component parts drifting in some other direction than her own. Mrs. Gatenby charged toward a second knot of young people, still bent upon her hospitable mission of charity. Midway, as she passed Hester's chair, the girl sprang up to intercept her.

"Oh, please do not discommode yourself on my account, Mother Prexy!" she blurted out, trying not to cry. "I prefer to remain here alone. I ——"

She stopped, with a gurgle of horror, as she realized what she had called her hostess.

And a murderous hatred for Dirck Barry flamed into her heart. With it came a cold resolve for vengeance on the man who had made a butt of her throughout the evening and who was responsible for the atrocious thing she had just said.

All night long, in her severely mannish bedroom, Hester Gregg lay, wide-eyed and in anguish. Story-book heroines in such vigils are supposed to be dry-eyed in their grief. Hester was not. She cried a great deal at short intervals, from the time she discarded her loathed thick silk dress until dawn.

But ever, as the night wore on, her hatred for Dirck Barry hardened and strengthened. And all through the next day, and the next, it grew, until it was a miniature mania. Hester forced herself to go over and over every guying word and deed of his, her reveries always culminating with the memory of that hideous Mother Prexy break which had completed the wreck of her evening.

She understood, at length, how Medea and Electra had felt; yes, and Orestes, too, and a hundred other classic vengeance seekers. Like them, her once placid thoughts ever centered on revenge. And, at the last, like them, her primitively original young mind hit upon a plan.

At its dawning this plan seemed to her well-nigh absurd. She would have termed it melodramatic if she had had any knowledge of melodrama. But as she dwelt on its charms she became more and more intrigued by their glitter. Presently the plan no longer seemed foolishly impractical. Its very lure made it take on the guise of feasibility.

Hester Gregg had been taught to think everything out from her own angle. She had no real-life precedents to go by. Having suffered no defeats at the hands of the world until the night of the dinner, all things had seemed to her possible. Most things still seemed so—especially this odd plan of hers.

She had the little brown veranda to herself all the time nowadays. In the dressing room, after the dinner dance, Dirck Barry had coined the term Dubbess and had affixed it to her. The name had spread. Hester's local repute and title were instantly established; wherefore the emptiness of the veranda she had so happily fitted up for flocks of guests.

Her first caller was Clem Hathaway. Hearing by chance of her ostracism, Clem proceeded to break that ostracism to the best of his ability by going at once to see the Dubbess. Which, somehow, was Clem's way.

He was tremendously popular in Harleville. He called at comparatively few houses. This naturally added to the prestige of such calls as he bothered to make.

To Clem's surprise Hester greeted him with a cordiality that was almost vehement. As she led him out on the veranda she interrupted a bromidic comment on the weather by saying abruptly:

"Perhaps it is an instance of telepathy that you have come here this evening, for I was beginning a note to you asking if you would call."

"Why," stammered the mildly astonished Clem, "that was mighty good of you, Miss Gregg! I ——"

"You see," she hurried on, "I am anxious for help. I need and desire it very much. And I know of no one else but yourself who would consent to help me, or who would be able to. There is no reason why you should do so. I appreciate that. But you were very kind to me at Mrs. Gatenby's dinner. So I ventured to hope that you might do me an even greater service—out of the charity of your good heart."

Clem Hathaway listened in genuine bewilderment to the stiltedly dictioned preamble, noting its wording less than the undercurrent of almost fierce appeal in Hester's voice.

"Fire away!" he bade her with an effort at lightness. "Whatever it is, I'll be glad to be of use. But you're wrong about my ever having done you any kindness. At least if I did I can't for the life of me remember it. What was it? I'm a vain chap, and I like to hear my pretty virtues rehearsed. You say it was at Mrs. Gatenby's? What ——"

"You tried to shield me from Mr. Barry's flights of cruel wit, for one thing," she said. "And you talked to me when no one else would. And ——"

"Miss Gregg!" he exclaimed, dreadfully embarrassed.

"You did!" she affirmed. "And I am going to ask you to do even more. If you do not care to I shall not be offended at your refusal. Let me tell you the service I seek."

Drawing a long breath of nervousness, she forestalled his interruption by launching at once into her theme.

"I am very unhappy," she began simply, as though stating a series of premises in logic. "I am unhappy because I am alone in a town full of young persons. I am alone because I am so different from all those young persons. I am different from them because I talk differently and think differently, and because my clothes are not like theirs, and because I do not know how to dance. Those, I think, are the chief reasons for the divergence.

"I want to know if you will teach me the language of young persons of their sort; and if you will teach me how to dance some of their peculiar dances; and if you will advise me what variety of clothes is most becoming to me. And—and all that," she finished lamely as her rapid-fire utterance failed her in face of the daring favor she was asking of this half-stranger.

For an instant, as Hester hurried through her plea, Clem had an overwhelming desire to laugh. Then, unbidden, something choked him; and her earnestness and misery sifted through to his very heart, in spite of the stark absurdity of her proposition.

He tried to disclaim any ability along the lines she attributed to him. He sought to say something which should put her at her ease and soften that wistfully wretched look in her big eyes; but the right words would not come to the embarrassed man. All he could see was her appealing gaze boring into him. And his ears were full of the desponding throb of her voice.

So, in his confusion, he decided to temporize. With this diplomatic end in view, he swallowed twice and then heard himself saying vapidly:

"I'll send a phonograph and some dance records round in the morning. We'll have our first dancing lesson to-morrow evening if you like. And I'll send you my copy of George Ade's Fables in Slang too. Don't try to talk as he writes. But graft his style on your Lindley Murray vocabulary. Ade is a grand counterirritant for Jane Austen. I'll send you one or two other books that'll help. And—if you don't mind my correcting you I can help in that way too."

"Yes," she urged. "Yes. If "

"For instance, you just spoke of 'young persons.' You don't need to speak of our crowd as 'the bunch' if you don't want to; but, at that, it's better than the young-persons talk. You'll excuse my telling you? You asked for it, you know. . . . A few

(Continued on Page 60)

She Fairly Caught Her Breath at Sight of Her Own Elegance

BERLIN DAYS

By Neville Taylor Gherardi

Mrs. Penfield Superintending the Making of Surgical Dressings. The Penfields Had a Fully Equipped Factory and Used the Output of a Cotton-Fabrique in Bohemia, Supplying the Hospitals of Vienna. The Factory Was Closed Immediately When News Came of the Sinking of the Lusitania

AFTER the sinking of the Lusitania it seems to me that every few weeks there were expectations of a break. It was ridiculous to see us all hurrying round to get our furs out of storage, things home that were being repaired, and giving parties to use up our provisions—and trying not to have it observed. This time was the hardest that we lived through over there.

Our feelings about the Lusitania were as bitter as any in America, perhaps more bitter. The feelings against the perpetrators of this act were harder to bear since we were obliged to see and speak to these perpetrators; even to naval officers who would tell us how right Germany was in the matter. I would just say: "I feel entirely different from you on this subject and it is impossible for me to discuss it."

I kept out of their way for a while as much as was in any way possible each time that these excitements came up; and then we had to settle down again and stay. Our nerves were a little more on edge than before. Had it not been for the extremely happy relations in our embassy we could hardly have stood it. Free speech was possible only with those attached to the embassy. There were a few American women married to Germans who were with us a great deal, but toward the very end we found it so difficult to avoid saying things to them that they should not tell their husbands that we could not meet them on easy terms.

This kept our small embassy circle close together. We were in truth a band of brothers and sisters. I used to feel as though we were out in the sea sitting on a piece of ice which was gradually melting away. It was our good Ambassadress, Mrs. Gerard, who was principally responsible for holding us all together on such a happy footing.

I spoke of the American women married to Germans and who were good friends of ours, but there were others who became so anti-American as to be most objectionable to us, for they felt they could criticize the country of their birth to any extent. We were not to answer them, as they, the wives of German officers, would resent it. When I speak of the land of their birth, I should also add the land from which their incomes were drawn. The number of marriages between Germans of noble family or military title and moneyless Americans is so small as to be negligible. A good income is what the German has on his mind when he seeks marriage at home or abroad, as fortunes in Germany are not so often available as in America. To America he used to come on his travels in search of a wife.

In a World of Spies and Informers

AMERICAN wives of German husbands found as a rule bitter disillusionment when they settled in Germany—snubbed and criticised by their "in-laws" and others, deprived of the innocent unconventionalities of American life, and often neglected by their husbands. One American woman whom we often saw spied on us continually, and others I am sure did so unintentionally. They were questioned so closely by their husbands or some official that it amounted to the same thing. There was an elderly American lady who came to my house often and for whom I did what I could to help and comfort her. Yet she repeated the conversations she heard at our house and at our table, regularly, to an officer of the Navy Department, who lived in the same *pension* with her, I suspect for no other purpose than to find out the attitude of the American Embassy in marine matters. I don't know to what extent she did this intentionally, though she was entirely disloyal to America.

There was one notorious woman spy in Berlin whose husband had a position connected with the Foreign Office. An American or Canadian, by birth she ingratiated herself with English-speaking people. Her salon in the fashionable Tiergarten Strasse was the rallying point of many for afternoon tea and bridge. Those of special welcome were the attachés of embassies, members of military commissions and well-known neutrals who might be useful. Added to these were the sprinkling of adaptable young men from the German Foreign Office, the Naval or Military General Staff, ready to join in a good game of bridge or converse cleverly on topics of the time. Probable policies of various countries as known to the attachés of embassies and legations were angled for and caught with skill. Propaganda to be included by ambassadors or military and naval attachés in their reports home was circulated. Various ideas of Germany's probable moves in political and military matters were given out. It was truly a marvelous offshoot on the great German espionage system.

"Forewarned is forearmed." The wife of the Admiral of the German Navy, who is constantly in attendance on the person of the Kaiser, invited me to tea on a certain day and had this woman to meet me. She asked me all sorts of questions, but got very little satisfaction, and then insisted that I call on her on a day that she arranged, which I said would give me much pleasure; but I never went. Neither did my husband. There was another attempt to attract us there, but when that failed they gave it up.

In the spring of 1916 the worry about the children's being abroad increased. Sometimes the border was closed between Germany and Switzerland for days at a time, and we feared that we could not get to our boys if necessary. Our eldest girl, nine, still with me in Berlin, was much alone and felt keenly the dislike shown her. It took a long time to make up our minds, as my husband could not leave and we would not allow the children to go home with anyone except ourselves. Finally having determined to sail from Bergen at the end of June, we set about getting the boys back from Switzerland. Fortunately our good friends, Consul General and Mrs. Lay, were returning to his post in Berlin from a short stay in the Swiss mountains and they brought our boys along with them. The idea of sending me alone with three children did not appeal to my husband, but we chose the days having the most hours of daylight and the route farthest north, hence away from mines and submarines. This seemed to us at the time the safest way.

I happened to meet on the street the agreeable wife of a German naval officer, a man who was in a position to be well posted on matters connected with the war. She asked me what I was doing, and I told her of the difficulty which beset me in my contemplated putting of my children in school in America. She said in substance that I was to have no fear of having any difficulty with mines in going by way of Kirkwall.

But I said: "Kitchener was killed that way."

She said: "Oh, no, my dear Mrs. Gherardi. We all know about the death of Kitchener, and you need have no fear that you will come to harm in following out your plan."

The impression was left on my mind by this conversation that the scheme for the destruction of the Hampshire, resulting in the death of Kitchener, was planned and executed on information of his movements definitely known in Berlin in advance. Captain Gherardi was fortunately able to come with us to Bergen via Copenhagen and Christiania, a most interesting and beautiful trip, the latter part of it by rail, over high mountains and across the ends of ragged fiords, with snow on the ground in midsummer. From Christiania to Bergen the trip was overnight, but we were so far north that it was light all night long.

I had an amusing experience in Christiania, where we spent a day. The wife of a member of the British Legation, whom I had known before, asked me to tea, "just by ourselves," she said; but when I got there I found that the Russian Minister had happened in.

She had been at luncheon with him and undoubtedly spoke of my coming, for it was evident to me that he was there to find out from me about conditions in Germany.

The Russian Minister Pumps in Vain

I DO not blame him. I would certainly have done the same thing in his place, but I could not say a word. My heart was too full. Had I once commenced I could never have stopped; and had I done so, and the Germans found it out, as they found out most things, I should never have been able to go back to Germany, which I intended to do if my husband stayed.

It was interesting to see the Minister keep at it, and my efforts to keep from answering would have amused an onlooker. He grew tired of it after a time and tried to irritate me into some remark, saying that he did not see how any intelligent person could live in a country at war and remain neutral. To which I answered I believed he would feel as I did under the same circumstances, for after all it was one's own country that one cared about most in the world, and other countries only according to their relation to one's own. He gave up and left after that. I had been too long surrounded by people who never spoke to one without some ulterior object, to be easily caught. During the entire period of our country's state of neutrality all of us in any way connected with the Berlin Embassy were constantly warned not to discuss with anyone matters connected with the war or Germany.

From Bergen our ship had to go into Kirkwall in the Orkneys to be looked over by the English. What joy it was to hear the sailors on near-by ships using our mother tongue again! It was an easy trip, the only excitement being on a day that we were chased by an English cruiser wishing to examine the ship's papers. Having already been into Kirkwall, the captain did not want to stop again, and made this cruiser follow us for some time. When a shell from one of her guns landed in the water near us we stopped; not quickly enough, however, to please me. Some of the passengers started a rumor that it was a German ship, by way of making things pleasant for the Russians on board. It was, however, a very young and polite English officer who boarded us.

On arriving in America I found myself besieged by people of all sorts, who felt sure that I would tell them everything about conditions in Germany—the food situation and how people treated us, and all that. It was a mental strain that never let up the whole three weeks I was at home, for I was perfectly determined to give no one any satisfaction, unless it was someone who had a right to know. Our position was hard enough in Berlin as it was, and anything that I might have said would quickly have gone back and made it harder for us. As a rule, however, people in America told me more about Germany than I told them, and I found it interesting listening. Except that my husband and baby were in Berlin it was the greatest joy to be in my own country again.

I was three weeks to the day in America, for it took me that long to establish my children with their relatives and go to Washington and have my passports made out again. I was most anxious to get back before anything might happen, as my baby girl of three was there alone with my husband; but steaming out of New York Harbor and leaving the Statue of Liberty once more behind me was very hard. I sailed for Liverpool, most of my friends thoroughly disapproving, as it seemed more dangerous than the way I had come. But I was anxious to see my brother, who was coming from France, where he was in the American Ambulance Corps, to London to see me. Besides that, I was most anxious to see England, even for a day or two, after having lived so long among her enemies.

I shall never forget going up the Irish Sea in a thick fog and everyone's saying how likely we were to be sunk, that it was just at this point that the Lusitania went down, and so on. Most of the passengers seemed frightened, and after the crew began to swing out lifeboats and lay rafts round the deck they seemed to think that there was little chance for them, and the great majority spent the last night on board lying about the decks, either using their life preservers as pillows or hugging them tightly in their arms. You could not move without stepping on them. I myself preferred an upper cabin to a lower one, and would not have stayed below for anything.

Early Faith in Submarines

LONDON after Berlin surprised me by the activity in its streets and by the crowds. In Berlin taxicabs and hacks had been a rare sight for a long time, sometimes not a vehicle in sight the whole length of the formerly busy Unter den Linden. Berlin streets were not so dark as those of London, where you could not see even the crossings. Street and shop lighting in Berlin had been greatly reduced to economize coal and transportation, but not from fear of air raids. Precautions against air raids were taken early in the war in Berlin by mounting guns on the roofs of some of the important buildings.

In London I could not see any feeling of nervousness among people over the Zeppelin raids. I rather hoped if a raid were due that I should see it, but none occurred. I met my brother there, full of tales of the Front, and talked with friends, who gave me the most interesting points of view about England. They knew of course where I was going, but realized also where my sympathies lay, though I did not tell them.

I was to have crossed to Holland from England, feeling that it was wiser not to go through France on my way back to Germany, but on arriving at Liverpool I found a telegram from my husband telling me to come to Berne through Paris, as the Flushing steamer had struck a mine and the crossing was no longer safe by that route. I had expected that crossing the Channel would be exciting, but it was as smooth as a mill pond, warm and sunny, with no danger visible. Occasionally a fast English torpedo boat rushed by, and French hydroplanes were visible near the French coast, hovering over the water watching for submarines.

My brother was with me and it was as pleasant a crossing as could have been made in peacetimes. Arriving at Havre in the morning, I was there a day waiting for a train. It seems strange enough to see the uniforms of other nationalities there almost as much as the French, but on arrival in Paris it was stranger still to see there more of the uniforms of the other nationalities than of the French. This was only one of the many contrasts between wartime Paris and wartime Berlin. There numbers of German uniforms were on the street, but hardly one of any other sort. Here British, Italian, Australian, Serbian, Montenegrin, Senegalese, Turco and a bewildering number of others were evidence that Paris was still the capital of the world. It seemed strange to me to see these men passing through the streets freely, as for two and a half years I had seen only these uniforms on the backs of prisoners of war being marched through Berlin or lingering behind the barbed wire of prison camps.

I did not find Paris so much changed as I had expected, either at this time or later on when I arrived after our diplomatic relations with Germany were broken. It was somewhat dark at night, but not so dark as London, and it wasn't quite so busy as London; in fact, one could see better that the war was going on. Shops were closed and many people were in black; but even so, Paris gives no impression of sullen harshness under the trials of war, as does Berlin. Paris seems, even so, to smile.

We walked and drove about everywhere we could in the few days we had, seeing all we could and getting impressions. It was strange to see the gay restaurant out in the Bois, where we used to dance and see the gay life of Paris, full of wounded soldiers, with neat little nurses running about. Paris was quieter and more dignified than I had ever seen it before, but there was no sign among the people of the dullness and sullenness that one saw in Berlin.

I went back to Berlin by way of Berne, thence crossing the border from Switzerland to Germany at Basel and taking the route through Fribourg. When we got back to Berlin I had been gone just seven weeks, and had been in eight countries and seven capitals—which was pretty good traveling for wartimes. From my return in August, 1916, until we left in February, 1917, we left Berlin only once, to see the première of a new opera at Hamburg. It was a very long and dreary winter to us all.

We realized that, as the German naval leaders had always insisted that the unrestrained submarine warfare would starve out England and therefore win them the war, it would certainly be tried, and that when the time came we should probably leave Berlin for good. The people of Germany as a whole came to demand, both through the press and through the pressure of generally expressed public sentiment, that the submarine be used to the limit. I went to see a popular play called *Blaue Jungen*, or Bluejackets. It was a musical comedy, but in one act a submarine torpedoed a liner. This brought the greatest enthusiasm and applause from all over the house, especially from the galleries. The play ran all winter and was still going when we left. A picture of submarines and their victims at movies always drew crowded houses.

The German people who were not fighting or working on munitions were generally underfed. They wanted peace—a German peace, it is true; but still the longings for peace, and for the men-folks back, and for the old standard of living were very strong and real.

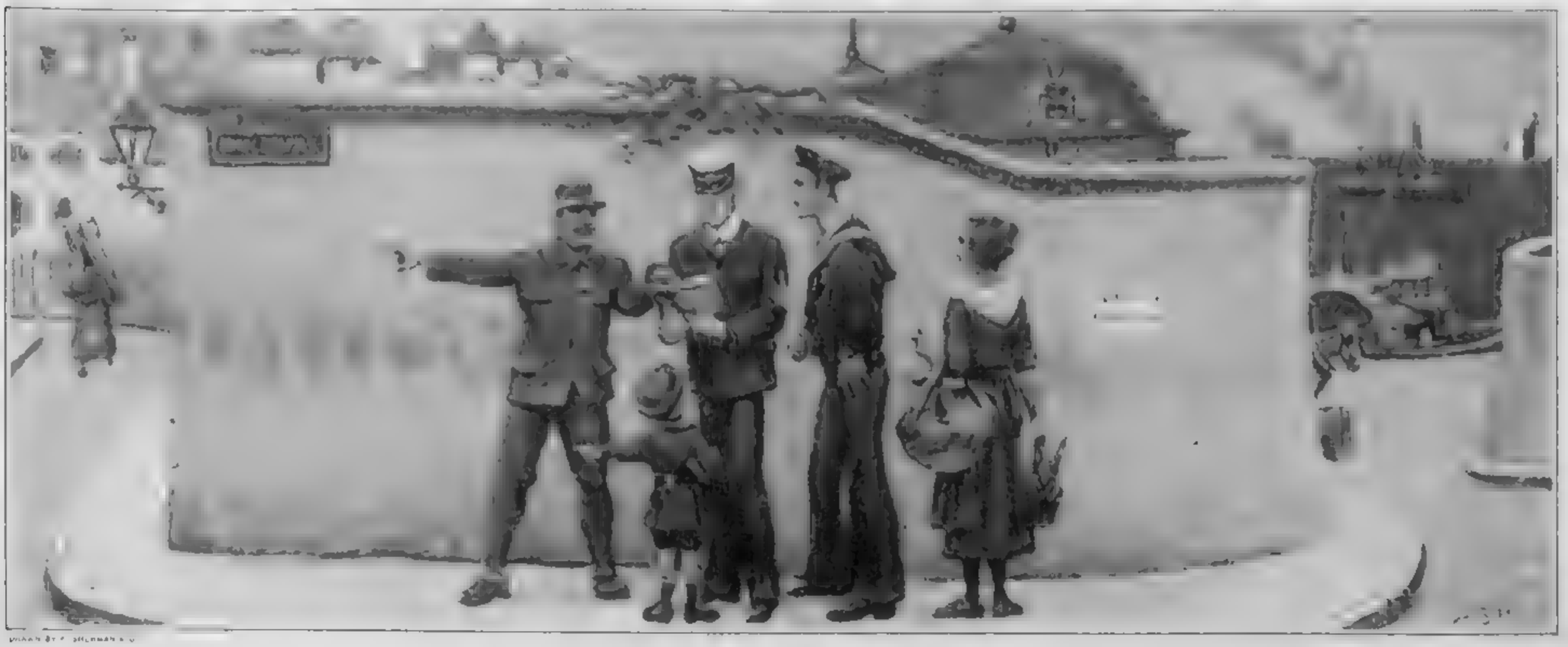
No wonder, then, that when it was dinned into their ears that quick peace would come if the submarine were to be put into full effect they demanded what the government wanted them to demand—unrestricted use of this weapon, in whose invincibility they firmly believed.

We could never feel the least bit settled, and gradually had less and less to do with the Germans; in fact, everyone seemed to grow suspicious of everyone else, even among our neutral acquaintances. There were some of them of whom we were very fond. The Greek Minister's wife was a lovely woman, perfectly willing to talk freely with us, though not disclosing state secrets. Her husband was called by the Allies "the Minister of Constantine" rather than the Greek Minister, because his actions were in support of King Constantine and against Venizelos and Greek public opinion. Had his actions been other than they were he would never have been allowed to hold his post in Berlin. The Swedish naval attaché and his wife were kind and thoughtful, but the position held by their country rendered them conservative and restrained in their attitude. Captain Celery, of the Argentine Navy, was a warm friend of my husband, and I frequently saw Madame Celery, a most attractive woman.

What the Count Overlooked

I HAD a friend, a Japanese lady, the wife of a German count, who used to tell me amusing tales of her life, all alone on her estates in Silesia after her husband went to the war; how she handled her affairs and even her Russian and French workers, prisoners of war, who are hired out by the government to work on the farms. She told me a tale of an old baron from East Prussia who, on being told that the Russians would probably invade his place at any moment, decided that he must save his most valued possession, which, to him, was his wine cellar. He had not time enough to bury his many bottles of rare old vintage wines, which was the usual way to hide possessions under these circumstances, so decided that the corks would hold and had every bottle thrown into his carp pond. He left fairly content that the wine would be safe until he returned and could fish it out again. Within a few hours the Russians arrived, and on finding evidence of wine having been hastily removed from the cellar they looked for it in every direction, but could not find it, until someone by chance noticed what looked like white feathers blowing about on the surface of the water and went to see what it was. What they found was hundreds of white labels marked with different varieties of the old wine, which was at the bottom of the pond. They soon got to work and recovered every bottle. It must have been a sad day for the old baron when the Russians left and he returned to seek his treasure.

There was a man in the Foreign Office in Berlin whom we saw often and who had formerly been attached to the German Embassy in Washington. He was quite a collector of antiques, and at this time his principal occupation was traveling about after the Army to cities and even estates that had been occupied by the Germans and giving his opinion as to which objects of art were best worth while for the government to ship back to the museums and palaces of Berlin. *(Continued on Page 62)*



OPEN SESAME

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Thought of His Promise and Stumbled Toward the Prostrate Man Through a Storm of Bullets

IV

LARRY YOUNG found himself in a town that on the surface appeared to be made up of factories and saloons in equal proportions. As he stood uncertainly on the street before the station the world about him grew gray and heavy. Everything within sight looked soiled and shabby—as soiled and shabby as Moran's clothes which had lain upon the floor of his room in a huddled heap.

He did not know which way to turn. It made no difference which way he turned. He had no destination. Whether he went to the right or the left was of no importance. Those who passed him with indifferent glances seemed to tell him so. For all they cared he could stand on where he was until he fell into the mud of the gutter.

He must find a room—some haven, or he would go crazy. He moved on straight ahead, turned a corner and chose a side street. He came to a slate-colored wooden building and saw a dirty sign "Rooms." He went to the door and asked the price, of a slovenly creature who studied his Panama hat suspiciously.

"One dollar a night—in advance," she finally said.

He nodded and she led him upstairs, opened a door, took his dollar and left.

Here he was shut in by four walls—that was the only difference between this room and the street outside. It was just as soiled, just as drab, just as foreign. He stared at the threadbare remnant of a red carpet, at the yellow-pine bed with its thin coverings, at the white pitcher and bowl on a yellow-pine stand. He went to the smoke-gray window and looked out upon a second drab building identical with this one. He came back to the bed and sat down with his elbows on his knees.

He was homesick—clear to his bones. He ached for someone to speak to, and when in response to this need he seemed to see the eager face of mam'selle he thrust it from him. He would not have her here. If he died he would not admit her here even in his thoughts!

He crushed his clenched fists against his cheeks and thrust her away. Then gently, quietly, like one stealing up in the dark, his mother cuddled into his heart. She raised her patient eyes wistfully as though to say: "What is it, my son? I am here."

And somehow he dared to look back at her. Because she did not question him. She did not ask what brought him here or demand explanations of any sort. He could go to her and start each time from the beginning, as he had in his childhood, with all the past blotted out. She wanted to know only what he needed at the moment that she could give him. It was almost as a child that he returned to her now—just to have her smooth his hair as she used to do. For a little while he gave himself up to recalling some of the little crises in the past when she had straightened him out in just that way. He had no doubt but that he could take a train and go straight back to her.

He made his feet at the idea, urged by a sudden influx of relief. Then he caught himself. It was impossible. He was no longer himself—he was Michael J. Moran. He could not even write to her. He had considered that before he left New York. To write would involve the lie direct. His mother had probably seen his name in the draft list. It was probably published in the local paper—the paper that had once featured his reading of Hamlet. If he wrote to her he must carry through the farce in a direct lie. And he would not do that. He could not do that—either to her or to Elaine. It was better that they should worry, better that they should think what they might than that he should stoop to that. They were all he had left that were pure white. He must not drag them into this dirty tangle of lies.

He had these two and yet he did not have them. If he must thrust them out of his thoughts, then why should he continue to think at all? What further good was he to them? Here was a dangerous idea. It made him raise his head toward the door, as though fearing he had been overheard. He had a dollar left. That was enough to buy something at the drug store that in a few minutes would blot out this room, this drab world, and once for all put a stop to that devilish brain that kept on thinking—that insisted on thinking. Not to have a thought of any sort—that would be relief. It was the only relief that seemed possible when, whichever way he turned, he received a blow that drove him reeling back.

He picked up his hat. But in some way he must dispose of his suitcase. He must not be identified. And he must destroy the letters in his pockets. He thrust his hand into his coat and drew out Moran's discharge paper—the official testimonial to the effect that because of good conduct Michael J. Moran, sentenced to Sing Sing on November 7, 1912, for five years, had received a commutation and was discharged July 8, 1916.

Larry stared at the document. Once again he heard Moran's steady voice—the voice that was steadier than his hand.

"Die game," he spoke. "I don't care what you do with my name—long's you remember that."

Larry jammed the papers back into his pocket and went out. Within two hours he had landed a job as a clerk with a cartridge company at twenty dollars a week. They needed men badly and grabbed him without much questioning.

At the end of the first week he changed his room to a better one. At the end of a month he had established a certain routine that kept him from brooding. He went to the office at seven and found enough in his job to occupy his thoughts until night. In the evening he went to the Y. M. C. A. and did gymnasium work until he was so exhausted physically that when he reached his bed he fell into a stupor. He had a good body and he took a certain pleasure in watching his dormant muscles develop. Both his color and his appetite improved.

He sent Moran one-half his wages every week, and in acknowledgment of this Moran wrote him once,

> Thanks. I like the job fine. Hoping you are the same.
> yors, PRIVATE LARRY YOUNG.

with the name of the company and regiment following.

Larry tore this into little bits and burned the bits.

On the third week Moran forwarded him a batch of letters which had been opened, with the brief comment:

> Sum girl, pard. Excuse me for looking, but I had to open them to find out if they was for me.
> PRIVATE LARRY YOUNG.

The package contained a letter from his mother and five letters from Elaine. They had been addressed to his New York boarding place and forwarded from there in care of "U. S. Army." Eventually they had reached Private Young.

The thought of Moran having looked at them made Larry see red for a moment. He could have choked him for it—choked him now more easily than ever with his new muscles. But when he had read that first note from her he forgave Moran. With his cheeks burning red he forgave him—bitterly.

The fellow had as good a right as he himself to read what was written there. And when with bowed head he read the last nervously written, pleading cry from her aching heart he felt as though he were being cut with a rawhide whip every sentence a cut. She began:

Mon Brave: I have invented excuses for your not writing until I have no more. I do not understand. I suppose it is not necessary, so now I just say to myself: "He is a soldier. He has no time for love." But I, I have so much time for that with you gone. I have the early morning when I first wake up and look out upon the sky which is above you too. It is a consolation to know we still have the same sky, *chéri*. Then I think of you as rising to the sound of the bugle just as the wonderful French soldiers used to do in the little barrack town where I went to school. Then I think of you in your uniform on parade and—you will forgive me if I see how handsome you look? You will come soon, *mon brave*, and show me—if you can? Only you must let me know before you come, so that I can prepare my mind. The other day I saw a soldier upon the street and thought it was you, and I could not breathe for a moment.

Why should I not tell you these things? Yet when that part of me which is French bids me write them down that part of me which is American bids me scratch them out. I leave them because I should cry if I could not talk to you as my heart speaks. And it is not right that a woman who loves a soldier should cry.

If you would only send me just one word, Larry—or just those three words that you told me once before. You will say it is foolish of me to want to hear them again when I have heard them already. But it is upon those foolish things that we women live. Every time you said them—if it were a million times—they would sound new. After all they really would be new, because the you who spoke them yesterday would not be exactly the same you that speaks them to-day. I should like especially to have you speak them after every time you see a pretty face!

But, *mon brave*, I do not want to make you sorry for anything in the world—not even for not writing me. So if it is not easy for you to write do not write. I will go on from day to day with just my dreams. Only I wish I had more of the past of you to live on. We were together such a very little while, weren't we, *chéri?* It seems sometimes like no longer than a minute. Then at other times it seems like all eternity. *Dieu te garde*, my own.

YOUR ELAINE.

P. S. Do not forget, if you do find a moment for me, to address your letter to Miss Elaine Debaux, in care of Miss Lucile Bartol, at —— Fifth Avenue. That is the name I have taken just to keep our secret until you come back. E.

Larry did not answer that letter. He would not lie to her. Grimly he tore it up, as he did all the others.

He had no right to keep them. He opened the one from his mother.

My Dear Son: Why didn't you tell us? Why haven't you written? Your father brought home the paper telling us the news, and he said: "If he had only one arm and had claimed exemption I'd have disowned him."

He is so proud of you, Larry. We are all so proud of you. I think your father had always been a little concerned because you did not enlist. But I did not feel that way. You were young, and I knew that if you were chosen you would go gladly. 'Twas just as well to wait.

But now we want to know a hundred things about you. Where are you, and what are you doing, and what can we send you? Everyone in Benton is anxious to make something for you. You are the first to go from here, and the Benton Herald is going to write a long piece about you. Mr. Burgess called for a picture, but all I had was one of your baby pictures. I gave him that and he is going to print it with a picture of your uncle.

But why haven't you written? I have heard that already some men have been sent to France. Perhaps that is the reason. If this is true I suppose it will be a long time before you can get a letter back. At first I suppose you were too busy and excited to let us know. That is what I tell your father.

And, sonny dear, I pray for you every night and wonder if you have forgotten all the little prayers I taught you. You must not forget them. It is good to pray even if it's only a very little prayer like "Now I lay me down to sleep." Sometimes I say that to myself because it makes me remember the days when in your long nighty you used to kneel beside your cot and say it after me. Say it now and then, sonny. And know that we are here waiting for you. Good-by, dear boy. YOUR MOTHER.

The room was all blurry when Larry finished that.

"Oh, my God!" said Larry. "Oh, my God!"

Then suddenly he fell upon his knees beside his bed. His lips moved and the words came thickly as he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

A month later Larry received some more letters.

"Why in hell don't you writ the gurl?" inquired Moran.

Larry tore up the letters without reading them. He did not receive any more. He heard rumors to the effect that Moran's company had gone across.

Larry's life sank into a dull, monotonous routine. He kept it so. He refused to go anywhere, to make any acquaintances, to read any papers, to enter into any of the Y. M. C. A. activities. He awoke just in time to eat breakfast and make the office; he had ten hours' work there to do in eight, and he did it; he ate his dinner, and as soon as possible afterward went to the gym, where he exercised until nine. The gym instructor had warned him he was doing too much, but Larry kept on and seemed none the worse; in fact, his development was often pointed out to others as an object lesson.

"When Mikey first came here he wasn't stronger than a fifteen-year-old boy," the instructor used to say. "Look at him now."

In his gymnasium suit he was worth looking at.

On the first of November he was advanced to head clerk on a salary of thirty dollars a week. He had sent no money to Moran because he did not know his address, but every week he took out half his wages and laid it aside. He himself did not need much money because there was nothing he wished to buy. He was wearing the same suit he wore when he came, and except for a cap, shoes and underwear he had bought nothing. His mind, outside the office, was always in a sort of stupor.

Then one day at the close of work someone stopped him—a man on the street. Larry found himself confronting an undersize, thickset young fellow with an undershot jaw. He gazed blankly at him.

"Tryin' to shake your old friends, Mike?" the man inquired.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Larry.

"Stow it," the man growled.

Then Larry understood. This was some old friend of Moran's. They were opposite a saloon. Larry beckoned him in rather than be seen on the street with him. He ordered a drink for the man.

"What you takin'?" inquired the stranger.

"Nothing," answered Larry.

"Gawd, but you have turned good!"

"What do you want?" asked Larry.

"What do I want? That's a nice way to greet an ol' pal."

"Well, what do you want?"

The man eyed Moran critically.

"Damned if you don't look diff'rent," he concluded. "Wot you gone and done to yerself?"

"I'm tryin' to live on the square," answered Larry.

"The hell you are! Tryin', maybe, but ——"

"If I give you ten dollars will you get out of town?"

"Eh?"

"I mean it. You'll queer me if you stay round."

"I will, will I? Wait till I tell that to the gang back in li'l' old N'york. 'You'll queer me,' says he."

Larry turned for the door. The stranger stopped him anxiously.

"Can't you take a li'l' joke?" he demanded. "Let's see your ten."

"We'll call that deal off," decided Larry.

"Wot you mean?"

"I'll leave town myself."

The man followed his victim out the door. He had an advantage on the street. He followed a half mile, until he found himself in a blind alley that was very dark. Then he became aware that Moran had turned and was coming toward him. He had no especial reason for anticipating trouble, for Moran had given no indication that he knew he was being followed. Yet the stranger, obeying some instinct, ducked. Larry's hand shot out like an arrow and closed upon his shoulder. Then Larry's other hand closed round his throat. The stranger struggled, gasping for breath, fighting madly, but he knew all the while that his struggles were quite useless. He knew from the grip of those long fingers what lay back of them. So after a little he grew limply still. Larry relaxed his grip and let the

"Just to be Alive: That Alone is Enough to Make Us All Very Glad, Isn't It?"

man fall like an empty grain sack. He continued, however, to stand over him. The stranger stirred and felt of his throat.

"Do you believe," said Larry in a low voice—"do you believe I have the strength to choke the life out of you?"

"Yes, Mikey," the fellow whined.

"All right," said Larry. "If you follow me any farther that's exactly what I'll do. Get that?"

"But, Mikey, ol' pal ——"

"That's all. Except that if you meet me anywhere in town you want to be sure to see me first."

Larry moved on; but he did not go to dinner that night, nor to the gym. In the first place he felt a curious kind of satisfaction. This had been his first opportunity to use his new-found muscles and they had worked. He had held this struggling creature as easily as a terrier does a rat. It had been no effort whatever. He could have held him twice as long—until he was quite dead—only it wasn't worth the cost.

Except for the personal satisfaction of it what he had already accomplished was to no particular purpose. If this man knew he was in town it would not be long before the others, whoever they were, would know it. The fellow would strike back through them. A hint to the company of Moran's record would be enough to get him fired and perhaps start something worse. He must move on.

With his new confidence and the money he had in hand this was not such a hardship. It meant merely landing somewhere else, securing another job and building up another routine. This time he would get farther from New York.

Larry wrote the cartridge company saying he had been suddenly called away and resigned his job. He packed his bag and went to the station, stopping abruptly every now and then to look behind and study those following him. No one paid any attention to him. He took the first train that came along that evening for Boston. He sat up in the smoker and thought out a plan that satisfied him. From Boston he would go north—beyond Benton—and get a job in the woods. A man was always sure of work there and would be effectually buried. Besides, the more he thought of it the more the work appealed to him. He would be out-of-doors and have plenty of exercise and be beyond the call of the newsboys with their everlasting extras about the war.

He took a train from the North Station the next morning and at two that afternoon passed through Benton. With his cap drawn well over his eyes he glanced from the window and saw the old familiar station. He crouched lower in his seat and breathed a sigh of relief as the train moved on—a sigh of relief and something more. He thought that he had so numbed himself that neither Benton nor anything else could make any difference. What happened was that he recalled word for word that first and only letter he had received from his mother. In tune with the rhythmic clatter of the train he found himself repeating it, even down to the little prayer at the end. Then it was almost as though he heard her cry and saw her standing in the doorway of the old white farmhouse, extending her hands in appeal to him. She was so proud of him and the town so proud of him.

Because her letter suggested by association the other letters, his thoughts, for the moment out of control, went on to Elaine, and he found himself breathing quick, short breaths. He was like a dead man coming to life. For twenty-four hours he had had neither work nor exercise to occupy his brain and body, and his brain took advantage of that condition—as a ticking clock takes advantage of a sudden silence to make itself heard. He struggled in vain—as vainly as the stranger had struggled in his grip. Plunging through his consciousness, like a cry in the night, he heard again and again the words: "*Mon brave! Mon brave!*" He saw again her eager eyes and lips raised to his, and he drank again of her kisses until he swayed like a drunken man—not with joy this time but with a staggering pain. It was—it was as though instead of him she were kissing Moran. He shuddered convulsively. It was as though he were standing there helpless, watching her lips upon Moran's lips. He could conceive of nothing worse than this. That is why, doubtless, the picture was called up before him. His own soul knew best how to torture his soul.

For two hours more the train dragged along, until if it had not stopped at his destination when it did he would have stumbled out at the next station. The car had become stifling. The clean snow outside and the country roads had long been calling to him. He felt if he could get out into that frosty air and walk he might forget once more.

It was at the little town of St. Croix that he finally made his escape. There was nothing much here but a shanty of a station, and a road that led to a small group of houses and the office of an agent of the lumber company which was hacking its way over whole mountain sides in a frenzied hunger for material to chew up into pulp for the extras. The air was nipping cold. It clawed at the throat like whisky. Larry breathed deep of it as he went to the office.

Did they want a chopper?

Did they? The agent and his assistants had been scouring the country for choppers. He signed the man at once and pointed through the frost-covered window to a store where he could buy woolen socks and heavy shoes and woolen underwear and a mackinaw.

"There'll be a team here in an hour that'll take you into camp," the agent concluded.

If there had been any way for the man to get out of town he would have held him in the office and bought the supplies himself. But there was not another train out that night.

Larry bought his new clothes and put them on. In an hour he was seated beside the driver of the provision team and was gliding over the white snow.

"What's the news from the Front?" inquired the driver.

"I don't know," replied Larry. "Gee, I'm cold! Guess I'll get down and walk."

He jumped from the seat, and for ten miles, the last five in the dark, he plodded in the rear of the creaking sled. The runners made a curious squeaking sound and the pine trees soughed gently. Overhead the stars pierced the purple like silver arrows. But Larry dared not look much at the stars.

The camp was quiet when he arrived. He was assigned a bunk and fell in with his clothes on. He had not slept for twenty-four hours.

He was roused by the cook's cry in what seemed like five minutes. He tumbled out into the shadows made by the lanterns and followed grumbling, moving forms into the mess hut. Kerosene lamps hung from the ceiling and gave a feeble light through smoky chimneys. Larry studied the group of yawning figures cautiously—one by one the length of the bare wooden table and one by one as the laggards came in. There was no one here he knew. A young chap opposite reminded him slightly of someone he had once seen about Benton, but when he met the fellow's eyes the latter gave no sign of recognition. Someone called the boy Jim, and that recalled nothing further to Larry. There was not much talk at this time of the day.

After grub Larry was given an ax and assigned to a crew. He and a dozen others made their way in the colorless dawn down a wood road, their breath hanging in the air like tobacco smoke. In half an hour he was swinging his ax against the butt of a big tree.

He was awkward at first. As a boy he had done a little chopping, but he had had no such practice as these others, whose blades cut as true as a machine. But he liked the feel of the weight as he lifted, and he liked the sense of striking a blow as he brought down the steel head. He was using a new set of muscles now, and by noon he began to feel them sore. But there was something in that in the nature of a challenge, and he forced them to go on even after they made him wince. He stuck it out until the end of the day and tumbled into his bunk immediately after supper.

Within a week he had settled comfortably into his new life and in another began to put on weight in spite of the hard work. But it was not fat. It was flesh as solid as muscle. And his cheeks became the color of a seaman's beneath the brown beard he allowed to grow. And his eyes were as clear as those of a child.

On Saturday nights many of the men hiked back to St. Croix to the dance there, but Larry remained in camp over Sundays. Instead of chopping that day he walked. He did not dare stop.

It was a Sunday in January that the young fellow called Jim came back to camp in the late afternoon with a Sunday newspaper he had bought in St. Croix. Larry, returning from his walk, found the lad poring over it, his eyes alight. He was alone in the bunk house. As Larry entered the boy looked up.

"He came from Benton," he said proudly. "Where I come from."

"Who's from Benton?" demanded Larry.

"This American who's been shot. Young his name was—Larry Young. I useter see him round town."

"Shot?"

(Continued on Page 69)

Still He Remained Dumb—Even Before That Pitiful Pleading; What Else Could He Do?

VENUS IN THE EAST

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XV

SOME three months after his first dinner party at the Van Laerens' found Buddy McNair taking his after-breakfast cigarette as a man of fashion should in the library of his new Fifth Avenue apartment. Mrs. Dyvenot had gotten this place for him on a sublease from the estate of the now incompetent Sagan Rae. Color blindness as well as chronic alcoholism had plagued poor Sagan, so a half brother of Mrs. Dyvenot had conveniently come forth to exert his skill as an interior decorator; and the harmoniously expensive results Buddy might have appreciated this morning had he chosen to look round him.

But the leading item in the current issue of Gossips' Weekly—Miss Blint had taken the trouble to ring him up and recommend it—now claimed his entire attention.

. . . Our Lady of the Vanishing Pearls is making her Wild Man a little wilder than Nature ever intended him to be. Poor, bleeding denizen of the crags! But Society should be grateful—as it is—to its perpetual enchantress, who seldom permits boredom to settle long upon the big S. The pearl finder of Axe Creek has proved a rich find and a merry one. She roped him with a pearly lariat and led him in at just about the time when everybody was yawning over their vaudeville.

Mister Wild Man, who is said to carry any number of lethal weapons under his well-tailored dinner jacket, illuminated his first evening in polite society by springing an Out West tale of a thermometer and a hot potato, which set Society to roaring his praises. As a result he has been accepted, claw, tooth and hair. The Lady of the Disappearing Pearls has gotten him an apartment where, I am told, his half-yearly rental will cost him enough to build one of his celebrated cyanide mills—or is it arsenic? Brother Charlie, who is in the interior-decorating line, has done the Wild Man a most civilized apartment. You may be sure he doesn't suffer for the lack of *objets d'art* from the early Ming period to the late Stung. She keeps him perfectly in leash, employing a method of intensive culture, much as you learn Spanish by phonograph; she shows him on the end of his chain, accepts for herself the tributes of the Mighty Few, and finally leads him away by the cute li'l' ring in his nose. Her rare managerial ability has made a virtue of his crudeness; his humorously twanged Rocky Mountain anecdotes, his nine-thousand-two-hundred-and twenty-six-foot point of view and his terrific innocence are all good for a bright spot in the dullest of dinner parties.

They say she rehearses him. Who can blame her? She can't go on losing her pearls forever, and she must have something to keep her in the eye of Society. Indeed she has added the Wild Man as another pearl to her already extensive string—a fresh-water pearl. May he never be dissolved in the vinegar of cynicism as others have been!

Buddy touched a button under his new Jacobean library table, and the faithful Jascomb, whom he had removed from the Merlinbilt with his other belongings, came promptly forth.

"Jass," he inquired, never looking up from that damnable implication, "have you laid out my clothes?"

"Yes, sir. They are quite ready, sir."

"Well, go to the second drawer of the third bureau from my bed and bring me my six-shooter."

"I beg pardon, sir?"

"My gun—cannon, killing iron, lethal weapon, mitrailleuse, lead sprayer. For heaven's sake, haven't you learned how to dress a gentleman yet?"

This was the first harsh word he had ever spoken to his dear Achates. Jascomb stood a quarter of a second longer than good form demanded.

"Very good, sir."

Presently he brought it back, carefully laid, muzzle toward him, upon a pure white napkin. It was the long-nosed, pearl-handled instrument that Mr. Wing had left in the assay office upon his escape to California. Buddy broke it across his forefinger and examined the six copper disks at the back of the cylinder. The thing hadn't been fired since the days of Wing, and Buddy had never been much interested in revolvers. With some difficulty he pulled out the six cartridges which had lain dormant for years; and after being satisfied that they were loaded he stuck them back in the cylinder and snapped the barrel into its place.

"I beg pardon, sir. Might I ask ——"

Jascomb stood there quaveringly, his face expressing quite unusual emotions.

"Shoot!"

The response was perhaps unfortunate, for it caused Jascomb to leap as he had never leaped before. But when he had tottered back to calm he spoke again in the voice of perfect valetry.

"Might I make so bold, sir, as to ask what you are intending to do with that pistol?"

"Well, what would you say, Jass, if I gave you one guess?"

"Some violence, I take it, sir. I trust you're not intending yourself any 'arm. Some sporting gentlemen do, after coming it a bit thick, what with late hours and 'igh jinks of all kinds. I well recall, sir, the case of the third Lord Hamwex, who did himself in after ——"

"When you recall this, Jass, you'll find it's the other fellow's been done in, as the saying goes."

"Dueling, sir, isn't vogue, if I might say so."

"Dueling, hell! I'm going to shoot an editor."

"Thank you, sir."

Jascomb still stood as though unable to quit the horrid neighborhood of the revolver.

"Who is the editor, sir, if I might ask?"

"The editor of Gossips' Weekly," explained the master. "Anything the matter with that?"

"I should not say it was legal, sir." Still Jascomb stood, and it was apparent that he was not entirely satisfied with the arrangement.

"Well, what's on your mind now?" demanded Buddy, aiming Wing's rusty piece at a cloisonné vase across the room.

"I was thinking, sir. If the editor person has threatened violence why not leave the affair to a roundsman?"

"Get me into my chain armor and turn me loose!" growled Buddy, leaping to his feet with a determination poor Jass had never before beheld in his strange employer.

Buddy looked up Gossips' Weekly in the telephone book, and going forth found that publication's office in short order. He took the lift in a smart business building, got out at the floor indicated by the operator and discovered a glazed door plainly marked with the offensive name. He entered a pretty little outside office, a tastefully arranged space with dull tinted walls and a few well-chosen pictures on uplifting themes. Two or three people were waiting round on settees, and at a tidy desk sat an anæmic young woman who smiled over at him with the sad merciful eyes of a missionary.

"Was there something?" she asked in a sirupy tone.

"I want to see the editor," demanded Buddy, not relaxing his severity.

"Have you a card?" she pleaded with those haunting eyes.

He presented his card, and when she had risen she inquired: "Would you mind telling the nature of your business?"

"I want to see him about an article in his sheet attacking the fair name of a lady ——"

He spluttered into silence, but brought out a copy of Gossips' Weekly, open at the offending paragraph. "Will you have a seat, Mr. McNair?"

It was in the tone of a nurse humoring a difficult patient. She left him to glower upon his surroundings. It might have been the waiting room of a board of foreign missions for all the crassness or suggestion of evil he saw there. A neatly dressed lady sat by the door entertaining her little girl, who was looking at a picture book and asking appropriate questions, like, "Mother, why does a elephant eat hay with his nose?" A young man whose length of hair and chin proclaimed him a poet tilted near a window, nervously examining a portfolio.

When Buddy sat down he felt the revolver jamming uneasily against his hip bone. He wasn't at all sure he could manage the thing; he had never toted a gun in Axe Creek, and everything in the world might be the matter with Wing's discarded weapon. Wing seldom abandoned anything of value. To shoot up a place like this seemed ridiculously inappropriate, like shooting up a church. Not at all like the offices of the Axe Creek Republican, where publishing was considered among the dangerous sports and editors were never quite out of season.

Nevertheless, a lady had been insulted; and here was an affair to be settled among men, man fashion. Buddy had about decided to permit the editor to defend himself when the girl with the forgiving eyes came back and beckoned him in.

In the next room he found a secretary a little older and much more soft-spoken than the one outside.

"I'm looking for the editor," he explained.

"So I understand, Mr. McNair," she cried affably. "It will be just a moment. Won't you have a chair?"

He sat down hard upon his revolver and again took survey. This room was larger and more homelike than the outside office. On the wall opposite him hung a portrait of

The Shock Sent Buddy Bumping Back Into His Chair. It Was the Girl Pickpocket Who Had Robbed Him on the D. & R. G.

Abraham Lincoln; on the wall at the right a large colored reproduction of Leonardo's Last Supper. There was no taint of worldliness in this little space. The atmosphere was Christian. The mature young lady at the desk, whose rather plain face was beautified by the inward-looking gaze of the recluse, was reading from Science and Health. Presently she looked up and smiled.

"Won't you have something to read?"

"Don't care if I do," acknowledged the prospective murderer.

She came over and handed him an art portfolio. It was entitled Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Old World and the New.

Buddy became so fascinated in the ornamental details of the Cologne Cathedral that he never knew when or how she slipped out of the room.

Finally he consulted his watch. It was long past his lunch hour. He slammed down the folio and sprang to his feet. This was an outrage. Here he had spoiled a good morning and missed his lunch—and the scoundrel of an editor had never shown up! He was putting on his hat with the reflection that Wing's gun needed cleaning anyhow, when the lady reappeared.

"Step in, please," she invited, holding the door for him.

There was an air of lavender and old lace about the next compartment in his pilgrimage toward revenge. The pictures here, too, were nearly all of an ecclesiastical or sentimental nature. A cozy fire snapped in a small oval fireplace; and on a mantelshelf above sat a colony of pretty bisque dolls. A half-finished piece of embroidery lay across a chair, and from a desk in a corner the sweetest old lady in the world rolled a strip of knitting over her needles, and rising cleared the chair for her visitor.

"Good morning, Mr. McNair!" she dimpled, blessing him with a look through her steel-rimmed spectacles. "I hope you won't mind—everything's so topsy-turvy. It's *my* little granddaughter's first birthday next Tuesday and I've simply got to get these things done in time. The little dear!"

She held up the infant's cap she had been knitting, and her whole plump person in its modest black gown seemed to dimple with good will.

"I've come to see the editor," explained Buddy, hesitating to mention so unpleasant a subject before so pure a picture of old-fashioned motherhood.

"Well," she dimpled, "you've got the right people."

"You don't mean to say you're the editor!" he gasped, almost slipping from the chair.

"That's what I am," she confessed, beginning again to knit at her granddaughter's cap.

"That is to say, I'm all the editor there is just at present. Of course Mr. Mink is the owner, but he's been in poor health for three years—poor man, it's his stomach! Was there something?"

She looked at him over her glasses, which had slipped far down on her nose.

"There is something," acknowledged Buddy, trying hard to work himself up into a passion. But it was like challenging his grandmother. He pulled Gossips' Weekly out of his pocket and spread it before her.

"I'd like to know how that—that snake-bitten outrage—ever got into your paper?"

"Dear, dear!" She clicked her tongue on the roof of her mouth as her gentle old eyes peered through the spectacles upon the column. "How could it have gotten in? What do you think it's all about? There don't seem to be any names mentioned—it's really quite confusing."

"It's plain enough to anyone who knows the people," growled Buddy. "The Wild Man they're talking about is me. And the lady they're trying to libel is Mrs Pat Dyvenot."

"You don't say!"

She puzzled so hard over the text that she must have dropped one or more stitches. Finally she turned upon him sweet, conscience-stricken old eyes, bright with tears.

"I knew it!" she cried. "I fairly knew something would happen. Here it's my first month on the paper and I've been trying so hard to follow instructions. I'm Mr. Mink's great-aunt, you know—everything has been at sixes and sevens—they've been running the paper by a sort of editorial board—dear, dear. Mr. Mink will be so vexed. He especially warned me against printing anything of a scandalous nature."

Buddy was afraid she was going to break down and weep outright, so he softened his tone again.

"How does such stuff get in?"

"I'm afraid I've been careless. Society people are continually sending in those spiteful articles; and they're bound to get mixed in with our regular matter ——"

"That isn't going to make things any better for the lady," he chided very gently.

"No. I realize that. Let me see!" The yarn with which she had been knitting had run out, so she rummaged in a drawer and brought out a new skein.

"Let me see!" She spread the yarn on the desk before her. "I'm so inexperienced—I shall go mad as a hatter if someone doesn't take my place pretty soon. Let me see. Oh! Couldn't we print a little something, just to show how sorry we feel? Wouldn't that make it all right with everybody?"

She looked so puzzled, so inadequate, so foolishly contrite that Buddy's man-killing humor evaporated.

He even found himself thanking her for her thoughtfulness.

"And I'll communicate with Mr. Mink. He'll be dreadfully cross with me when he hears what I've done."

"I—I wonder ——" She turned her gentle eyes pleadingly, helplessly, upon him; deep dimples were in her motherly cheeks as she held the skein of yarn toward him between her two hands.

"I've simply got to finish this cap before Tuesday. I wonder—wouldn't you hold this for me while I wind it into a ball?"

Buddy finished the interview in the pose of John Alden, sent on one mission and held for another and entirely different one.

His foot had scarce touched the pavement of Fifth Avenue ere a familiar, mournfully clad figure came slinking forth from the shelter of a building.

It was Jascomb.

"Been following me round?" asked Buddy, firing the last spent bullets of his wrath at that devoted head.

"I took the liberty, sir, of standing by in case of need."

"That was thoughtful. You probably saved my life."

"Thank you, sir. I kept my eye on the roundsman." He indicated a blue giant strolling indifferently by. "And if there is anything further, sir ——"

"You might ring up the patrol wagon."

"Yes, sir. For whom, sir?"

"The editor."

"Where shall I send him, sir?"

"To the Old Ladies' Home."

Jascomb had already started on his mission when Buddy whistled him back.

"Telephone Connors to have my car—the touring car—at Mrs. Dyvenot's address by half-past two."

"Very good, sir."

XVI

THE unusual display of bloodthirstiness had been undoubtedly an attack of nerves due to an impending crisis. Arabia's nights are short nights, psychologically speaking; winged horses wait to bear beggars into the splendid suites of sleeping princesses, where they can be crowned at once, and so they are married; by the same magic jinn can snatch fat kings off their golden thrones and cast them into reeking river boats to be lost adventurously. Little more than eighty of the thousand and one nights had gone and Buddy McNair was now far advanced in the esteem of Mrs. Pat Dyvenot. Gossips' Weekly's version of the affair had been murderously accurate, full of veiled aspersions that robbed the presumptuous lover partly of his dream.

Swinging up Fifth Avenue through the soft April air he betrayed his faith into wondering what that abominable talebearer had meant. How was she adding another pearl to her string? How was the Wild Man doomed to be dissolved in vinegar? Sally Dyvenot had kept him so blissfully hypnotized; he had asked her so few questions. How had Pat Dyvenot stood with her, how Terry Overbeek, how the bull-eyed Prince Kulik of Bulgaria? The hidden assassin had directed the article at him and at her with a sort of wholesale scorn of them both. What about the pearls—why drag them in? Was somebody suspecting the manner in which he had restored the gems to the lady who had so effectively entwined him in their coils?

This afternoon he had made an appointment with her for a tour out to Switherton, where she had selected a country house for him. He had already made a payment on the property and to-day, for the first time in his Roman triumph, he was beginning to appreciate the expense of doing as the Romans do under such circumstances.

He took a pick-me-up luncheon at the Concord Club, to which Plummie Van Laerens had renewed his two weeks' card. Plummie had also proposed him for the Tory Club, and he was now on the waiting list, with prospects of election some six or seven years hence. He tried to be alone as he took a remote table at the Concord's grill, but several of the younger members insisted upon greeting him cordially and beseeching him for his story about Skinny Macleod's corpseless funeral. Buddy, who was in no anecdotal mood, accepted their cocktail and hurried away to keep his appointment with Mrs. Dyvenot.

He saw the glistening steel sides of his long-hooded motor in front of her door, and he was just turning to enter when she came out, veiled and cloaked for the journey.

"Buddy, you're learning too well," she sang out, giving him her hand. "But you shouldn't be late for me."

"I had a piece of business on," he explained moodily, "and the lady kept me waiting."

"The lady!"

Her eyes came plainly into view, filled with inquiry as he helped her into the tonneau and the car rolled smoothly westward. "It's not my fault that the editor of Gossips' Weekly isn't a man."

"Buddy, my dear! What have you been doing with the editor of Gossips' Weekly?"

"Well," he confessed somewhat sheepishly, "I was intending to shoot him."

"You foolish Wild Man! What for?"

"You saw the article ——"

"I didn't see any shooting offense in it."

"Well, in Axe Creek when the editor insults a lady ——"

"Poor Buddy! When will you learn that this isn't Axe Creek? Worldly people don't get cross when Gossips' Weekly dangles them on the wire. Gossips' Weekly's only method of insult is not to mention you at all."

"Ghost of Great Henry!" He was silent all the way across the Hudson.

Buddy Finished the Interview in the Pose of John Alden, Sent on One Mission and Held for Another and Entirely Different One

Mrs. Dyvenot had a way of tolerating his silences as a nurse would those of a sulky child. She was always cheerfully ready to pick up the thread when he came round again; and to-day he came round with sidelong glances at her beautiful face, pinking against the spring winds. He had a dreadful impulse to touch the small idle hand lying so near his on the lap robe.

Instead he cleared his throat and said: "That's a mighty fine house. I was wondering if it mightn't be a little too fine for me and Jass."

"But, Buddy dear, you'll branch out."

"You mean I might take a notion to get married?"

"Who knows? You shouldn't go on indefinitely, wasting yourself on the universe, you know."

"Yes, but ——" He had grown very husky. He made a try and foozled lamentably. "Who'd want a roughneck like me?"

"There's Miss Blint."

This was an instance of her strangely tenacious memory, but her taunt seemed out of place with the divine situation.

"There's suicide too," grumbled he, just as they were turning in among the crooked, civilized upland drives of Switherton Park. Great houses with white facades or rambling Tudor towers showed heavily through the budding twigs. An Italian came forward to open an iron gate and let them in to Buddy's own drive. It was a brick house of Georgian type with many latticed windows and a wide portico, which overlooked an architected landscape with poplar-lined roads, an effective pool and many ornamental bridges.

"It isn't really large," she reassured him when he had turned the key in the front door and they stood in the wide, high entrance hall. To Buddy it looked like a deserted hotel, lacking soul.

"It's some smaller than the Taj Mahal," he agreed.

Beyond he could see the deep-corniced drawing-room, some thirty feet across.

"This dining room," explained Mrs. Dyvenot, walking over to the high paneled enclosure at the right, "is a fearfully vulgar Tudor. It reminds me of a hotel grill in a third-rate town. You must see Charlie and have that done in something white with a border."

Buddy gazed, unresponsive. He had hoped that this house, plus the fortune in furniture he had already bought, could be used as he had found it. For the first time in months he was doing difficult sums in mental arithmetic.

"Come on, Buddy! Don't stand repining. I don't believe you have any taste for anything but food. Come look at the billiard room." She had bounded across to the other end of the hall.

"What a heavenly life you'll have here!" she went on rapturously. "And what ugly stuff they've put on the walls! That can't stay. And look, Buddy! This will interest you—a beautiful little buffet, built into the wall, with two ice boxes and racks for all sorts of glasses. Nobody could avoid happiness here!"

He had seldom seen her so sprightly. She took him by the hand and dragged him up the broad staircase to the second floor, where among a confusion of white doors they found the master's suite with two broad bedrooms connecting, a complicated bath and dressing room with each, closets as big as hall bedrooms, some of them paneled with mirrors, others papered with exotic flowers, furnished with shoe racks, hatracks, skirt racks—enough rings and horizontal bars to supply a gymnasium.

At the end of the passage they came upon a wide square room with a white door. It seemed to be neither a bedroom nor a boudoir. It had a blue-tiled mantel embossed with daisy designs and the wall was papered with naïve representations of creatures, presumably out of Noah's ark. Unlike the rest of the house, the woodwork here bore marks of violence and misuse.

"What do you suppose this is intended for?" asked the artless Buddy McNair.

"A nursery, I suppose," said Mrs. Dyvenot. She walked over and stood by the window.

"A nursery!" His imagination leaped with the small playing ghosts of the room.

"Of course if you want to you can have Charlie make it into an upstairs library."

She never turned round and her voice was quite detached.

"Sure! Yes, this would be a fine room to keep encyclopedias in."

Reflectively he paced its length. She continued to amuse herself with the outdoor view. Now and again he would stop and examine some shred of pasted paper or a scratch on the woodwork, looking closely, much as an Egyptologist reconstructs civilizations out of worn hieroglyphics. They were pretty rough children, he concluded—rough and full of ginger.

He looked across at the woman, who never turned her head. How gracefully her little veiled hat sat above her furs!

He walked over and did a heroic thing. He took her hand. She never resisted, and as though the deed had spurred his courage he began blurting in her ear.

"Might I Make So Bold, Sir, as to Ask What You are Intending to Do With That Pistol?"

"Sally, you must know it—it's your fault for leading me this way—I'm crazy to ask you to marry me."

"Why don't you?"

She had swung round, so it was quite natural that his arm should encircle her waist. And when he had kissed her through her veil it brought him a mixed delight. He had never thought of her lips as being cold to the touch.

"And now?" she asked, standing off and giving him the light of her eyes.

"Sally"—how he prayed for power to overthrow that reserve, to speak out as man to woman—"Sally, I don't see how it can be possible. Somehow it seems—sacrilegious. You've got to remember where I come from. What right have I got to ask the finest lady in the land ——"

"But you have asked me, haven't you?" she suggested with her phantom smile.

"Yes."

"And I've accepted. Don't you like your bargain, Buddy?"

"It has driven me crazy, I think. Can it be possible that you love me?"

"Enough to marry you." This slumped him to earth dreadfully. He stood looking at her a long moment.

"Don't be cross, my poor, blessed Wild Man!" she pleaded, and coming over twined her arms round his unworthy neck.

As soon as they had gone down to the main hall and Buddy had signaled his car back to the drive he struggled with a confession.

"Sally," he said, "I want everything to be on the square with us, right from the start. If you've got anything on your mind don't hesitate to let it out. I'm game!"

She laughed.

"That means, of course, that you've a guilty conscience. What is it, my dear?"

"It's about your pearls." Her eyes narrowed.

"What's happened to my pearls?" she asked with unusual asperity.

"Nothing that I know of. But I've wanted to tell you right along. The pearls I brought you—the ones you've got—aren't the genuine Overbeeks."

"You poor child! What's this foolishness?" Her voice was strangely mild, considering the seriousness of his revelation.

"Well, you see I've been so wild to meet you for the last two or three years that I've gone a little wrong in the head, I guess. And when I came to New York and found that you'd lost your necklace I—I played a sort of dirty trick on you. I went over to Twillaway's and had 'em string together a necklace, a duplicate—ninety-two pearls exactly like the ones you lost. They must have been a good job, because they fooled you. I've always tried to play square—but after that first glimpse of you at the Metropolitan I was so loco I would have stolen my brother's sheep."

She regarded him mysteriously and Buddy was utterly unable to interpret that look, whether it spelled praise or condemnation.

"They must have cost you a dreadful sum," she faltered, bringing her hands together in a weak gesture, uncharacteristic of her.

"Two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars," he boldly confessed.

"How you must have loved me to do that!" she exclaimed suddenly, and seizing his hand in both of hers drew his amazed fingers to her lips.

After the car had started on its homeward journey she came back again to the subject.

"That's the sort of practical joke a rajah might play," she mused.

"I guess I was a little proud and haughty that week," he grunted. "But I'm fading fast as I go along."

"You mean—things aren't going well with you?"

"Not exactly that. You see I sold out my interest in the Axe Creek plant for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and I got a big royalty on my process just before I lit out for the East. That's blown now ——"

"That doesn't mean of course ——"

"That I'm broke? Not entirely. There'll be another royalty coming in June."

"You're a pessimist, my dear. Certainly your credit's good till that time."

"Sort of. But I'm already beginning to live on that."

"Now that's another confession you didn't make," she smiled.

They had been sitting very close together. Perhaps it was Buddy's sensitive imagination that gave him the feeling that she had sidled away a fraction of an inch.

XVII

WHEN he left her in the entrance hall of her apartment house she let him hold her hand a trifle longer than was usual with him. That was about all the difference. Yes, and she smiled, too, which was rare with her. He was glad that she was no taller than he; for at that moment he could not have endured being looked down on.

"Good-by, my dear," she said. "We'd better let things drift along—not talk about it among people for a while."

"Can't I come round and see you to-night?" he urged rather self-consciously, wondering why, now that they were engaged, he didn't dare address her by pet names.

"No, you mustn't. Carlo is giving a party—naturally you're not invited."

"Oh. Of course not."

"You're not going away cross, Buddy?"

"No—Sally, I just thought ——"

"Why don't you give me a party to-morrow night? It will be our betrothal feast—that will be our secret, of course. Just have the Van Laerens and the Bitnors, and we'll sit downstairs afterward at some rakish musical show."

"Then I shan't see you until to-morrow night?"

"I'm afraid not, my dear. Those stupid Willie Crambuns are giving a luncheon—you'd be bored stiff."

"Well, good-by until to-morrow night."

Awkwardly again he took her hand.

"You won't forget to call me up in the morning?" she reminded him coaxingly as in a mixed frame of mind he said his first good night to the woman he was pledged to marry.

At the door he dismissed his car, having decided to walk. Through the sweet late afternoon of spring Buddy went

(Continued on Page 31)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 17, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

A Nation's Reputation

HARDLY anything could be more useful to the world right now than just this: To get one nation to take the word of another. When we can believe the words of the official spokesmen of the Central Powers we may be ready to talk peace with them. If the Russian people believed that military intervention by the United States was no more inimical to Russia than we say, they could hardly resent it.

In this general discount of national integrity we may take one great satisfaction—namely, our actions have given no ground for it. We took military possession of Cuba, and handed it back to its own people. The Philippines fell to us as a prize of war, and no one who looks candidly at the record doubts that we have regarded them as a trust for the benefit of their inhabitants. In the face of great provocation, and perhaps even by an excess of altruism, we refused to go into Mexico. We had the same opportunity to grab Chinese territory and revenue that Germany had, but we refrained. We have proved good faith where we have had the opportunity.

That is a satisfaction. We can only believe that persistence in the path of integrity will bring its due reward, and in time to come, when the United States says it seeks no conquest or unfair advantage over other peoples, its word will be taken at face value everywhere.

What You Have Done

IN THE fiscal year that ended with June the United States exported to the Allies three billion pounds of meats and fats and three hundred and forty million bushels of cereals—an increase over the preceding year of eight hundred and forty million pounds of meats and fats and of eighty million bushels of grain.

Our supply of meats and fats for the last fiscal year was probably somewhat smaller than in the preceding year. Considering the soft condition of corn, the food value of our grain crops was probably eight per cent less. If we had consumed and wasted on the pre-war scale we should have had little to spare for the Allies. The wheat crop was short; the surplus carried over from the 1916 crop was small. We had barely enough wheat for our own consumption on the pre-war basis.

Yet we sent the Allies a hundred and thirty-five million bushels. Last winter we had allotted to the Allies all the wheat apparently that we could spare. In January they said they must have seventy-five million bushels more. Hoover sent the word to the country, and we actually shipped an additional eighty-five million bushels, or ten million more than they called for.

Economy and abstinence on the part of the people of the United States made this possible. By hearty coöperation with the Government and by self-denial they saved out of their normal pre-war consumption the food that saved the Allies from any such scamped rations as afflict our enemies.

It is a good achievement, and a fine object lesson in what we can do when we try.

Only at the end of the fiscal year were we able to make our power really felt on the fighting line; only then was our shipbuilding getting into its stride. But you have the satisfaction of knowing that meanwhile you were filling the bread basket.

Suppose

SUPPOSE no great war had happened. Suppose a President of the United States had given cabinet portfolios to the chairman of the Bethlehem Steel Company, a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and the president of the Anaconda Copper Company.

You need not be extraordinarily endowed with imagination to suppose a roar of amazement and indignation. Only two or three years ago the Senate sternly refused to confirm President Wilson's appointment to the Federal Reserve Board of an otherwise reputable and competent man who was a director of a big industrial corporation, and it had the hardest kind of work to persuade itself that a man with Wall Street banking experience might be as serviceable on a banking board as a country editor.

A valued contemporary tells us that democracy instinctively and inveterately distrusts competence and success. That sounds hardly reasonable, yet our contemporary can point to a mass of evidence. We wonder whether the mass will increase or diminish after the war.

The Day-to-Day Drive

THE greater part of a year has passed since the war-bond drive in England. Instead of selling bonds by periodical drives the government adopted the plan of continuous sale—a steady drive with no objective point as to time and no limit as to amount. By that process it has now sold through the banks and the post office nearly five billion dollars of bonds, and to this writing the government has not intimated an intention of returning to the drive plan.

The continuous-sale plan has not been a complete success. Sales have averaged a hundred and ten million dollars weekly, while the chancellor asked for a hundred and twenty-five millions as a minimum. The stimulation of a periodic drive, with a definite goal to reach in a definite time, brings out rather more money. But the British record in the absence of that stimulation is something for us to think about. Without the excitement of a periodic campaign nearly ninety per cent of the government's expectations have been realized.

And for you it must be a day-to-day drive. Remember this: Whatever you subscribed to the last Liberty Loan you have signed a note for fifty per cent more which will fall due next October. Between expanding your income and contracting your outgo you must squeeze it out.

Cut it Out

A GOOD many indefensible public projects have been launched this year. They include erection of public buildings, street improvements, civic adornments, and the like, which are not really required for the health of the population or for a reasonable degree of convenience in its daily movements. They contribute to winning the war—at best—only in the most remote and theoretical way. But they absorb labor, materials and capital that are needed for war demands.

Indefensible private enterprises also, in the way of building that will contribute to war needs in only a very remote, indirect way, if at all, have been undertaken in too many cases.

The War Industries Board now gives notice that no such undertaking, public or private, will be favored with priority for materials, transportation or fuel; and without such official countenance it will very likely find itself blocked, with more or less loss.

The board is right. Already war needs threaten to take up about the whole available supply of steel for the remainder of the year. That war needs require more labor than is now available for them is well known. And the comparative ease with which the Government floats bonds and Treasury certificates bearing a low rate of interest is apt to give laymen a wholly wrong impression as to the supply of money. At this writing some of the strongest industrial concerns in the country, with unimpeachable security, are paying seven and a half to eight per cent for one, two and three year loans.

At the chief banking centers money on short time is firm at maximum rates.

Every avoidable demand on labor, materials and money should be avoided. Unnecessary public improvements are least excusable of all.

The Country's Income

GROSS personal income of the people of the United States in 1917 was estimated at forty-nine billion seven hundred million dollars on the basis of data in possession of the Federal Reserve Board. In 1916 it must have been forty billions. Gross income reported that year by income-tax payers—by those whose incomes exceeded three thousand a year if single and four thousand a year if married—amounted to eight and a half billion dollars, or round one-fifth of the total.

After deducting allowable expenses incurred in earning the income, these taxpayers had an aggregate net income of six billion three hundred million dollars. That is the sum that our hopeful Bolsheviki would have had at their disposal if they had seized all incomes above three thousand and four thousand of single and married respectively. It amounts to about fifteen per cent of the country's total personal income.

Of this gross personal income of eight and a half billions considerably more than four billions was derived from personal services and business, while less than four billions was income from property—the latter being roughly the measure of so-called unearned income.

But no one whose information entitles him to speak on the subject will doubt that a great part of this unearned income is received by men who accumulated by their own energy the property from which it is derived. It is very doubtful if as much as half of it comes from inherited wealth.

The Government is conducting a great popular campaign to teach the virtue of saving and investing. The man who does save to invest in a Liberty Bond is regarded as meritorious. But if he has abstained from spending to invest in a railroad bond, our amusing Bolsheviki want him adjudged a public enemy.

There will no doubt be considerable "idealistic" discussion of these 1916 income-tax returns. Four times out of five it will concern itself exclusively with the biggest incomes, without indicating what a comparatively small percentage of the total income this plutocratic income amounts to, or what an inappreciable difference it would make to the mass of the population if these biggest incomes were seized and distributed.

The melancholy fact about idealistic economy is that it is less interested in making poor men rich than in making rich men poor.

National Credit

GERMAN and Austrian money is at a heavy discount in foreign countries. We say that is because—with whatever incidental causes—their assets and credit have depreciated. American dollars are at a considerable discount in Spain. One may say that is because American assets and credit have depreciated.

But there is a special reason. British exchange and French exchange are maintained in New York by a powerful combination of governments and banks—"pegged," as the technical phrase is. So Spanish bankers, having credits on London and Paris rising through trade, find it profitable to sell their British and French exchange in New York. That operation creates a plethora of American exchange in Spain and causes the discount. In other words, on account of the technical exchange situation the much Allied load falls on the dollar.

Yet it is not an agreeable condition. Your economy in consumption will help to remedy it.

The Texas School Law

IN ENUMERATING the different states where German is taught exclusively in the schools, reference was made in a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to "certain parts of Texas" where "the state law requires that during nine months of the year school shall be held four months in English and five months in German."

This statement was the language used by Senator King, of Utah, during the hearings before the Senate Subcommittee of the Judiciary of the United States Senate, and was based upon a letter received by him from a correspondent in Texas. The version given by the latter is not sustained by the State Superintendent of Education of Texas, who writes that no such law or practice exists.

MAKING EVERYBODY WORK

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

"Making Pretzels"

ONE of the most profound changes that a year of war has brought to the American people is the universal recognition that the idler, the loafer, must go. The industrial slacker, the drone in the hive of a busy nation, is to-day a doomed man. It is, indeed, a far-reaching revolution in the spirit of a people that in so short a time the mere shirker from work should be looked upon with as much contempt and treated almost as much like a criminal as an evader of the military draft.

A year ago two states, West Virginia and Maryland, had just adopted laws that compelled all able-bodied male citizens within certain age limits to engage regularly in lawful, useful and recognized work. These were regarded as freak laws, the proper butt of ridicule. That a man could be made to work, even though he had visible means of support, seemed incredible. To-day nine or ten states have compulsory work or antiloafing laws, and many more are considering the adoption of similar measures. Even if President Wilson had not recently approved the principle of such legislation the idea itself was sure to spread with the rapidity that only the tremendous force of an undisputed public opinion makes possible.

Naturally the slogan, "Work or Fight," which the War Department has enforced upon those of draft age, helped to crystallize the public attitude toward industrial slackers and shirkers; but long before General Crowder began to apply military pressure the civil authorities of several states had begun to put into force the other great principle of "Go to work or go to jail." Obviously the military are not the only authorities to recognize that this is no time for lazy, dormant man power. That the states lead rather than follow the Federal Government is proof that this movement to utilize the entire man power of a nation is deep and universal, evolved from composite opinion, an awakening of the whole social conscience and sense of justice that is sure to outlast the war.

Shining Targets for the Law

SO THROUGHOUT the country men are being urged to work, persuaded to work, stirred into working by force of example of those round them, galvanized into working by great moral and psychological influences, and finally, when all else fails, kicked into working by police warnings, round-ups, arrests and jail sentences.

Never were there so few idlers in this country as now. The beggar has gone from the city street, the tramp from the kitchen door and the hobo from the railroad track. Gone, too, to a large extent is the man about town, the rich young sport, the male society butterfly, the leisurely clubman. If he is young he is in service. If he is past the physical prime of life he is aroused and absorbed in his toil for the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the Liberty Bond and war savings campaigns. The idler has always been recognized as a parasite by students of ethics and economics. Now he is not only recognized as such by every sheriff, district attorney, mayor, justice of the peace, magistrate and policeman, but may be apprehended by them, which is a distinctly more serious matter than to be pointed to with the finger of scorn in a scholarly textbook on moral philosophy.

President Wilson has said that instances of failure to appreciate the force and significance of the present spirit of the people are few. Even before the war there could hardly have been more than five or six million men, from age eighteen to sixty-two, who were not engaged in "gainful occupations," as the census puts it. Subtracting the younger men who are students and the older ones who are incapacitated, as well as all who are not able-bodied, it is doubtful if much more than a million men, able-bodied and within reasonable age limits, are chronically, habitually and professionally idle. This is about the usual estimate, and though various state and local calculations would appear to place the total figure considerably higher it seems wiser to be conservative.

A million loafers may not seem many in a nation of a hundred million people. But the nation is now in no mood to permit even these few to get in its way. It cannot be handicapped even by a million idle men. For they are a double waste. Not only do the idlers fail to produce, but they consume food and clothes, which others must provide for them. Then, too, the man who will loaf at a time like this is evidently unaware that a war is being fought, and the only way to teach him is to compel him to work.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the compulsory work laws is their democracy. Like the selective draft they are no respecters of persons. The rich idler who has inherited sufficient wealth to live in luxury is placed in the same class as the ordinary vagrant. The possession of money is no defense. The essential idea is that each able-bodied man should be a producer and not merely a consumer. It is the young husky that the law is after, the lie-abed-till-ten-o'clock fellow, who lives on his wife or mother; and the fact that the woman in the case happens to own a few hundred pieces of choice real estate or a large block of stock in the local bank does not distinguish her temporarily worthless dependent from the fellow whose wife or mother supports him by taking in washing.

There is nothing new, of course, in the idea of punishing vagrants or Weary Willies. In the reign of Edward VI, in England, such gentry were branded on the chest with a large V. At an earlier period they received a whipping for the first offense, red-hot metal was poured into their ears for the second and they were executed for the third. But until W. S. John, a delegate to the special session of the West Virginia legislature, in May, 1917, introduced the original compulsory-work law in America, the whole idea of vagrancy hinged on the lack of visible means of support. In the expressive, if not strictly legal, parlance of the police, a dollar in the pocket has always been sufficient defense against a charge of vagrancy. The removal of that defense has brought about what may prove to be one of the world's greatest social revolutions. Thus, in theory at least, the idle rich and the leisure classes of the country are threatened. Indeed, if the laws are strictly enforced their very existence is doomed. No longer may the scions of prominent families languidly gaze from the windows of their Fifth Avenue clubs upon the man who toils. The leading of cotillons, bridge, golf, polo, mixing highballs, and all the other methods of killing time employed by many of the younger and middle-age male members of the privileged classes, will not serve the purpose. They must really work.

It is clear that no compulsory-work law would stand any chance of being enforced unless it were used against the idle rich as well as against the idle poor. Such a law cannot possibly afford to discriminate. It can be effective only if public opinion and sentiment are solidly back of it; and the rank and file of the people will not support such a radical measure unless they believe it is fairly administered.

The Case of Mr. B.

SO THE law to be successful must seek some shining marks. In Maryland these are known technically as "selects," and in a year's operation of the law a fairly goodly and representative list of selects has been reached; quite enough, if not more than enough, to persuade the most hostile critic that the real purpose of the law is not to serve as an instrument of oppression in the hands of the employers, a whip that they can hold over their workmen.

Naturally the idle rich form but an insignificant fraction of one per cent of the population. They are not worth wasting too much time upon, because if everyone of their number worked ten hours a day at the hardest kind of manual labor the total production of the country would be but little increased, especially as they would probably be very inefficient at such labor.

But there is work that the idle rich are fitted for; and they are tremendously important because of their conspicuousness and the force of example that their behavior, whether voluntary or involuntary, is bound to have upon the mass of the people.

For, most unhappily, the masses of people the world over have not so much condemned the leisure classes as they have envied them and tried to imitate them. But if the idle inheritor of wealth can be forced to work, then the masses will not envy him so much or be so discontented with their own lot. And surely there is no injustice in applying the rule "If any would not work, neither should he eat" to the inheritor of wealth. For is it not generally agreed that leisure from all serious labor is nine times out of ten a curse, as pauperizing and degenerating in its way as the life of the hobo?

A young man was arrested recently who besides being independently rich was related to a person of national prominence. The young man's arrest nearly produced a social revolution. He had never worked and did not know how to find a job, so his many friends immediately hustled round and found one for him. But it soon came to the ears of the director of the Compulsory Work Bureau that Mr. B., which is not his real initial, showed up only a couple of days a week. An agent was sent at once to his place of employment.

"Does Mr. B. do any work round here?" asked the agent of the first person he saw. The clerk grinned broadly and told the inquirer to see the manager.

"Yes," said the manager in reply to the same question. "I put Mr. B. on the pay roll because I was asked to. Sure he works; he comes in here two or three times a week and takes a truck out for a ride."

So Mr. B. was promptly rearrested, and the director of the Work Bureau was visited by all manner of persons possessing influence. But curiously enough this has proved to be the type of situation where the usual political influence of the wealthy and powerful amounts to just exactly nothing. The reason is that the arrest of a husky young man of social standing and wealth on the charge of being an idler strikes the public sense of humor, and the prevailing tone of comment is merely one of good-natured ridicule rather than sympathy. The few angry relatives and intimate friends may rage and storm, but their pull is no good, for the great body of friends, acquaintances and people in general are far more inclined to laugh; and a grievance can make no headway against laughter.

But Mr. B. was never fined a second time. His lawyers asked that the hearing be postponed, and before the case came to trial Mr. B. had entered military service.

In this particular instance, perhaps the most socially sensational that any compulsory-work law has yet produced, the director of the Work Bureau was asked whether he intended to arrest all directors of corporations, Mr. B. having been a large stockholder and director in a local company. That question raised a very important issue and one that unless handled with tact and discretion would quickly wreck any antiloafing law.

All manner of cheap and clever sarcasm has been directed against these work laws, on the ground that it is impossible for a state official to decide what is useful work. Shall a poet be made to break stones on the public road? Who is wise enough, anyway, least of all a comparatively minor official, to determine the relative usefulness of work? Besides, does not the power to make such decisions open the door to all manner of abuse and of petty and ignorant official tyranny? Are the police to be permitted to arrest an eminently respectable gentleman because he happens to look into a Fifth Avenue shop window while waiting for his wife?

In the only states that have had compulsory-work laws for a period long enough to have any sort of judgment upon—West Virginia, Maryland and New Jersey—there is no evidence, so far as I can discover, of any abuse of power. Criticism of the laws and their administration in these states has been strikingly rare. One newspaper carried on a campaign against the law but not until after the editor's brother had been arrested as an idler. If such laws were used as an instrument of oppression, either against the wealthier members of the community or against the poorer people, the reaction in the public mind would soon kill them. The tests employed in each case are first the proof of a reasonable continuity and regularity of work, and then the presence of good faith and the absence of subterfuge. Surely these are sensible and workable criteria, applicable in every case.

Shaming the Idle Rich

OF COURSE no attempt has been made, or will be made, in any city to arrest all directors. The attorney-general of West Virginia early ruled that though the law was intended to reach the idle rich as well as the idle poor he did not think it was intended to be so wide in its application "as to compel a man who has considerable money and a large amount of property to engage in any other occupation than taking care of his money, collecting rentals and looking after his property in general. Properly to take care of a large amount of property is just as much a business as the ordinary trades or callings, and often requires even closer application and attention. However, if a man's property were such as not to require his personal attention he could not use it as a subterfuge to evade the penalties of the law."

This common-sense attitude has been generally followed, and the Maryland bureau has adopted the rule that the definition of an idler is not to be based so much on a man's occupation as on his relation to it. Is this relation bona fide? There seems to have been an immense increase in the number of able-bodied society youths who "look after their mother's property" since the law went into effect, and in one case the fact was brought to light that a young man received ten dollars a week from his wealthy mother for "looking after her property." Obviously it does not take a profound knowledge of the ways of this wicked world to distinguish between the really hard-working capitalist, of which there are many, and the youth who uses such an occupation as a mere cover for idleness.

In the same way, the number of the idle rich who have entered the occupation of real estate in both Maryland and New Jersey in the last few months has shown an increase that would stagger the Census Bureau. One clubman gave his occupation as real estate, but admitted that he had never sold any. He thought, however, that he might be able to sell a lot on commission.

"Get into something with no suspicion attached," thundered the magistrate; and the clubman went to work with an engineering firm. Naturally it is far easier for the rich than for the poor to cover themselves, to camouflage, to get into easy berths. They can always open offices as real-estate or insurance agents, and they can always be on the eve of selling a big piece of property. Their interest in agriculture also has increased enormously of late. Beyond a certain point it does not pay either police or state officials to follow up these camouflages. But in several states enough cases have been persistently checked up through repeated hearings, and even arrests and fines, to frighten and shame a far larger number of rich idlers than those directly affected into really going to work.

The rich have another advantage over the poor in that they can pay repeated fines for violation of the law, whereas the poor man must go to jail. But this is more than offset, I think, by the far larger degree of unpleasant and indeed hilarious notoriety that the case of the rich man in court attracts. So true is this that I was requested by the Maryland officials not to mention any of the selects by name, though the papers have not only published the names of all those who have been arrested and fined, but even the names of quite a number of society clubmen who voluntarily registered as idlers under the law, and went to work before they were arrested. It was said that the selects had already had enough punishment through local publicity.

Despite much storming, protesting and hiring of counsel in one city, all the selects who have been haled before police magistrates have finally gone into military service or into some useful occupation. Nor is there any danger of their being compelled to work too hard. The laws generally require only thirty-six hours of work a week, and this gives anyone sufficient time for leisure and contemplation, especially as no administrative machinery can check up a man's exact working hours. No one is likely to be ferreted out, rich or poor, unless he is idle in the fullest sense of the word.

How the Law is Enforced

BUT what of the man who has worked like a Trojan from, say, age twelve until he is forty-nine years old, on purpose to acquire a modest fortune so that he may retire early? Will he be arrested because the law requires every able-bodied male under fifty to work? Is there not a possibility of injustice here? In the first place, a doctor's certificate that he is not able-bodied will excuse him; and in the second place, he will be excused if the Federal Employment Service cannot find work that is suitable both mentally and physically, though the fact that the wages paid are not what he has previously been accustomed to will not be considered an excuse.

Nor have the state bureaus been nearly so strict in enforcing the law with men over forty-five as they have with younger men. In other words they have used more "discretion" in applying its provisions to the older men. In New Jersey quite a number of retired fishermen along the shore came under the provisions of the law, or feared they did, and visited the State Labor Bureau in much trepidation. They were men just under fifty, who had neat little homes along the shore, gardens and some money in the bank, but without any regular occupation. They were turned over to the State Fisheries Bureau and given work which, though very important, did not require more than a few hours a day on their part. The result was general satisfaction all round and a feeling on the part of the retired fishermen that they were doing their part.

But I pushed the question of the retired gentleman of forty-nine still farther, and insisted upon an answer from Mr. Mahone, of the Maryland Bureau. It was not slow in coming.

"If such a man is able-bodied he really deserves no consideration. No matter how hard he worked when he was twenty or thirty years old, he should have enough red blood in his veins to want to dig for his country now. He must be a pretty poor citizen if he feels no patriotic call, no moral responsibility. There is enough work for the Red Cross to keep all such men busy. That is my answer."

All bona-fide students are excepted under the law, and with one very hazy exception early in the game there seems to have been no effort made to use the laws as a club against the labor unions. They are not opposed by the American Federation of Labor, and there are instances where officers of local unions have approved of the action of the state authorities in rounding up members who were too lazy to work. A group of men were arrested in one state for loafing round in front of a union headquarters, and they immediately protested that they were on strike. An investigation proved that the strike had been ordered three months before and approved by the International. The men were at once released, though the Work Bureau had never heard of that particular strike either before or since.

But naturally every effort is made to prevent strikes from being cooked up by men who prefer not to work. Responsible labor leaders have no desire to see unionism used as a cloak or device to keep those born tired from getting into deserved trouble. When I asked the director of one of the state work bureaus whether he could tell a real strike from a subterfuge, whether he knew the earmarks of the two brands, he smiled and said he thought so, because prior to his service with the Federal and later with the state labor bureau he had been a member of the bricklayers' union himself. In another state one of the officials concerned with the enforcement of the law was formerly a member of an iron workers' union.

It takes common sense to know whether men are really working in each and every case. Vagrants in Maryland seem to have a leaning toward the ministry when called upon to state their occupations to the police. In one case the representative of the Work Bureau had a hunch that a mistake had been made, and going to the prisoner's cell called upon him to preach a sermon then and there. This the prisoner did without the slightest difficulty, and he was promptly released. His gospel was distinctly of the itinerant brand, but the law does not recognize any social distinctions and he was as much entitled to his freedom as the most fashionable city rector.

As the actual details of gathering up idlers have depended to a large extent upon the police it is only natural to find the fish that come into their net to be those with which the police are already acquainted. In the cities, especially, the police are familiar with the underworld, with the undesirables, the ex-jailbirds, the drifters, the unemployable rather than the unemployed, and the human scrap heap in general. These have been gathered up in great numbers in the large cities, and, indeed, the New York state law actually defines idlers as those who "loiter in idleness in streets, squares, depots, pool rooms, hotels and saloons."

Obviously the first stage in any campaign against idlers is a police round-up of the semi and petty criminal classes in the larger cities, of the panhandlers, race-track touts, bench warmers, card sharps, gamblers, pickpockets, fortune tellers, clairvoyants, pool-room sharks, lounge and tango lizards, bucket shoppers, fake actors and theatrical agents, gangsters, toughs, gunmen, dope fiends and degenerates in general.

It is said that the New York City police had a list of five thousand of this gentry prepared several weeks before the antiloafing law went into effect, on July first last, and that many had left the state, with no forwarding address, well in advance of that date. Naturally a large proportion of all habitual and professional loafers are former convicts, not only because jail inmates are naturally recruited from those opposed by nature to the horrid necessity of work, but also because even a well-meaning and reformed ex-convict has great difficulty in finding an employer.

Naturally the police know where to find the congregations of the underworld. A single raid on a cheap lodging house may unearth a whole patrol load of idlers. In every city of any size there are hundreds of men who work at odd jobs just long enough to produce sufficient money for a meal and a night in a "flop house," one of those places where for five or ten cents the wayfaring man may sit in a chair all night, unless all the chairs have already been taken, in which case he may lie on the floor.

The Genus Hobo Almost Extinct

EVEN in states where no antiloafing laws have been passed the police have shown unusual vigilance in the last few months in rounding up vagrants. Somehow the whole movement against idlers has been strikingly spontaneous. State and community councils of defense and chambers of commerce everywhere seemed to evolve the idea like spontaneous combustion about a year ago. When Delegate John introduced the first compulsory-work law in the West Virginia legislature a loud shout of instinctive approval went up from the members.

But the striking fact is that vagrants, tramps as they are more commonly known in this country, the ordinary backdoor panhandler and the trespasser on the railroad track, have disappeared, relatively speaking.

"Where has the tramp gone?" I asked a state official of many years' experience in labor bureau work.

"Where has the smoke gone from my cigar?" was the reply. "My guess would be that from fifty to seventy-five per cent have disappeared because of industrial conditions, high wages, and so on. I cannot say what has become of the rest of them. Some have been drafted, a few have volunteered, others have been caught in the dragnets of the compulsory-work laws. But as the confirmed tramp is usually above military age and often above any age specified in even the compulsory-work laws, it is hard to say where all of them have gone."

As recently as 1916, a leading magazine published an article on Why are Tramps? and two years before the churches of New York City were invaded by jobless armies. Five to ten years ago it seemed as if the most pressing problem the railroads had to meet was that of the thousands of tramps who built fires along the tracks and stole rides on freight cars. Farmers also were constantly annoyed by the same gentry. The newspaper and magazine literature of the day was filled with articles about tramp life, which had a certain fascination.

It would take more than a general war, however, it would take the millennium itself, to rid the country entirely of disorderly characters. As a rule the police always object to new laws because they already have

(Concluded on Page 24)

REPUBLIC
Worth-While
War-Time Savings
There are two marked and peculiar economies in Republic Tires.
It is more vital now that car owners should realize them than ever before.
One of these economies is the longer life of Republic Tires.
The other is the smooth-rolling tread of Staggard Studs.
There is no longer any question that the Prōdium Process does make Republic Tires last longer.
The proof is on all sides of you—wherever a friend or neighbor uses Republic Tires.
The Staggard tread undoubtedly drives a car farther per gallon of fuel, because it minimizes road friction.
This fact has been generally admitted for years—but is attracting new attention, now that the Staggard tread is linked with the Prōdium Process.
Long tire life—more miles per gallon—surely these two splendidly worth-while war-time savings are yours in Republic Tires, and can be found in no other tire you may buy.
Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble
The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio
Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread
Republic
STAGGARD
Tread
Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction
REPUBLIC TIRES

(Concluded from Page 22)

enough to enforce. But in the larger cities of the states that have compulsory-work laws the police have found the enforcement of this new legislation an excellent investment of their time. Gangs of young men cannot loiter on street corners, or crowd the streets, or lean over saloon bars, or shoot craps, if they are working. One does not have to be a trained sociologist or criminologist to realize that fewer cases of "drunk and disorderly" will be found in a busy community than in one full of loafers. A specific case of improvement testified to by both the police and state officials is the district surrounding some huge mills near Baltimore.

Surprising results sometimes flow from the compulsory-work laws, owing to the extent of their application. A man attended the hearings on idleness cases in one of the Baltimore police courts for three or four days in succession, and seemed to enjoy himself hugely. Suddenly an attendant went before the magistrate and called attention to the spectator. When asked by the magistrate what he was doing there the spectator had no explanation and looked blank enough. He was immediately fined twenty-five dollars for loafing.

Men arrested on a charge of gambling or bootlegging who would otherwise have been released because of insufficient evidence have been immediately rearrested as loafers. Against this latter charge they naturally had no defense. The law has been used even more neatly against men whom the Federal authorities were morally certain were guilty of espionage or other similar crimes but who could not be held owing to lack of technical evidence. To prove they were not loafers these suspects would have had to reveal far more damning facts concerning themselves than an inclination to idleness.

There is danger of course that the police will lay too much emphasis in the large cities upon the degenerate and wholly undesirable element, the social muck. Not only are many of these undesirables almost unemployable but the employers will not even try to use them. It is far more important, from the industrial point of view, to reach the noncriminal element of merely lazy, born tired, stay-in-bed huskies, who are not vagrants but are supported by parents, wives and sisters.

Pressure on Chronic Loafers

The experiences of both the Maryland and the New Jersey work bureaus bear out the general impression conveyed by the comic papers that the commonest type of idler is the young fellow who lies abed of a morning, loiters round a saloon or pool room in the afternoon and evening, and is supported by his wife or mother. The lie-abed feature keeps cropping up constantly. Nearly all letters of complaint concerning the younger type of loafer mention this feature. A police sergeant in a big mill section said that before the law went into effect it was considered just as much a calamity among many families to have a son as it is in China to have a daughter, because the larger the number of daughters available for work in the mills the more the men in the family are able to loaf.

Though the police are naturally more or less familiar with the loafers in their districts the bulk of the information upon which cases are pushed is supplied by citizens. Most of this is sent not to the police but to the state compulsory-work bureaus, which in turn hand it over to the police. As many as thirty to forty letters often are received in one day by the Maryland authorities, and while in the offices of the bureau I noticed that in the course of an hour or two several telephone complaints came in and several women called in person.

Though many rumors cannot be traced to their source and much chaff is found among the wheat, yet a great amount of reliable information comes from anonymous letters. Wives are naturally the most frequent complainants and are usually frightened and timid for fear their husbands will discover what they have done. Curiously enough the husbands rarely suspect their wives of being the informants and it is common enough after the police have rounded up the idler for the wife to come back crying to urge the state authorities to let the man off.

Relatives-in-law are frequent complainants, and so are the families of young men who have been drafted, and who cannot endure the sight of a neighbor's son loafing. Letters of complaint often contain the information that the loafer in question has boasted that he will not work and does not know the man who can make him work. Men have been rearrested as many as nine times in six weeks for failure to take the jobs assigned to them or to find others. Though of course many men are defiant at first, still more are tricky and deceitful. One healthy specimen of forty, who had not worked in a year, asserted that he was a clergyman. Investigation showed that he had once been a skillful carpenter but was now living on his father, a rich farmer. He was immediately assigned to breaking stones on the state roads, but found this so distasteful that he went back to his old trade of carpenter. A former bricklayer, to quiet the suspicions of his family, covered his clothes with mortar before returning home each night, without however doing any work during the day.

Unfortunately it is more difficult to enforce the compulsory-work laws in rural districts than in the cities, though it is far more needed in the country because of the lack of farm labor. People are too well acquainted in small villages to enable the constable to make an arrest as a matter of course as in the city. The gang of loafers that hang round in front of the village store and post office may hold the political balance of power which elected the constable or justice of the peace. In several cases the peace officers have actually been more frightened, when they brought their cases into court, than the prisoners.

Apathetic Sheriffs

Of course politics has not been adjourned in all large cities, and there is good authority for stating that in one county, containing several cities, the state compulsory-work law has not been so great a success as it might have been because the ward leaders have protected the gangsters against the police. There are three factions of a single political party fighting for supremacy in this county, and every vote is of immense value. In the state referred to, however, the compulsory-work law has not been in effect so long as in Maryland and West Virginia. Where the laws have been in operation for any length of time there is not the slightest doubt that, generally speaking, the rural districts offer the greatest difficulty. A shrewd measure of overcoming the prevailing lethargy has been to supply publicity matter concerning the law exclusively to the newspapers belonging to the political party out of power.

Another difficulty in the rural districts is that sheriffs, county prosecutors and justices of the peace are not paid regular salaries like city police judges, and their attitude toward the law has been one of passiveness. Regular daily court hearings are not held as in the cities, and the distances to be covered make it impossible for the sheriffs to give as much time to the work as do the city police.

One sheriff asked who would pay for his gasoline, and others would not take the trouble to investigate idlers unless the remuneration for the arrest was more than seventy-five cents. Naturally an investigation is more important than an arrest, because the average loafer goes to work before he is arrested if he is approached by the police or other peace officers. But many rural peace officers are not paid for making an investigation, and not being on regular salaries like the city police cannot afford to investigate.

Of course in some rural sections the peace officers are alert and eager to enforce all laws. In one county in Maryland the prosecuting attorney, sheriff and local magistrates made a tour in an automobile as soon as the law went into effect, and wherever they saw a man loafing they tried and sentenced him on the spot. Idleness did not linger long in that county.

Since the "work or fight" rule was announced and since President Wilson indorsed the compulsory-work laws there has been a change in attitude on the part of rural authorities. One is more willing to back a law that appears to be winning out than to back a doubtful experiment. Director Mahone, of the Maryland Work Bureau, believes that each community should be covered once a week by the state authorities to check up the idlers and stimulate the local peace officers. Once a month has been as often as the three traveling agents—one of whom spends all his time in Baltimore City—have been able to cover the state. It is frequently necessary for the agent to enter a community and approach idlers with offers of work. Those who do not accept are registered and their names turned over to the local authorities, who usually express astonishment that there should be any idlers in their town, but who are afraid not to go after them when shown in this way.

The commonest objection to any compulsory system of work is that you cannot make a horse drink after you have led him to water. Compulsion, we hear, never makes for a good spirit. The unwilling worker is not a good worker and cannot be one. Compulsion at the most is negative. "Go to jail if you don't" can never be an essential motto of progress. Negative measures must always be of secondary importance, and the major problems of labor must necessarily deal not with the slackers, who are in the minority, but with the willing workers, who constitute the majority.

All this is true up to a certain point, but it is just as true unfortunately that great numbers of people need a reminder in the form of a swift kick to make them industrious, patriotic or anything else desirable. They are not bad at heart, but habit has made them indifferent, slothful, lazy. No amount of preaching, no amount of economic teaching, will move them. They need the shadow of a whip. A man in the late thirties, who had never done any work except drive an automobile purchased with his mother's money, went to work on a small farm, which his mother bought for him only a few days before the compulsory-work law went into effect in one of the states. His friends are morally certain that nothing but the fear of arrest would have stirred that man into working, and probably every reader of this article can duplicate from his own list of acquaintances equally hardened cases.

But work that begins with compulsion and a defiant spirit does not necessarily end that way. Work is a habit, exactly like loafing. After a few months the worker takes it as a matter of course and forgets his early resentfulness. Indifference at first gradually fades away and in time responsibility begets enthusiasm.

"My problem has been to arrest men and make them think I was doing them a favor," said one of the compulsory-work-bureau directors. "One of my best friends is a man whom I had arrested. He was mighty sore at first; later on he apologized for the way he talked; and now he has a good job at thirty-five dollars a week and is delighted."

But of course the number of men arrested, fined or jailed is a small part of the total number who are reached in one way or another by the moral effect of a compulsory-work law. Effort is concentrated upon gang leaders, ring leaders, upon those who, in other words, have reached the apex of the loafer's profession and are looked up to by less notable idlers. The arrest and conviction of one negro in Maryland resulted immediately in the voluntary seeking of work on the part of more than twenty other negroes in the gang of which he had been the leader.

Good Results Obtained

"We have listed twenty-five to thirty hardened loafers," wrote the prosecuting attorney of a rural county to the state authorities, "and most of them will be convicted. It is likely that most of them will be unable to pay the fine. People not regularly or continuously employed have nothing to pay fines with; that being so they must either be discharged or put in jail, which means that our county jail will be quite filled up and this county put to great expense to board these prisoners . . . and they will be loafing at the expense of the state."

The prosecuting attorney was told to go after two or three of the ringleaders and see what would happen. This he did, and much to his amazement he found that all the other registered loafers had gone to work before he got round to arrest them.

In one of the states whose law has been as faithfully administered as any, less than three thousand cases have been handled by the Work Bureau. But it is safe to assume that an average of three to four unregistered idlers took notice of each case. The predicament of one corner loafer who has got into the toils of the police spreads with wonderful rapidity. The man who is loafing has a guilty conscience. He pricks up his ears quickly at the news that Bill Jones has been arrested. All that is needed to get results is plenty of publicity. That knowledge of the law spreads fast is shown by the fact that cripples, and even the blind and paralytics, though exempted as a matter of course under the terms of such legislation, frequently apply in person to learn their status.

The indirect effect of compulsion is fortunately to drive men into the work that they are most familiar with. If they were carpenters by trade before they took up loafing as a profession they go back to carpentering. On their questionnaires or registration cards, singularly few admit any liking for or familiarity with handling horses, milking or any other form of farm work. Only a very small percentage of those assigned to jobs by the state authorities ever show up at the places of assignment. The great majority of those who are summoned for appearance before a magistrate quickly find work on their own account at their original trades before the hearing comes round. The only ones who are fined or jailed are those who fail or refuse to accept positions assigned to them after failing or refusing to obtain work elsewhere.

It is necessary to convict only about nine per cent of all the cases handled in Maryland. About sixteen per cent cannot be found. These are floaters or transients, those who give phony addresses or leave the state rather than work. About ten per cent are found to be physically unfit, and sixty-five per cent go to work at once. This latter figure should really have the nine per cent of convictions added to it, because of those who are convicted practically all go to work sooner or later.

The Part-Time Pest

One of the most serious labor problems in the country to-day, one of the gravest we have ever had to face, indeed, is the evil of the part-time worker. Wages are so high that vast numbers of men are working only two, three or four days a week. Though perhaps wholly efficient when they are on the job these part-time idlers disrupt the gangs they are in, reduce to inefficiency the whole personnel, increase the labor turnover to such an extent that the employer's expenses are beyond all reason, and interfere with the whole smooth course of production.

This problem is a far larger one than that of the habitual idler, whether of the society or hobo type or of the middle class in between. It seriously threatens our whole war program. The compulsory-work laws are being used as far as possible to combat this evil in its grosser forms, and to a measure are helpful. Effort is being made to reach the fellow who works only a day or two a week. In plants in Maryland a large notice has been widely posted which reads in part:

"WARNING

"The law of the state of Maryland requires that every male between the ages of 18 and 50 inclusive, employed in this plant . . . shall work regularly and continuously, under pain of severe fines and penalties.

"The best young men of our nation are cheerfully and willingly sacrificing their all—even their lives—to fight for you and your country, and you and all of us at home are called upon to sustain them in the field and assist them in bringing this war to a victorious and early end.

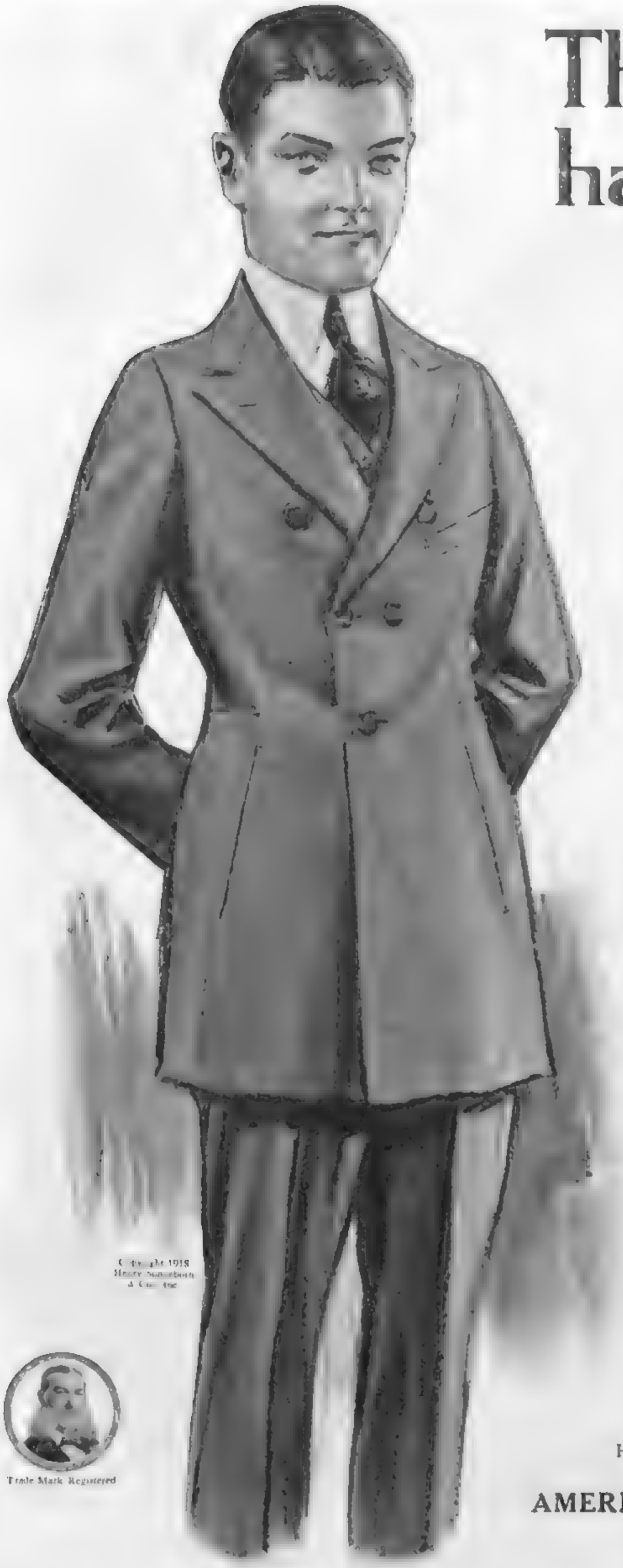
"The work this plant is doing is essential and necessary to help our country at this time, and your assistance is urgently needed in order that this plant may produce to its fullest capacity.

"Working Three or Four Days a Week is Not a Compliance With This Law. Work steadily and don't be recorded as a drone on society. . . .

"The police officials of this city, together with the undersigned, intend to strictly enforce this law as a war measure, and all citizens are requested to report to the State Compulsory Work Bureau the names of persons who violate this warning.

"DIRECTOR COMPULSORY-WORK BUREAU OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND."

But if a man can live comfortably by working four days where formerly it took six, no state or local law on earth can make him work six days. No force can drive him to his full capacity as a producer except perhaps military compulsion as applied by the draft machinery or his own ambition to save and accumulate property. But that is another story.



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Henry Sonneborn
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Trade Mark Registered

The younger men have moved up!

Moved up to fill the positions left by those who have gone to the front.

Young men today around 16 to 21 are older than their years. Whether they are filling men's places or sticking to their educational work they are alive to the new responsibilities thrust upon them by the war.

Large numbers of these young men find Styleplus Clothes the solution of their clothing problem.

Fashion experts design these clothes.

Expert tailors give them the proper shaping and moulding.

The quality is honest and dependable.

The price is reasonable.

Styleplus will "deliver the goods" both on looks and wear.

Models just for the young fellows—others for more mature men.

Our unique plan—a big volume centered on each grade—always produces the exceptional value at the price.

Two grades in Styleplus suits: $25 and $30.

Three grades in Styleplus overcoats: $25, $30 and $35—the latter including the long models.

Each grade the same price the nation over.

Styleplus Clothes
$25 AND $30
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"Each grade the same price the nation over"

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

THE SAVING GRACE

By DANA BURNET

IN RHEIMS last winter, as I was walking through a street that Teutonic Kultur had reduced to a mere jagged scar, I saw pasted to the wall of a gutted house a poster advertising the current French War Loan.

"What!" I exclaimed to the officer who accompanied me. "Do you expect to get money out of Rheims?"

The officer lifted his eyebrows, which in the Latin races are very nearly as expressive as the shoulders.

"Why not?" he said. "There are some four thousand people here."

Four thousand people, out of an ante-bellum population of, say, 120,000, still lived in that tragic and crucified town. Four thousand civilians—old men, women and children—still clung to the broken stones that once had housed their peaceful lives; still went clacking in their wooden shoes through those ruined streets; still maintained the shreds of a disrupted commerce with the soldiers, who were practically their only customers. Being French people they had money to invest! Not even the thunders of continuous bombardment, not even the crumbling of the roofs over their heads, could shake them out of that habit of thrift which is the saving grace of France. War only had intensified that material virtue, as the destruction of their beloved cathedral had intensified their spiritual faith.

They lived; they saved; they subscribed to the loan.

It was a queer sensation to tramp through those hushed and mutilated streets, where the houses stood like gaping skeletons and the monotonous rumble of the guns mingled with the echo of one's footsteps on the pavement, and come suddenly upon some evidence of struggling industry. There was a certain woman in Rheims who had won a reputation, amid all that grim desolation, for her bread and her little cakes. She had remained there, she told me, since the beginning of the war, and had survived a hundred bombardments, "By the grace of God and my good cellar."

She had subscribed to each war loan in turn. "Not much, monsieur, but yet a little. We French have learned to do with our littles."

Before the war there existed a mistaken notion among Americans traveling abroad that the French people, to use the word of our own vernacular, were tight in money matters. That notion was as false as the legend current among the French that all Americans were born with their hands full of gold. The reason for the misunderstanding lay in the fact that the French knew how to save, while the Americans knew only how to spend.

A Yankee Safety Deposit

It may be said very pertinently that the Americans who traveled abroad in days gone by were not characteristic of these United States. That is true to this extent at least: That the Americans who are going abroad now, by the hundreds of thousands, with guns on their shoulders and railroad systems in their pockets, are far more characteristic of the nation than those guided others; in fact, the men of the great crusade are themselves the nation. Some of them, too, are quite capable of meeting the Frenchman on his own ground. There is a story—quite fictitious, I am sure, but thoroughly relevant—of a Yankee corporal who was playing cards with a French soldier. When it came the Frenchman's turn to bet he removed his sock and extracted from it a ten-franc note. But the American, when it came his turn, took off his boot, and prying open the sole of it with his knife produced from the crevice between the layers a two-dollar bill. "No wonder you are all millionaires," said the Frenchman, and threw down his cards.

But though it is true that an astonishing number of Americans are millionaires, nevertheless, as a people we have never known how to save. We have known how to make, for our opportunities were vast and the genius was in us.

But thrift is a canny business and must be learned, not because it is a virtue to hoard up wealth, but because to spend foolishly is to waste, and to waste is to rob the pockets of posterity.

Thrift precludes hoarding. It is a cure not only for extravagance but for miserliness also. It prevents poverty; it reduces great wealth to a cumbersome absurdity.

For the first time in her amazing, epic and brilliant career, America has come to the point where she must save with discretion and with a whole intelligence or place the supreme cause of mankind in jeopardy. In view of this fact I earnestly beseech all good Americans to note the case of the French Republic, which presents to our gaze the most shining example of national thrift, as well as of national steadfastness and courage. After the war of 1870, when German troops had bivouacked in the Champs Elysées and German politicians had imposed a galling peace upon the shoulders of France, the French people astonished the world by paying off, apparently with ease, an indemnity that had been considered crushing. To-day, as she faces her fifth year of the world war, France still possesses a credit that is founded not upon mutual necessity alone, nor yet upon international sentiment. It is founded upon the savings of her people—those inexhaustible "littles" that paid the conquering Prussian his bitter toll and will pay to smite him back across the Rhine one of these good days.

A Case of False Pride

I saw many incidents in France that taught me to understand how deeply rooted in French nature is the habit of thrift. Nothing is wasted in France that can possibly be utilized, and nothing is permitted to be diverted from its contemplated use. I recall an attempt upon my part to purchase an apple from the chef of a dining car that was standing in a railroad station. He said that it was impossible. I explained that I had had no breakfast, and as I was on my way to the Front would probably not obtain any. He replied that it was to be greatly regretted, but that the apples under his jurisdiction were solely for persons traveling upon that particular train, and then only while the train was in motion. I was inclined to doubt the necessity for such meticulousness at the time, but later reflected that the apples in question were a part of the general mobilization of national resources, and as such were subject to regulations of military strictness. It was just an example of French thrift. Our Mr. Hoover would understand.

Victory can be expressed in terms of apples as well as in terms of gunpowder.

That same day I had another demonstration of the French genius for saving—this a case of profiting from disaster. There was a certain battery of 75's embedded in the side of a hill on the edge of a smashed town in Champagne. One went into the friendly side of the hill by means of a little door—for all the world like a character in one of those innumerable French folk tales—and walked through a narrow damp passage to the guns, which were established in square chambers dug out of the mud, with their noses toward the boches. On either side of the passage were habitable rooms, also dug out of the mud, in which the gun crews ate, slept, worked, read books, wrote letters, took sick, and upon occasion died.

Now this was in the winter time and the cold was extraordinary. Never since I was a boy and spent a winter in Alabama have I experienced such cold as was in France last year. It was necessary, therefore, to heat the hill, and for that purpose a stove had been set up in the main entrance hall.

"But where do you get your fuel?" I asked of the battery commander, a red-cheeked boy of twenty-two or twenty-three.

He swept his hand about in a half circle that included the smashed town.

"We burn the village, monsieur," said he.

Wood in France is a highly serious matter. Besides its intrinsic value, and that is considerable, it has a certain ephemeral preciousness that seemingly appertains to all things grown out of the soil of France. The French keep their timber as an American would keep a garden. They cherish it; they enter into a kinship with it; the tree is their brother.

One sees in France whole forests marching in precise rows, like soldiers on parade, and if one of these leafy grenadiers be fallen it is an event of moment to the authorities. I have seen tears come to the eyes of veteran French warriors at the sight of those murdered orchards that the boche slew in the retreat of 1917. Also I saw, at the foot of the hummock where Prince Eitel of Prussia had erected his impudent "Hunting Lodge"—dubbed *"Observatoire du Voleur"* by the French—a bearded French poilu tenderly grafting a new sprig to one of the mutilated trunks. It was not sentiment that inspired the poilu, but rather an inbred yearning, a racial impulse—to save!

Later I met an American army officer who had come over with Pershing and who complained that native frugality in the matter of firewood had caused him no end of discomfort. His housekeeper, he said, could not be bribed to keep a blaze going.

"She puts on a log of wood," he told me, "and as soon as it begins to burn she takes it off and saves it for the next day's fire."

This perhaps is carrying thrift to extremes, but it serves to illustrate the prevailing economy of a people whose health, wealth and wisdom have proved the bastion of the world's defense. Personally I would back French thrift to win against German efficiency any day. I believe that the two prime characteristics of the French are a sound stomach and a saving purse. The first has put bottom into her armies; the second has put bottom into her politics—nor does she abuse one more than the other. For thrift goes hand in hand with temperance, and temperance is the secret of successful living.

The French are a nation of wine drinkers, but they are a temperate people none the less. They neither eat nor drink too much, nor do they pay too much for what they eat and drink. It was not long ago in America that we practiced all three of these sins together. As a nation we ate too much, as a nation we drank too much, and as a nation we paid undeniably too much for our daily sustenance. There had grown up among us a curious pride of wastefulness, born, no doubt, of our national pride of wealth, so that to be openly frugal in one's habits of living was to be rather looked down upon. I remember dining one night with an American family of moderate means who had a fine turkey for the meat. The next day, for some reason, I called unexpectedly at the same house and found the family lunching upon the remains of the turkey. They were all very much embarrassed that I should have discovered them, and the mother of the family actually made some kind of apology. Obviously she considered it a social weakness not to have thrown away the meat that they had not consumed the night before.

The Basis of Future Prosperity

In contrast to this state of mind I cite the case of a certain French lieutenant of infantry with whom I shared a compartment on the way from Paris to Amiens. It having come noontime this officer of the French Army, whose judgment of mortal values must have been rather fine, prepared to refresh himself with food and drink. It was not an occasion for social pomp or impressiveness, but merely the observance of a simple natural law, which being wholly fundamental and necessary was also dignified and beautiful. I thought as I watched that robust young man laying out his frugal repast upon the car seat that he must have realized exactly how much effort, how much labor of flesh and travail of earth it had taken to produce the food that he put into his mouth. He knew also, I felt, just how much his body required to go on being his body, and would not indulge himself beyond that point.

His luncheon consisted of half a loaf of bread, a generous slice of cheese and a bottle of red wine. He ate and drank slowly, munching each mouthful with a certain ceremony of enjoyment that quite overshadowed any superficial lack of what is called table manners. There was a crust of bread left when he had finished. He wrapped it up in the same paper that it had come out of originally, placed it beside the bottle, which was not more than half empty, and tied up the whole package with the original bit of string.

I thought of the American family who had been so embarrassed about the turkey, and wondered what they would have said to such an abstemious saving of left overs.

Thrift in general is a sort of covenant between oneself and one's environment, by which one agrees, in return for a safe and decent living, not to occupy more of the common heritage than one needs for one's physical well-being.

But though thrift—the new word in the American vocabulary—is an essential war measure it is no less essentially a peace measure. The present campaign, of which the Thrift Stamp and the War Savings Stamp are but outward symbols, is in reality an organized attempt to lay the cornerstone of future American prosperity. It is open recognition of the fact that excess in any direction is barbarism, that moderation is civilization.

When Thrift is Second Nature

We have been probably the most prodigal nation on earth; in the space of a little more than one year we have undertaken to become the most economical. Undoubtedly we shall succeed, because we have enlisted our enthusiasm in the task—and our enthusiasms are boundless.

In the country north of Noyon, which is now the center of the world's hugest battlefield and which the boche possesses for the second time since 1914, there are fields which at the time I was in France were under process of cultivation. Since then these same fields have yielded a red harvest of flame and death; but when I rode past them they were in kindly hands, and the returned peasant had addressed himself once more to the regenerating plow. Near one of these fields was a French rest camp, a sort of way station on the road to the trenches, and the stocky little men in horizon blue were all about. They were going up to the Front the next day, some of them, doubtless, never to return.

How then did they spend these last few hours of comparative safety, of approximately normal existence? Such of them as could obtain the leisure to do so were working in the fields, not by command but of their own free wills, harrowing the earth that was their mother, guiding the plow in the furrows of peace who would go shortly to perish in the dread furrows of war.

They did not take to the plow for recreation, but because it was their instinct to do so. Planted solidly in their hearts was the understanding of the foundations of their cause, the understanding of the thing that will save France and the world.

You may call that thing anything you like; but its true name is thrift. Thrift, the enemy of waste, the enemy of destruction, the enemy of war! Thrift against efficiency! That is the issue.

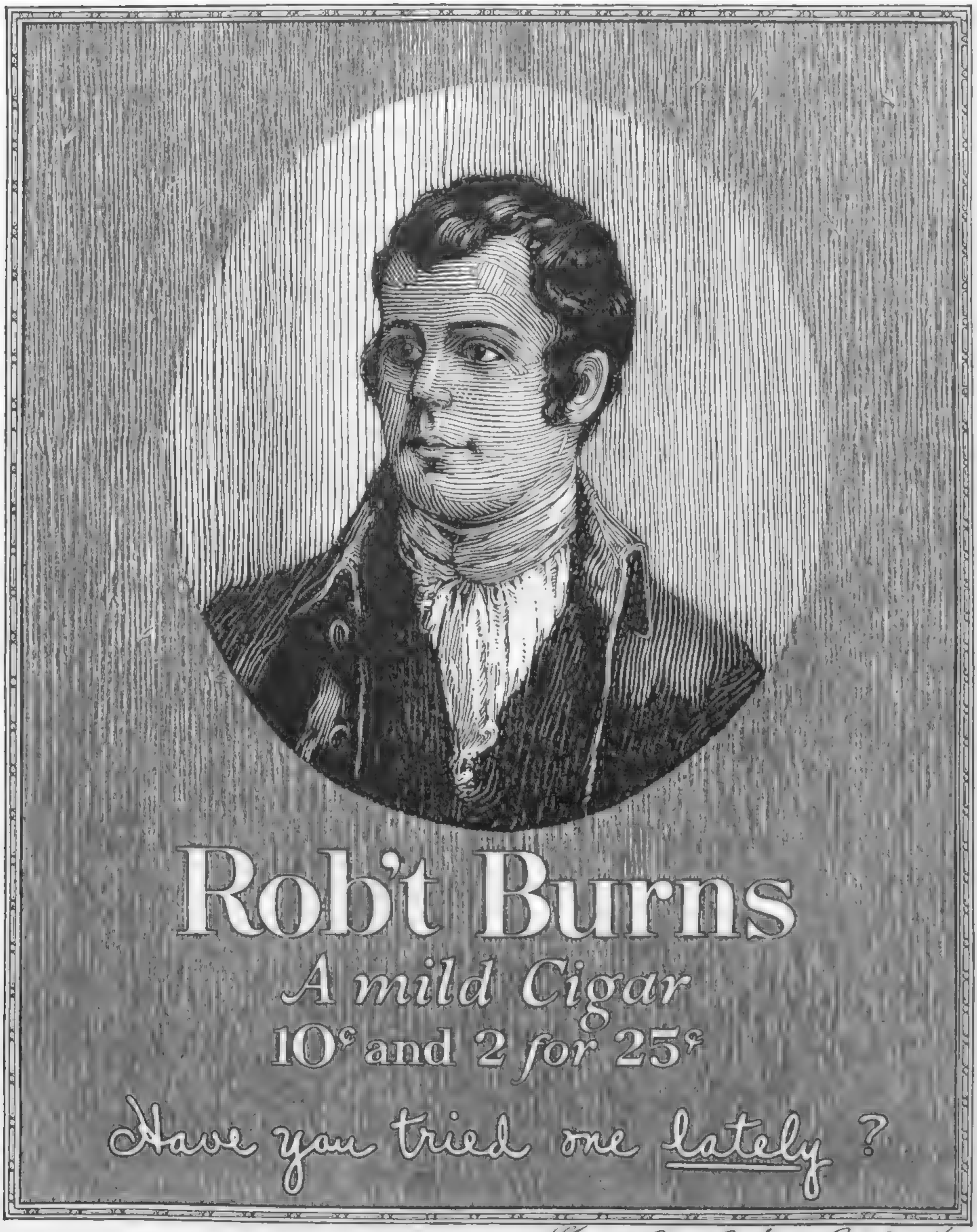
Recently I discovered a young friend of mine, aged nine, vigorously darting about the living room of his home with a weapon known technically as a fly-swatter in his hand. The entire domestic establishment was in chaos as the result of his uproarious offensive against the house fly. Finally he came and stood before me, flushed and panting, with the weapon still poised in his small fist.

"I get a penny a fly," said he; "and I only need fifty more to fill out my book of thrift stamps. Would you mind standing still, please, while I hit the one on your leg?"

I stood; and the deed was done. Nor was any blow more truly struck for freedom that day than the one delivered by that chubby arm.

"Don't make misers of the children," wrote a soldier father from the battlefields of France, "but teach them to save!"

It is the saving grace of national thrift that will beat barbarism in the end. A penny saved is not only a penny earned; it is also a Kaiser licked and a world secured.


Rob't Burns
A mild Cigar
10¢ and 2 for 25¢
Have you tried one lately ?
General Cigar Company Inc. New York.
1918.

THE WEAPONS OF OUR ARMY

By Emerson Hough

WAR is the biggest and most complicated business of the world, and the one that requires the most special training. It takes months to make a soldier. It takes a year, five years, ten years, twenty years, a lifetime—to make an officer. Suppose we were asked to turn out in six months' time a hundred thousand doctors and a hundred thousand lawyers and a hundred thousand authors. There you have all the explanation needed for any delay in our readiness for war. We were asked to do in one year's time what the most scientific nation in the world had taken forty years to do. Very well. Favor to hand and contents noted, and in reply would say we have taken on the order and will put it through.

It probably never will be known to the layman how much work this war has meant. War never counts cost. It pays a million for an idea, and throws it away the next morning. We fought the Spanish War with anything we had at hand. We fought in the Philippines with the Krag-Jorgensen—and then threw it away. This war came along at the peak of the development in auto-loading arms, high velocities and high explosives: and again we had to readjust our equipment in every way.

The outbreak of the war found us with our official rifle, the new Springfield, admitted to be the best military rifle in the world. Why did we not, then, retain that rifle? As a matter of fact we have retained it and are still making it, and some of our men will be armed with it. But we could not make it fast enough. We had to have a million rifles right away, and we did not and could not. Must we ask the war to wait while we got fixed? Wars do not wait. We got fixed at once, and began to turn out modern high-power rifles by the hundred thousand. To-day our Army has yet another rifle, in numbers far outranking our own Springfield. It is the official rifle of the United States Army. The right title of this official rifle is the "United States Rifle, Model of 1917." Don't call it the Lee-Enfield or the Enfield or the American Enfield or any other Enfield, for that is not its name.

The reason for our taking on this rifle is by this time fairly well understood. Our armories were running day and night on the new Springfields, but we were not on a war footing when war broke out. Other nations had been. We had taken on orders to arm these nations. We had, for instance, taken contracts in the United States for the making of an unlimited number of the British Enfields, caliber .303. The British Government had an abundance of ammunition for the .303, but we had not, though on the contrary we had abundance of our new Springfield cartridge, .30 caliber. So literally the British arsenals went on making rifles fitted to their reserve stock of ammunition, and we took on this new rifle to fit our reserve stock of ammunition, because we were better equipped to turn out that rifle than we were to turn out our own Springfield. It was an inter-Ally agreement.

The Mysteries of Rifle Bores

THE reason of this is easy to understand. When grandma wanted to cut out a garment she laid her pattern down on the cloth and marked it out, and then went after it with a pair of scissors or a fluting iron. That is the way rifle parts are made. The pattern for each part is called a template. It may be, for instance, in the form of a chilled steel plate with holes punched through it, and of the actual outline of the part for use in the rifle. Now as a matter of fact our large concerns that had taken on the British orders simply sublet these contracts all over the country.

They sent out these templates, and soon minor machine shops were punching holes and trimming edges to the shape of these piece patterns.

That could not have been done with the United States Springfield, for we did not have enough templates or enough special machines. The result was that we began very soon to turn out the new rifle, Model 1917, in enormous numbers. That is the reason we did it, and that is the method by which we did it. There never was any virtue in making mystification about it, for Germany knew it all along, and all the world knows it now.

It is to be remembered that the British pieces, both the old Lee-Enfield and the later Enfield used by that army, employed 303 ammunition, and that we did not have that ammunition. Hence we had to bore these barrels here in America with the British boring tools, which we had ready made, and yet we had to bore them not to .303, but to .30 caliber. We did that. In doing so we had to employ the British twist, which runs from right to left in the barrel instead of left to right, as in the Springfield. Also these tools cut five grooves and five lands in the barrel, instead of four as in our Springfield. This was simpler than setting to work and changing all the tools.

Why the Britisher bores his rifle that way is something you will have to take a Britisher apart to understand. He also always turns out to the left when you meet him on the road. Perhaps that is how he got the habit of boring his rifles wrong side to, as we look at it. Though the new cutting affected the entire barrel, of course, the relatively more distinct change at the chamber to fit our cartridge caused the operation usually called in the Army a rechambering. To-day we have one rifle chamber for six different pieces.

But it is to be understood that this rifle, Model 1917, is not the old British rifle at all. It is American bored and American loaded. If the Springfield load will shoot well in our rifle it will shoot just as well in the British rifle, because the same American workmen have made it out of material equally good. And we have the great desideratum of standardized ammunition. To-day we have six automatic or hand-operated pieces that shoot this Springfield rifle cartridge. We have also three regulation revolvers and pistols that use the same .45 caliber cartridge. So the American Army is about as closely standardized as to ammunition as it can be—a state of affairs most excellent on the confused field of battle or in mixed transport back of a battle front.

Homely? It Brings Home the Bacon

YOU have no doubt heard the story of the young Y. M. C. A. man who was out riding with a beautiful young person on a moonlight night. The young lady found occasion to sigh and to remark her regret over the fact that no one loved her. Whereupon the young man replied, "Oh, yes, Miss Brown—God loves you!"

Well now, I suppose God may love the United States Rifle, Model 1917, but on its looks no one else is apt to. It is as sweet-shooting a rifle as ever you laid to your face, and better-sighted than the Springfield; but in looks it is homelier than a yellow dog. It is broken-backed, hump-backed, sway-backed, awkward, clumsy, splay-footed, and reminds you of a man who walks with his feet turned out at an angle of sixty degrees. It is the opposite of natty, smart or swagger. I don't think any nation in the world could by any possibility devise a homelier-looking rifle—or a better-shooting one.

The Model 1917 is heavier than the Springfield, and has a barrel two inches longer. As against the nine pounds ten ounces of the Springfield, with bayonet fixed, it weighs eleven pounds. The Springfield bayonet was considerably shorter. We took on the British bayonet we were making with this British piece, simply stamping "U. S." at the base of the blade. The bayonet is twenty-two inches over all, the blade seventeen inches in the clear. The German and French bayonets are longer than ours, but the tendency is to shorten them. The longest bayonet may not always be the winner in a bayonet fight. If in a lunge the opponent sidesteps it and the point goes past his body the defender is inside the guard of the attacker, and his shorter bayonet ends the business at once. But, taken as it stands, longer barrel and a longer bayonet, this piece is longer and heavier than the Springfield.

The stock of the Model 1917 is what gives it its clumsy look. But the deep and clumsy look below the bolt is due to the fact that the wood covers the entire magazine, and the magazine was designed to carry six cartridges instead of five, which is our system of loading. We send out all the Springfield ammunition loaded in clips of five.

The British stock is longer than that of the Springfield, and homelier. It has a weak and indifferent-looking pistol grip, so called, cut into it. All the stocking along the barrel is heavy and clumsy looking, but this is merit rather than defect, because all rapid-fire pieces heat up very quickly. The barrel of a modern rifle must be protected with wood or the soldier would not be able to use the piece. The wood stock of this rifle, as in the Springfield, does not extend entirely to the muzzle, as it does in the most recent British service piece, which is shorter and which, I am told, fires ten shots instead of five or six.

The left-hand twist of this new rifle would leave a Springfield set of sights, fixed on it at our regulation distances, more or less inefficient, because those sights are made for a right-hand-twist rifle, and are set to correct the normal throw-off. But it chances that the sights already devised for the British rifle, and now used in our Model 1917, are really much better than those of our pet Springfield.

The rear sight of the Springfield stands up in front of the eye like a barn door. It has three sights to it, and also a peep—the latter very small and rather difficult to find, because the sight is set nearly a foot in front of the eye of the shooter. Model 1917 turns down the open-sight idea altogether, and goes to the aperture theory. Its rear sight is set close to the eye, and it is not a notch or series of notches, but an aperture so large as almost to look like a ring. The soldier cannot help seeing through that ring, no matter how hard he tries; and if he does see through it and catches the fore sight in line he is going to hit something. He cannot so easily get excited and shoot with the muzzle of his rifle high up in the air, seeing only the fore sight.

In the elevated rear sight the same principle is retained. The sliding bar, operated by thumb pressure along the milled edges of the raised sight bar, does not carry a notch, but uses the same aperture as that of the battle sight, or flat sight. It will readily be seen that this is a good idea, and it will also be apparent to any rifleman that the extremely long sight base of this rifle is another good point in its favor. As the barrel is longer and its rear sight is farther back and closer to the eye the entire sighting base is more than a foot to the good over the Springfield; and the sight is much more easily caught by the novice. For expert shooting the Springfield is a crackajack, and it cannot be called a poor arm for the recruit; but in the needful foolproof points of a rifle to be easily learned and easily used the Model 1917, as one is regretfully obliged to admit, has got the Springfield beat.

The fore sight of the Springfield is not protected. In the Model 1917 it is protected by two flanges, or leaves. So is the rear sight, which folds down between two wings. This system protects both sights in bayonet fighting or when the rifle is carried in a scabbard or exposed to hard knocks, though it does not add to the beauty of the piece.

The battle sight of the Model 1917 is set for four hundred yards, against the five-hundred-and-thirty-yard battle range of the Springfield, using the same ammunition. This is probably a better arrangement, though with the very flat trajectory of this cartridge the difference to an excited soldier shooting on general principles would probably not be very much. It is mighty hard to hit a man four hundred yards away. The usual tendency of an excited novice is to overshoot. If the new rifle errs at all it is on the side against that tendency of human nature.

Close-Shooting and Hard-Hitting

IT IS not necessary to enter into the mechanical construction of this weapon. It will do to say that the main mechanical difference between it and the Springfield is that the Springfield cocks by drawing back the bolt, and the Model 1917 cocks when the bolt is closed. In the Springfield there is a theoretical possibility that if anything went wrong with the firing mechanism of the bolt a cartridge might possibly be exploded before it got far enough into the chamber to prevent danger. This does not happen with the Springfield; but it "might." With the Model 1917 it cannot happen—the cartridge would be well into the barrel before the piece could be cocked at all.

Summing up, the Model 1917, the official American rifle for this war, is a clumsy, homely, practical, close-shooting, hard-hitting, good-fighting weapon. All the range officers say that it is a fine-shooting rifle and easier to learn than the Springfield. Therefore, since it represents the best of the modern cartridges, and as good as the best in bolt action, and better than our best hitherto in practical qualities of use by novices, it may be said that our official rifle is O. K., all right, and all to the candy. It stands comparison with the Springfield favorably, and the Springfield was admitted to be top-notch at the time this war broke out.

So much for the rifle and bayonet of the infantryman. They are well standardized. As much may be said for the arms of our officers. The sword is obsolete as the weapon of an officer to-day, and in the field he carries only the revolver or pistol as his side arms. In the old Indian fighting days the army officers used the frontier revolver, caliber .45. After a time a special revolver was devised and accepted officially for our Army, caliber .38. Now the official caliber is .45, and the same cartridge is used in the automatic pistol and the two types of cylinder revolvers which now are the official side arms of the United States officer.

The official pistol load of the United States pistol is .45 caliber; a short, blunt and heavy bullet and strong nitro powder charge. The case is rimless. In one of the cylinder revolvers this cartridge is loaded into the cylinder with two half-moon clips, each holding three cartridges. This is because of the rimless nature of the cartridges. I can't fancy that clip. In the auto-loading pistol the magazine holds seven shots, which are slipped in by means of a long clip, in the action familiar to most American men who use high-power firearms.

As to the accuracy of the cartridge or the weapons using it there is no question. I saw a colonel of one of the machine-gun sections in a Western cantonment fire seven shots on

(Continued on Page 30)

They Lead All Other Tubes in Sales

GOODYEAR TUBES are built primarily to hold air—to hold air unfailingly over a great period—they are exceptionally thick, tough, vigorous and lasting—they afford the casing the very maximum of support under all conditions.

GOODYEAR TUBES are gray because that is the natural color of pure rubber—they are of laminated construction because this guards against defects in material and combats splitting in case of puncture—the valve-patch is vulcanized *in* because any other construction tends to allow air seepage at this point.

GOODYEAR TUBES are used by more motorists than any other tube—forty per cent of all new cars are equipped with them—they are each and all subjected to a rigid twenty-four hour test before shipment—less than one in seven hundred ever comes back for adjustment.

Be sure You *say*, "Goodyear *Tubes*"

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TUBES

(Continued from Page 28)

the eight-inch bull's-eye at thirty-five yards. He grouped them all on the bull, excepting one wild, just at the edge. Then using his left hand he put all seven shots well round the center of the bull. A competing officer using the old cylinder-action revolver could not do quite so well. In any case it may be said that the United States officer is in possession of a close-shooting, hard-hitting gun, which is able to stop a man surely at any range where he is hit.

This was not true of the old .38 United States service revolver, which was not found successful in use on robust savages who were ignorant of the etiquette in charging an enemy. The classic instance in the Army is that of the Tagalog insurrecto who charged a captain, whose name, I believe, was Connolly. The latter shot the warrior twice through the body—once just above the heart, the second shot through the lungs—but he came on and laid open the officer's cheek to the bone with a slash of his bolo. Then the officer threw his pistol in the Tagalog's face and grappled with him. They rolled down a sidehill into a little stream, and there the irritated officer choked and drowned the Tagalog for a while, and finally finished him off with a rock. This detail is not necessary with the blunt-nosed .45 bullet. When it hits a man it stops him then and there, and that is what is wanted at close-range fighting or in trench mêlées.

We never had a better protective side arm than that we now have in our Army. It is hard-hitting, modern and up-to-date, and all three of the types use the same standardized ammunition. We might almost say that we have just two loads to-day, one for our pistols and one for our rifles.

We arrive in due course at the machine gun, or auto-loading heavy rifle, which may be called the reliance of the company or the platoon rather than of the individual rifleman. Before we can fully understand the importance of this part of our equipment and its excellence we ought to have some notion of the swift development of the new principle in firearms which has put on the scrap heap about everything antedating the beginning of this war. It was a large step in advance when, many years ago, we began to use repeating weapons, rifles and shotguns alike; but not even that was fast enough fire. So we set the gas to work, just as in some measure we superseded steam by gas in vehicles.

As known familiarly in America, the European Luger was the first of the stock-magazine, clip-loading, automatic pistols to come to notice in this country. It did not look like our old revolver, with its handle in the middle underneath, and it was not a revolver. It was laughed at very generally, and most people pooh-poohed at the whole theory of automatic loading in a pistol. None the less it came on strong, and soon we had improvements. In all of these the principle was pretty much the same: The firing bolt, running straight back of the fore of the barrel, was kicked back by gas pressure far enough for the cartridge to be ejected. It is easy to understand that some of the recoil of the weapon was used for the reloading. Of course, action and reaction are equal. You cannot pull yourself over the fence by your boot straps. There must be an initial energy somewhere. The initial energy of the auto-loader is applied by muscle power—the bolt is first pulled back to cock the piece. After that it cocks and fires itself. When the gas throws back the bolt it would stay back, unless it were thrown forward by something; that is to say, the gas recoil is absorbed by a spring, which compresses and which then, when released, throws the bolt back into firing place again. The cycle is gas against spring, compress; then release, spring against bolt; and so on. The two forces, gas recoil and spring compression, plus the initial energy of first cocking the piece by hand, make the cycle of this sort of weapon, which is more or less the same in all the different types.

J. M. Browning's Inventions

THE automatic principle came first into general use in the hand weapons, and not in the shoulder pieces. In 1889 I saw, out in Ogden, Utah, a long-legged young man named J. M. Browning, of the firm of Browning Brothers, sporting goods dealers. I recall very well that he was sitting up on top of the counter in his shop, with his legs folded up. He did not look as if he knew so very much, but as a matter of fact even then he knew more about rapid-fire mechanism in firearms than anybody else in America. He may know more about it to-day than anybody else in the world.

It was to John Browning that our Government turned when we felt the need of the best automatic rifle and the best machine gun anywhere. There was some delay about this. This is the place to say that no matter what the delay was, it has been made good. The two Browning automatic pieces, the heavy and the light, are the last word in automatic rifles, and it is not likely that they soon will be replaced or surpassed—certainly not in this war.

I recall that even back in 1889 the dealers told me that J. M. Browning was already a rich man—he is a multi-millionaire to-day, made so by the royalties he took down each year on patents.

This same J. M. Browning, along about the time the automatic pistol began to show, supplemented the old lever-action repeating shotguns, and even the more modern repeating shotgun, with a still swifter sort of shooting iron. He put out an automatic or self-loading shotgun. Shortly after this came the auto-loading rifle known as the auto-loader, in calibers .35 and .41. As game guns these rifles were not so popular as others, because the trajectory of the short and heavy bullet was rather higher than that of the lead-pencil Spitzer. These developments in shoulder pieces came along with that of the auto-loading pistol.

In the first of the automatic pistols the recoil force was used to operate a sleeve which slipped back round the barrel, carrying along the firing mechanism—I do not speak in technical terms. The first of these guns were .32 and .38 caliber. When the latter came out everyone thought that it was about as big as an automatic ever could grow.

But the automatic did grow. It edged into favor so that it wiped out the old .38 caliber U. S. service revolver, of the swing-gate type of cylinder. It passed in favor even the old single and double action revolvers of the beloved Frontier type. It shot a powder charge of 4.6 grams of Sharpshooter powder, a ripper of a charge, and it certainly got penetration.

Along in here, sometime, there came an automatic .32 and .380, which also gave good penetration, using a rather lighter powder charge. The device of this piece, which saved some energy, was an arrangement of the barrel lugs which timed it to swing a third round in a direction opposite to the twist of the barrel. The arrangement was such as to leave less power needful to throw back the bolt. This, in rough fashion of speech, we may say left more gas power to be expended back of the bullet. The bullet would be practically out of the barrel before the bolt returned to reload. This was a rather good economy of forces.

Direct Sighting Not Required

IT BEGAN to be perfectly plain that the old type of cylinder revolver, hand-operated, was slated for the discard. The automatic pistol found its improvements just about the same period that the improvements of motor-driven vehicles came. We might call it the age of gas.

The requisition of General Pershing for sawed-off shotguns for trench work has never been made specific to the American public—I do not know whether he asked for the automatic or the pump-action shotgun. Probably it was the latter, of what is known as the riot-action type or the brush-gun model, a six-shot, hand-operated single-barrel pump shotgun. It need not be pointed out that such a weapon loaded with nine buckshot is one of the deadliest short-range weapons ever conceived or used by man. No column of troops could stand at close range before a heavy line of men armed with this sort of gun. In the Civil War "ball and buck" made the most dreaded load—an ounce ball and three buckshot.

The rapid development of the auto-loading principle stood in about this shape, with many excellent exemplifications, at the time, something like a year ago, when we felt that we had to have the best machine gun in the world. We had tried out the Lewis and other types which had proved successful in Europe. A great many thought we ought to go ahead making these machine guns, just as we went ahead with the British Enfield rifle and made it over into our Model 1917. In any case we sent for Mr. Browning and told him to get busy and to make the best machine gun in the world. That is precisely what he did. He made it in two types, the heavy and the light, and these two types of Browning auto-loading weapon are what we might call the backbone of our Army's weaponry.

There is just a little of the technical which is inevitable in even a loose and general description of these firearms. We ought to remember that the machine guns, which are fired from tripods or with muzzle rests, so that they sit tight and solid, are no longer sighted in terms of notches and yards, but in "mils" and meters. In actual use they are sighted by circular graduated base plates set off in degrees and capable of reading to a single mill by use of a vernier attachment.

So the operator of this piece works by rule and not always by direct sighting of the piece. For instance, the officer who wishes to take under fire a white farmhouse situated a certain distance to the right or left of the edge of a certain wood will by use of his range finder or graduated glasses determine how far off that farmhouse is and how many degrees to the right or left of the known and given object. He then gives the order in mils for angle and the range distance in meters. This is intelligible and practical for all the machine-fire pieces in use to-day, at least of the more modern types.

The reason for this is easy to see. A machine gun is not always or regularly fired straight out in front of the position where it is in emplacement. On the contrary it is cut back at an angle, so that its fire crosses the front of the position that it is defending. If one piece fires at an angle to the right and another a few hundred yards away fires with an angle to the left, it will be seen that the streams of bullets will cross somewhere out in front. Draw a diagram of this, showing the lines crossing. It will be apparent that an enemy coming into this fire will have to walk through one stream of lead only to walk into another stream of lead a little farther on. Now multiply these cross sections by the number of machine guns in emplacement, and it is easy to see how this angle fire—governed as above explained—will make practically repeated barriers of lead through which the enemy must walk.

That is the method of employment of the heavy machine guns. Of course at very close range and in mass formations they are used point-blank, direct fire, in whatever fashion seems the most deadly at the time. There is no use in crossing the lines of lead back of the enemy—they must be thrown into the enemy or just ahead of him; into him when he gets close up.

Now, suppose that a column of enemy is advancing against a trench defended by our troops. He must get through that double or triple or quadruple sheet of lead out in front a few hundred yards. If he does get through that and the direct rifle fire, and comes up to the trench, he may perhaps meet the shotgun fire of some of our trench defenders. If he gets through that and gets into the trenches he meets the short-range .45-caliber revolver fire of the officers and the bayonet work of the enlisted men. If he survives that someone is apt to stick a trench knife into him; and if that does not kill him someone else is pretty sure to throw him down into the water and bust his block off with a rock.

It is sometimes said by the ignorant that we have no automatic rifle in our Army. This is not the case, but the contrary. We have a half dozen automatic rifles in our Army, and we ought to be familiar with the nomenclature. The colonel of the machine-gun section will tell you that any air-cooled gun not capable of sustained fire is an automatic rifle. He also will explain that any water-cooled gun that is capable of sustained fire is a machine gun, properly so called. We have just two types of small-arm ammunition, one for our pistols and one for our rifles. I have seen our rifle cartridge, the Springfield of 1916, rimless, in use in a whole line of machine guns. There was also in the same line a Chauchat French piece, auto-loading, and it was the only one that did not use our cartridge. So there you are—a half dozen automatic rifles all in one line; and two of these capable of shoulder firing or direct aiming.

British and French Machine Guns

UNDER the orders of the commanding officer of a Western cantonment, and the personal direction of a colonel of the machine-gun section, I saw all these guns in action. It made an exhilarating experience. You can pass by a rifle range where several hundred riflemen are popping away at the targets, and it does not get your blood jumping as does the putt-putt-putt of the machine guns—an indescribable sort of sound, which gets you going as soon as you hear it, and which you understand as such the first instant it strikes your ears.

A machine gun is a short, squatty, squabby, clumsy-looking little contrivance which hugs close down to the ground, supported on a fixed mound and a tripod. In use the first thing that will impress you is the size of the barrel. That size is given by the water jacket, for the machine gun must be either water-cooled or air-cooled. Take the fat little Vickers, first in the row as we came to the rapid-firing range. It was busy feeding through belts, each of which held two hundred and fifty cartridges—our rimless cartridge. It had a rubber hose running from the water jacket out into the condenser. All these water-cooled guns would show steam round the barrels if the steam was not carried off and concealed or condensed; and steam showing round a gun would be pie for the other fellow, always on the watch for a gun position. There was a little metal box of water at one side of the gun, and it was churning away very merrily. It used a rather complicated-looking belt with metal fingers to it. The men said that this gun could be jammed, and also said that sometimes it shot rather loose and wabbled, a defect that would work against the close or regular grouping of its bullets.

Just behind the Vickers we saw a Lewis, the gun that was accepted by the Allies at the time we went into the war, and the one that many thought we ought to go to work making at once. This gun shoots only forty-seven shots in a burst, and its magazine is a circular metal affair that goes on top of the barrel at the rear. This is an air-cooled gun, the case holding a series of channels arranged something like a turbine, the air sucking in from the rear to the front of the barrel with such force that a piece of cotton waste or the like will be carried out entirely free of the gun from the rear when the piece is firing.

The French Chauchat, crude and clumsy looking, is also an air-cooled gun. It is the roughest-looking automatic rifle in the world, perhaps, and it uses a semicircular magazine at one side, which carries only twenty shots, but it will go off and keep in action; and its main beauty is that it costs only thirty dollars. The light Browning costs

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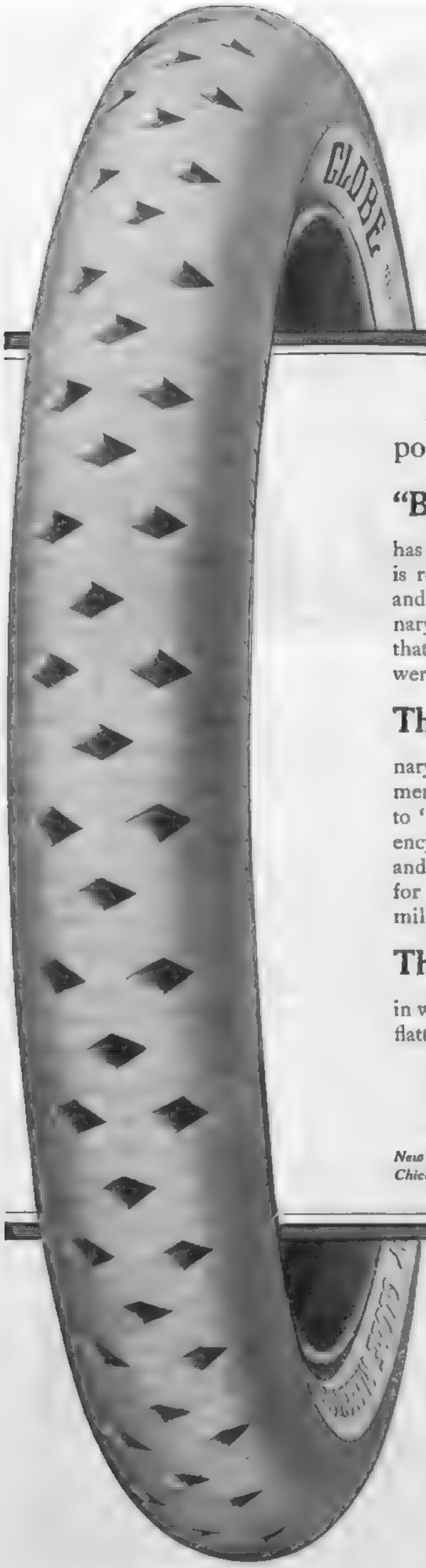

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Any tire will give out in time, but Globe Tires postpone the evil day longer than most.

"Blow-outs" Tire fabric, like steel or any other material, has its limit of strength. When that limit is reached it breaks, and "blow-outs" and other tire troubles result. In ordinary tires the *premature* exhaustion of that strength is chiefly due to fibres that were flattened or distorted *before* usage.

The Cause Such flattening of fibres is caused by the ordinary method of curing tires under tremendous *hydraulic pressure*, which tends to "iron" the native strength and resiliency out of the fabric and to displace and disarrange it. Such method makes for quick production, but *not* long mileage.

The Prevention We believe there is a way in which the manufacturer can avoid the flattening of fibres and conserve the native strength of the fabric. That is the *single-cure, wrapped-tread* way, which makes it possible to weld together the carcass, breaker strip, tread and bead without jamming or displacing a single element.

Long Mileage We build Globe Tires *by hand*, of the best materials obtainable and under the *single-cure, wrapped-tread* process. This is the slow method—the Globe method—of producing tires, but a *mighty safe method of putting long mileage into them.*

That is why we can guarantee Globe Tires for 6000 miles. That is why the average Globe, under normal conditions, gives a longer mileage than our guarantee. Equipment merchants should apply now for the permanently profitable Globe Tire dealer connection.

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THE shopping lists of careful, refined, thinking people are headed more and more with Dr. Lyon's—the *safe* dentifrice.

This is clearly indicated by our increasing sales.

And the reason is simple. The national point of view is changing. The majority have stopped experimenting with vital things and are back to fundamentals.

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A change of diet will overcome an unusual condition of the teeth more often than a drugged dentifrice will.

Cleanliness is the one thing you can be sure is *safe*. Dr. Lyon's *cleans* the teeth—does that thoroughly and safely—and the *safe* dentifrice is always the *best*.

That is why Dr. Lyon's heads the shopping lists and is used, more and more, in the homes of careful, refined, thinking people.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*

Sample sent on receipt of 6 cents

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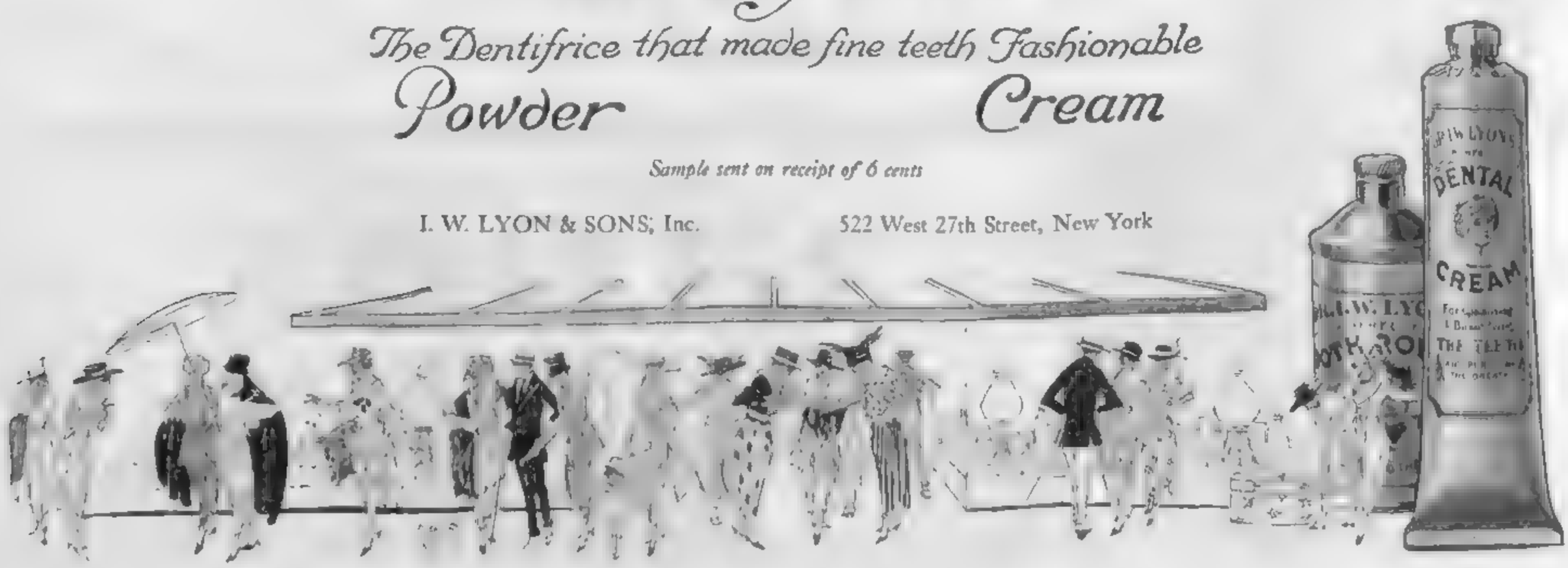

(Concluded from Page 30)

three hundred and twenty-five dollars, and the heavy Browning round seven hundred dollars, as I suppose—I do not state this officially. The Chauchat shoots its own ammunition, and does not use ours. It has a stumpy bottle-neck cartridge. The primer at the base seems glazed over, and there is also a glazed-looking strip round the base of the bullet—the preparation used to make the cartridge waterproof—I suppose some sort of hard wax.

We came next to a Colt's automatic rifle, of the type that has been in use for some time. It also fires two hundred and fifty cartridges at one belt. The belt is the United States belt, much simpler than that of the Vickers gun. On a stump near by we saw a little machine like a sausage grinder, for filling these belts. They said that the Vickers belt might get wet and cause a gun to jam. The United States belt, which is simply a long strip of canvas with loops sewed on it, is not likely to jam. The little Colt's was spitting away merrily, and the men were taking lessons in spraying or traversing the fire of the piece. It would eat up its two hundred and fifty cartridges—which is just what one little ammunition box holds—mighty rapidly.

Next we came to a short, heavy-barreled contrivance, which was sitting on its tripod and gazing calmly at the row of targets. The men were gathered round this piece with much interest. No wonder—it was the heavy Browning machine gun. Seven pints of water will do to cool this gun in operation. It also shoots the regulation belt of two hundred and fifty cartridges, and eats them as fast as you like. It has the great virtue of being able to regulate its fire. When you press in with your two thumbs on the Vickers firing release, it hits a certain gait and holds it. You can regulate the gait of the Browning heavy and make it staccato or ritardando.

It was to be noted that the personal tension along the machine-gun front was much greater than that along the infantry firing lines. There is something tremendous, something devilishly fascinating about these machine guns. As quick as you sit down and look along the barrel of one of the things, and take the grip in your hand, a strange exhilaration comes to you. You feel as if you were about twenty feet tall and weighed about a ton, and were as good as twenty men. Indeed, you are.

Speed and Accuracy

Our colonel sat down back of the heavy Browning and put it through its paces. It was obvious that by holding the trigger back, as in the other machine guns, it would throw all the bullets pretty much in one hole at thirty-five yards. The tendency is to crawl up. But the machine-gun target is not that of a bull's-eye. You will see a half dozen vertical black stripes on the background of the target in front of you, also a diagonal black stripe running from the left-hand lower corner to the right-hand upper. The game is to follow out these black stripes with the string of bullets; because there would be no virtue to multiple firing unless it had multiple direction given to it also. In the hands of this expert this gun would cut across from the left to the right of the target as regularly as though you had spaced the bullets with calipers. Back of the target you would see a long line of dust going up, the earth cut to powder. The feeling of power, of command, was an inevitable thing. A man back of one of these guns feels as though he were indeed superman. There is nothing that can stand before him. The impression one got of the streaming of dirt thrown up along the whole base of the hill was that such a weapon was irresistible.

It is not necessary to describe technically the heavy Browning. It can be carried by two men, one for the stand and one for the gun. It is provided with what is, in my opinion, the best graduated circular sight base of any of the machine guns. It operates positively, is under perfect control, and is so built that it is, I think, less apt to jam than any other machine gun. The fault of the old multiple-fire pieces has always been their likelihood of jamming. Have we not read many stories of aviators who stated that at such and such a point they would have done thus or so had not the gun jammed? A wet belt, an irregularly loaded belt, a gun badly operated, may jam. Then it is much worse than useless. That machine gun which is least apt to jam is the most valuable. It is believed by many that we have that piece in the heavy Browning. Our men learn all these other pieces so they can operate anything they find on the battle front.

But still we had not seen the actual object of our search—the much rumored and little understood light Browning. On ahead I saw leaning over a sandbag something that looked like an exaggerated single barreled trap shotgun. It had a shotgun stock and a wood fore end, and in front of the trigger there was a long box magazine sticking down like that of the old Savage .22 rifle, only twenty times as big. All the lines were Brobdingnagian. It was in fact simply a twenty-shot automatic rifle capable of being fired automatically or single shot by hand. It shot just as hard as any of these heavy guns, because it used the same ammunition; but the soldier could carry it round and aim it at any place that he liked. It had no legs, no base, no supporting tripod. It was a mobile and portable piece. Obviously this would be the piece for direct fire on advancing troops. To me it looked like the most tremendous weapon of any employed in the war, and the one most apt to write swift history when it goes into general use on the other side, in the business of making good boches in wholesale lots.

I picked up this grandpa of a gun and found that it weighed about sixteen to seventeen pounds. It could be fired from the shoulder, as was demonstrated, being not much different from the weight of the old elephant rifles once used. It is a twenty-shot piece—that is to say, the detachable magazine holds the contents of four of the clips in which the Springfield ammunition is put out. The old British Enfield clip carries six cartridges, ours but five. It is very simple to shove four of these clip contents into the long box magazine of this light Browning and clap it into place. Then you are indeed a supersoldier.

Small, but Deadly

Our expert colonel sat down on the firing line and took this piece into his hands and began to show what sort of stunts it would do. He could trace the line of bullets up and down, sideways or any other way one could wish, spacing them a couple of inches apart or two feet apart, as desired. As to accuracy, he held the piece to his shoulder, pressed back the trigger, and discharged all twenty shots. On the target, which was about thirty-five yards distant, a half or a quarter of a postal card would have covered the entire group. Most of them were within the size of a dollar. There was one hole in the center through which apparently six or eight bullets had passed, and it was no larger than the end of your thumb. This was shoulder fire—that is, not from any rest except the knee rest.

It became perfectly apparent that here was a twenty-shot rifle that could be picked up and carried over the shoulder anywhere, that could be used with great speed and precision, over a trench top, a lot or a sandbag, from a knee rest or from the sitting position, even from the shoulder direct in the hands of a powerful man. It is just as accurate as the Springfield cartridge is accurate, under the Model 1917 sights, for those are the identical sights on the light Browning; and it should be understood that this is the cartridge that has the official seal of the Government for all our automatic rifles.

One of these pieces when loaded will keep on shooting as long as you hold back the trigger. You can fire the light Browning in bursts of three or five or ten, or you can fire the entire twenty shots in one burst or string—a most glorious sensation of power. The heavy wood stocking along the barrel protects the hand when the barrel becomes hot. It is perfectly obvious that such a gun is not going to jam so readily as a machine gun fed with a belt. Its operation is more positive and more direct. As to the deadliness of the creature—you have to take it in your own hands to understand the feeling that it gives.

This, then, is the light Browning, which is not an artillery piece at all, as we so often think machine guns all are. It is a piece that can be lifted and carried about, aimed, fired, carried forward or taken to the rear and saved if need be. It is a natural sort of gun, a gunny-looking gun. We have slowly to learn the feel of the machine gun proper, that squat-looking thing behind which we sit down and which we fire with both hands; but here is a grandpa of a shotgun which uses the Springfield rimless official cartridge. I believe this is the summit of human inventiveness in life-destroying weapons up to this date. It is not apt to be replaced by any gun in any army during this war at least, and perhaps they never will improve on it. I surely hope it never will be necessary to do so.

It was with much reluctance that we left the line of the machine guns and their fascinating performance. There is a certain amount of education needed both as to the mechanism and the operation of these pieces. The novice cannot sit down, as I myself discovered, and fire a perfect string of shots while traversing the gun by means of tapping his hand against the breech. My pattern was very patchy, whereas that of the expert was spaced regularly, so that a quail could not have got through it.

Imagine the sector you can sweep in front of you—the arc of the circle you can cover with practically continuous fire. Then fancy the use of the shotgun and the revolver closer in. Surely, our men are well cared for in their weapons.

There were, however, one or two other things to be noted about the weapons of our Army. Passing across the cantonment terrain, with its trenches and dugouts and its vast encampments of the enlisted men in their little tents, we came to a hill overlooking a pleasant meadow, where recently a farmer annually was making a good crop of hay. It was really a beautiful country view. But out in the meadow we could see a little group of men not making hay. Every once in a while we could hear the faint sound of rifle fire, followed soon by little bursts of white smoke far on ahead. This was an example of the use of that remaining light-arm equipment which may close the list of our Army's weapons, outside of the artillery. It was the rifle grenade.

The hand grenade is a development of this war. The British used to make them out of tin cans filled up with scrap iron and with fuses set to them. Sometimes the fuse would not work, and it was not unusual for a German who found a dud grenade to take it up, light it again, and throw it back into the British trenches as a return compliment. Then the British contrived a sort of instantaneous fuse, which looked as though it were a dead fuse. They threw the grenade over into the other fellow's trench with this thing attached. When Fritz took it up and lighted it to throw it back it went off in his hands instanter. After that he did not fool with these dead ones so much as formerly.

The rifle grenade is a sublimation of the old hand-grenade idea, which dates back more than a hundred years, I presume, since we are all the time reading about the Grenadier Guards, and that sort of thing. In fact, this is a grenade that you shoot off the muzzle of your rifle.

Practice With Grenades

We went down to the meadow and came up with the little squad undergoing instruction. Each man was armed with the United States Rifle, Model 1917, but on the muzzle of each piece, bayonet fashion, there was attached a metal thing that looked like a Maxim silencer. The sergeant called it a grenade discharger. Its more official name is tromblon. It is so arranged that when the grenade is dropped into it the center of the grenade exactly coincides with the bore of the rifle.

The grenade itself is a curious sort of thing, round, and looking something like a big padlock. The bullet discharged from the rifle passes through the central bore of the grenade, and as it goes out it sets off the fuse at the same instant that it carries the grenade on out into the air. It is a very simple way of using the shoulder piece of the soldier as light artillery.

In actual operation of the rifle grenade the piece is rested with the butt on the ground. It could be fired from the shoulder, but I should think the recoil would be mighty strong with that weight in front. The distance at which the men were aiming was about three hundred yards. Roughly speaking the angle of the piece was, with the muzzle raised, about forty-five degrees—the higher the angle the shorter the range, in that limit. Now with a hand grenade, thirty yards or so is near the limit. You cannot always hit a trench three hundred yards away with a rifle grenade, but if it does land there, zowie! It will wipe out everybody in a shell hole or in a trench bay. If it does not land exactly in the middle of a machine-gun crew, two or three of them close by will make them so nervous they can't hit anything.

For some time we watched the rifle grenadiers at their work. The man would set his piece with the muzzle pointing up, just guessing the best he could as to where the grenade would land. You could follow it in its course, a very high arc, the grenade going up so high that it looked small, like a golf ball, though no golf ball goes so high. Then presently it would begin to drop, and would be hard to see as it approached the ground three hundred yards ahead. The puff of white smoke at contact or soon thereafter would tell the location of the grenade and mark the success or lack of success of the shot. The instructor seemed able to tell whether a shot would go high or low before it had reached the summit of its arc. He stood a few yards in advance of the firing line and called the shot pretty accurately long before it came anywhere near the ground.

Our expert colonel explained to us the general utility of the rifle grenade.

"Suppose there is an enemy machine gun doing damage in some little piece of wood or some shell hole a few hundred yards away. You don't want to send out a column of men to get cut up; and it is too far to reach by hand grenades. That's where the rifle grenade comes in. The men get to be more or less proficient after a while, and at the normal ranges you see why a machine-gun emplacement would be made untenable very soon. One grenade landed close to the gun would put it out of business."

Work With Cold Steel

We arrived on the bayonet grounds in time to see the bayonet drill of the young officers, then in progress. There were some hundreds of them scattered about in groups, each under a competent instructor, and in lines near by, close to the trenches where mopping-up practice is taught, were hung the dummies on which bayonet practice is had—fascines of rods or sticks tied together top and bottom and suspended from a bar. These are the punching bags of the bayonet.

If there comes a curious mental thrill, a sort of sublimation of the soul, when you get a machine-gun grip in your hand, so there is even a keener and more keyed-up energy in the bayonet drill. Here you see the human machine at top speed. There is not a moment's rest allowed at any time except for the necessary instructions. The men are up on their toes all the time, and everything is action, movement, life; and not only that, but the keenest, tensest, most top-notch sort of action.

The enlisted man is instructed when driving home the bayonet to give a grunt or a howl. You can hear a whole line of them go "Oo-oo-oo!" as they lunge. This seems not necessary for the young officer, but the said young officer has got to be right on the go every minute for a couple of hours. His instructor is absolutely merciless, and all the time he insists on snap, pep, gimp, ginger. The state of mental excitement is necessary, and it must be maintained.

This is the most savage of the scenes that you may see in any of the training camps of the country. You will see a line of men advance yelling, and then stop; and hear the orders "At the heart!" or "At the throat!" or at other specified portions of the human map.

The machine gun or the shoulder rifle may be exact or scientific, perhaps chivalrous, even sportsmanlike. The bayonet is run on a different theory. Nothing sportsmanlike about it. Get the other fellow, and get him quick; that is the only law. Kill him. Put him out. Wipe him off the earth, and go on for the next one—that is the law of the bayonet. It is said Fritz does not like it at all.

All of this sort of thing was going on out of doors over a terrain of six square miles, but now a peaceful farming country. I presume it is true that we cannot find at its best either life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness altogether indoors. The manhood of the civilized world is now afoot out of doors, to see that these three things shall not perish from the earth. It is a bad business, but we have begun on the order and will carry it through to its ghastly finish.

Potsdam reiterates its wail that this war was forced on Germany. Whether or not it was at first, it is going to be forced on Germany now. Fetch on your boasted shock troops, Fritz—they're going to get shocked, as sure as they're born. We have always had the enemy outmanned. Now we have him outmanned, outfed, outhoped, outguessed and outgunned. We're going to whip him. Don't let there be any doubt about that on either side of the Atlantic.

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United States Tires are Good Tires

JUNK—By Edwin C. Boehringer

WAR has proved a wonderfully prolific fairy godmother—not bestowing dainty glass slippers of the Cinderella days upon pining, chimney-corner drudges but with an audacious challenge flinging sturdy hobnails upon the stoop of practically every industry.

It has made coal, heretofore something to be burned and not heard, as much a subject of conversation as baseball. It has elevated shipyard riveting from the humdrum to a gladiatorial sport. It has made page-one stories of locomotive and freight-car orders, of ship contracts, of new ordnance works—when two short years ago eight to ten lines upon the financial page sufficed.

And it has brought the scrap man—the junkman of yesteryear—out from behind his rusty nondescript heaps, almost magically transformed his piles of junk into gold, and enrolled him in the blue book of industry. He—industrial scavenger of the city, collector and purveyor of waste, of what others cast off—he is another now to throw the full weight of his bulky mass into the scales against the Hun.

Indeed he is the original if somewhat belated war groom, for while the alluring industrial war brides of 1915 and 1916 gathered opulence and renown unto themselves and then settled down to a complacent married life, he, with the bonanza year of 1917 a mere memory and profitless 1918 already half gone, is striving all the more to make blacker the cloudburst of shells that some near day will deluge and destroy the Hun trenches. There may not be much romance in gathering junk, picking over small-town dumps, scouring rural fence corners for discarded farm implements, and trading in the waste of the metal-working industries, but

The 35,000,000 or more tons of steel the War and Navy Departments have called upon the steel mills to produce this year would not be possible by one-third without the junkman. The ordnance program, the ship program, the freight-car program—all could not begin to attain their magnitude were he not to stand up under the heavy demands they are thrusting upon him.

The War Department quite recently decided to enlarge its supply of cots. According to its manner it reserved the manufacturing capacity, then set out on a still hunt for the raw materials. It went direct to the chairman of the American Board of Scrap Iron Dealers, in Philadelphia, and commissioned him to procure the scrap metal which, when reworked, will provide frames for 750,000 cots.

Those concrete ships, which give promise of proving timely adjuncts to the American wartime merchant marine—whence do they derive their great strength? From naught but the rusty wornout railroad rail, reincarnated in the twisted bars round which the concrete is molded.

Metal for Shells

Street-car wheels that a few short months ago were tortuously grinding round city curves, or freight-car wheels that were bearing up under their precious loads of coal and food, to-day are screeching mournfully and breaking over Hun trenches in the shape of hand grenades. In their company are old flywheels, pulleys, automobile engines and parts—any member in good standing of the cast-iron family—objects which gave not the slightest inkling of their convertibility into such efficient messengers of death.

The huge American guns that are bristling on the Western Front, the shells they hurl and the ships that transported them and their picked crew oversea—all contain from 25 to 50 per cent of junk, or scrap metal, as the trade nowadays glosses it over. And paradoxically they are the better for it. What the ancient alchemist failed to accomplish by transmutation the modern junkman has made possible by a democratic use of the baser metals as such. Here indeed is another sign of the times.

Tap the energy of coal and it is reduced to ashes. Wood burns or rots. But iron and steel, after a lifetime crammed full of usefulness, have by no means run their race. Where, after like service to man, other materials are wholly exhausted, have deteriorated into nothing, iron and steel require only intelligence to restore them. Their ashes—scrap iron and steel—always approximate the first cost, and strangely iron and steel may often bring more as scrap, as impaired metal, than they cost new. If anyone makes something out of nothing it is the junkman of to-day.

Junkman, you say? He of bony horse, rickety wagon and spring scale, who rewarded the small-boy contingent ten cents a hundred pounds or some such trivial sum for its hoardings? Yes and no. For while the type survives and always will, it being an integral part of the perfected machine, an industry that can boast of an annual turnover of 15,000,000 tons, that does a business in excess of $400,000,000 a year, that has waste as its cornerstone and begins where other men leave off—such an industry must needs have more than his kind behind it.

To the average man scrap iron and steel are so much junk—nothing odious, perhaps, but something trivial, beneath a busy man's attention, a side issue to provide the patient and painstaking lad a few pennies. On the contrary, in the measure of millions of tons, it is playing a tremendous rôle in the industrial world to-day, and the threatened shortage of it is causing the War Industries Board as much concern as the coal shortage is causing Doctor Garfield and the food shortage Mr. Hoover.

Every Little Bit Helps

In the category of scrap iron and steel—junk—falls every bit of waste and old metal, from leaky hot-water radiators and decrepit lawn mowers to machine-shop turnings and dismantled locomotives. Tonnages vaster than the wildest stretch of imagination would portray are moving night and day into the throbbing steel mills and munition works, there to be converted into deadly war metal. It is a truth that just about one-third of the steel that is going into big guns, shell steel and ship plates is the rusty junk the public is inclined to shun.

The steel that is being transformed into shells and ordnance and ships and other war essentials is almost wholly that refined by the so-called open-hearth process. In 1916, the latest year for which accurate statistics on scrap iron and steel consumption are available, open-hearth interests purchased 9,646,617 tons. In that year they produced 31,415,427 tons of steel. In other words, every two tons of pig iron that were charged into the roaring steel furnaces were accompanied by one ton of old steel, garnered from the highways and byways of industry, and the drain upon the country's resources of iron ore, coal and coke, to say nothing of labor and transportation, decreased one-third.

Take the ships, which the United States Shipping Board insists will win the war for us. Of the 3152 tons of plates, shapes, rivets and other materials of steel that go to make an 8000-ton ship of the type the board is specializing on, 1000 tons in round numbers represent scrap steel. A fair estimate of the old iron and steel that will be used in the manufacture of the 100,000 freight cars the Railroad Administration has ordered is 50 per cent of the metal entering into them. It is said that of the 18,000,000 tons of equipment for the first 1,000,000 American soldiers in France 9,000,000 tons comprise metal; and of this staggering figure fully 2,500,000 tons represent the untiring efforts of the scrap man. And other essentials of modern warfare utilize scrap iron and steel in similar proportion.

Nature in her wisdom not only made iron the most useful and abundant of all metals—steel is iron refined—but she endowed it with an indomitable spirit. No matter how long iron or steel has been subjected to the heaviest of loads or the most precipitate of strains, remelt it or reheat it—in other words, reshape it—and it is as good as the day it first emerged from the blast furnace. Every ton of scrap metal that is used adds just that much to our resources, and at the rate iron and steel are being consumed—literally—on the European battlefields not a potential pound can be spared. With the demand from Europe for iron and steel always insistent, and our labor, railroads and blast furnaces already taxed to capacity, the collection and distribution of scrap iron and steel—junk—become vital.

Probably no raw material appears quite so hopeless as scrap metal. Any out-of-the-way corner is good enough to pile it in; soon it is coated with rust and left to its fate as an industrial pariah. It appears scarcely worth the effort to make it salable; in fact ten years ago many plant managers who considered their efficiency rating A-1 or better were paying the firm's good money to have carted to the nearest dump material that to-day is bringing in a handsome return. Despite the adverse impression it creates, scrap iron and steel—junk—are amazingly good at heart and respond to the slightest effort. They are poor relations who are more than paying their own way now.

A gratifyingly high percentage of the 15,000,000 tons of scrap iron and steel that will be dealt in this year—say 65 to 70 per cent—will simply be cast into the heated furnace or cupola, in the place of some raw material, and remelted. What could be more simple? Or, to illustrate succinctly the other main use of scrap metal, wherein it merely is heated and reshaped, the case of the standard railroad rail is the best one in point.

For obvious reasons only the very best of steel is permitted to enter into the rolling of a standard rail. Even so, its life as a unit of main-line track is surprisingly short, approved railroad practice deeming it expedient to take no chances. If in fair shape on being demoted from the main line, the rail may be relaid on a siding or little-used stretch of line. Many times, however, it is too far gone for this, and, brought up to a white heat, it is passed through a rail mill and rolled into a longer smaller rail. Thus a 15-foot length of 100-pound rail may be remade into a greater length of 45-pound rail.

Eventually, however, partially on account of its high scrap value, the rail finds itself traveling the road of the railroad scrap heap and the scrap dealer's yard to the rerolling mill. Here after being heated it is forced through grooved rolls, from which it emerges a long slender bar—sometimes square, sometimes circular, but more often twisted with the grooves resembling the stripes on a barber's pole. These are the bars that stiffen or reenforce concrete, which are going by the thousands of tons into concrete ships and factory buildings.

In the open market to-day a brand-new rail will cost a railroad about $57 a ton. For the same rail a rerolling mill will pay $34 a ton, making it possible for the carrier to recover not quite 60 per cent of its original outlay. The reenforcing bars turned out by the rerolling mill command $70 a ton. Further, were this—practically the only—use for scrap rails unknown, new metal would have to be used, thus forcing an already limited supply to be spread over a larger surface.

Saving the Squeal

Every household in the United States drops its contribution, large and small, into the junk basket. Every old metal article, from the disreputable tin can, which now brings $12 a ton—7000 to 8000 cans—up, has its value and use. Old flatirons are melted into window weights. The malleable iron that went into plows, reapers, mowers and other farm machinery is in special demand just now for the manufacture of parts for freight cars. The fine turnings and shavings that litter the floors of machine shops are fed into the rapacious mouths of blast furnaces. Old beams, rivets, bolts, nuts and other steel scrap are being reconverted into war steel. Shavings that are turned off of shell steel in the shaping process are bringing $39 a net ton anywhere to-day.

An astonishing tonnage is the harvest the small-town scrap dealer—the real junkman of to-day—reaps annually in the rural districts. As soon as the weather becomes open in the spring he begins combing over the farm communities within horse-and-wagon distance, and his pickings are so large that market prices take due cognizance every spring of the old iron and steel he collects, sorts and passes on to city dealers or mills.

Beyond all question of doubt the railroads are the largest single producers of scrap. Just now, in obedience to Director General McAdoo's order to continue in service equipment that in ordinary times would be scrapped, their offerings are not up to normal. Even in the face of this situation the Pennsylvania Lines, to mention one, are putting 15,000 tons on the market monthly. Some poor-paying railroads in the West are being dismantled, and their rails and equipment net them a larger return on their investment than operation would. It is not unusual for a dismantled railroad to be sold at a profit of $1000 a mile after deducting labor and all ordinary charges.

Industrial plants are a good second, and everything that bids fair to have the slightest resale value is collected. Even lowly mill scale, the flaky material that falls off of ingots and similar forms of steel, which in the old days was considered nothing better than dump filler, commands $7 a ton at present. It may be safely said that every ounce of iron and steel surviving finishing processes is usable. Going the packing industry one better, the scrap iron and steel industry utilizes the "squeal."

The Scrap Broker

It is perfectly natural that, coming in contact only with the common or garden variety of scrap collector—to wit, the junkman—the public knows little or nothing concerning his more affluent brothers, the scrap-yard operator and the scrap broker. The scrap industry is no exception to the rule that producers, sticking to their lasts, require the services of middlemen to navigate trade channels and readily find outlets. The sorting, shearing and preparing of scrap iron and steel within dealers' yards is virtually an industry within an industry.

It is a mighty small scrap iron and steel firm that will not trade in more than 50,000 tons in a year. One Middle West concern did a business slightly in excess of $9,000,000 in 1917 and considered this nothing to boast of. The largest scrap house in the United States, and therefore in the world, had a turnover of more than $50,000,000 last year. The very nature of the industry makes the compilation of accurate figures difficult indeed, but it is conservatively estimated that in 1917 the turnover of scrap iron and steel was 15,000,000 tons, valued at about $400,000,000. The close of 1918 probably will see these records excelled. The legitimate scrap dealers who netted $50,000 or more last year by far outnumber those who did not. Like as not the unkempt, servile junkman who beats a path from door to door has secreted a great deal more of this world's wherewithal than the majority of his clientele.

The small-town junkman is a merchant, but difficult though it may be to accept it the city scrap broker plays a game not wholly unlike the stock-market operator. He buys and sells thousands of tons of old material a year, sight unseen. On this rusty bulky mass he goes short or long as he deems the trend of the market, and is a bull or a bear depending upon the business he has on his books. Unlike the man before the "board" in the stock market, the scrap man owns his material outright. Usually, on a falling market, providing he perceives it in time, he can get out before ruin sets in. But where the market operator has a "board" to watch, the scrap broker's information concerning trade and price conditions is limited to that which filters in over the telephone—his greatest asset—or in the mails.

A telephone conversation with the purchasing agent reveals to the average scrap broker on a typical morning that a certain foundry is in the market for 5000 tons of cast-iron scrap, for which it will pay $30 a ton, shipments to be made over a 90-day period. Without delay the broker calls up manufacturers whose processes result in the production—if scrap can be said to be produced—of cast-iron scrap. He dickers until he can get hold of 5000 tons at, say, $28 a ton. Immediately he closes both ends of

(Concluded on Page 37)

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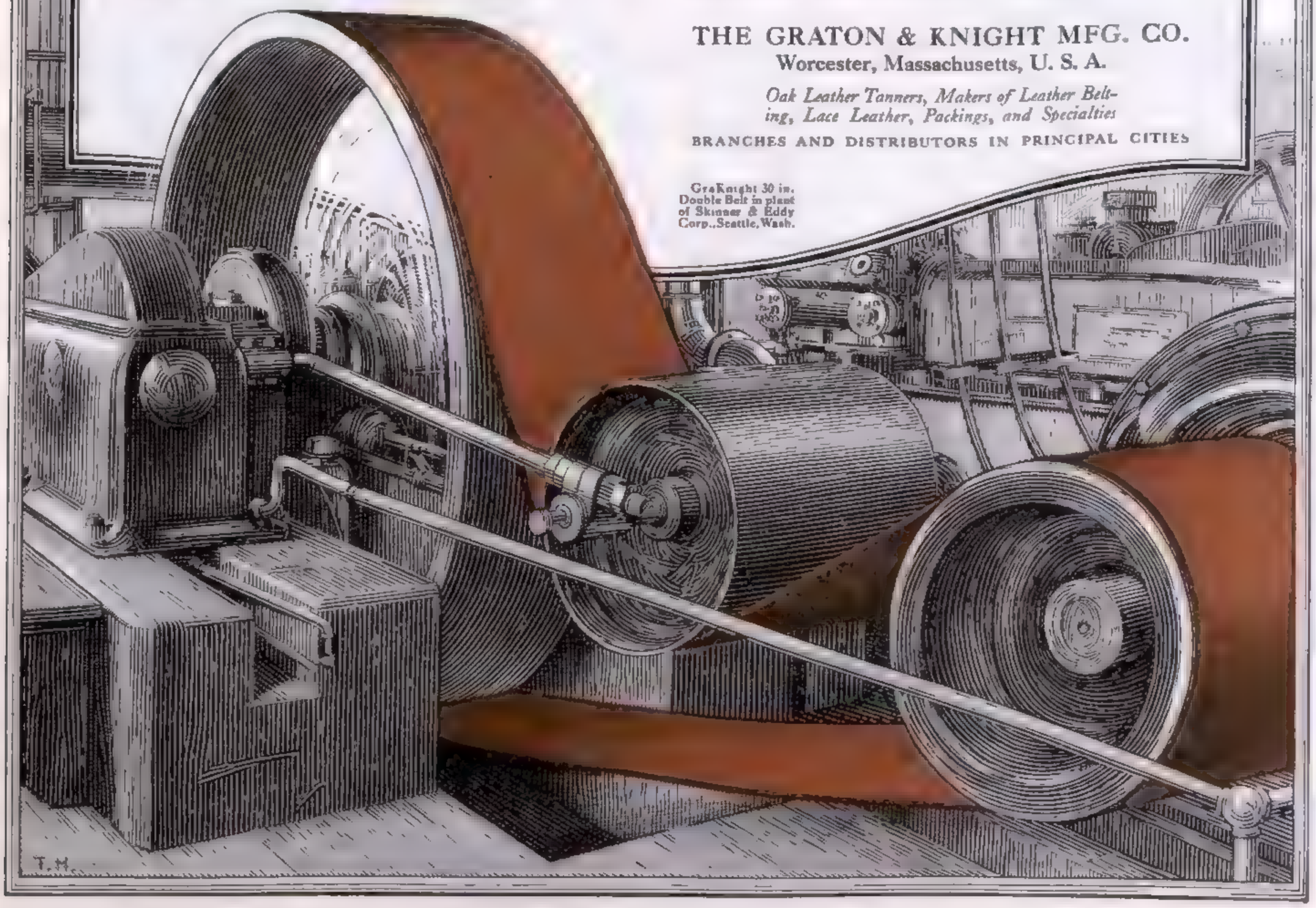

GrcKnight 30 in. Double Belt in plant of Skinner & Eddy Corp., Seattle, Wash.

(Concluded from Page 35)

the deal. If he is an alert operator he knows offhand the railroads serving both seller and buyer and, still over the telephone, he orders so many cars "set" at a certain time and gives their destination. The broker's profit in this case is $2 a ton, minus a freight charge of, say, 90 cents, or a total of $5500. The entire transaction may not have taken more than a half hour.

But this is a simple case. More often the formula is varied and the procedure more complicated. Half, or 2500 tons, of the scrap in question has been delivered when the broker receives from another source an inquiry for 2000 tons of the same grade of scrap. The price offered is $31. Here is an opportunity for added profit. Unhesitatingly the broker contracts to deliver the 2000 tons, and orders that tonnage diverted from the first customer. Now the scrap broker must scurry and obtain 2000 tons with which to round out the original transaction. It is just as likely that the market has softened and the price dropped to $27 as it is that it has become more firm and the price advanced to $29. In the one case the broker has profited all round by his complicated transaction, and in the other he has just about broken even. Transactions like these overlap constantly, and hundreds of thousands of tons of junk are bought and held or sold long before the supplies actually have been purchased, as the dealer's speculative frame of mind takes fancy.

To be sure, not all a scrap broker does is to keep the cream of the local law talent perspiring compiling income and excess-profit tax returns. He may go along on a certain grade only to find himself swept off his feet by a break in prices. Having taken the producer's word for the quality of a certain shipment he may find the buyer balking and rejecting it. Demurrage, car service and switching charges mount speedily these days, and every 24-hour period that elapses before he has disposed of the shipment somewhere, perhaps at a loss, takes its toll of dollars. Net cash in 30 days is the broker's term, and last winter shipment after shipment of scrap was on the road 60 to 90 days, or 30 to 60 days after the broker had paid for them, with interest charges piling up and no return in sight.

In the early days of 1915, when France was beginning to feel acutely the loss of its eastern iron-ore and coal basins to the inrushing Germans, an Eastern scrap broker chanced upon the information that the French were in dire need of steel billets for shell making. Cautious inquiry confirmed his belief that steel railroad-car axles would serve the purpose. Immediately he set in motion the machinery for cornering the steel-axle market in the United States.

Due to the hard times of 1914, steel axles then were selling at about $12.50 a ton. The broker's buying movement gradually made prices firmer, and when the $20 mark was nearing there was scarcely a scrap concern in the United States that was not anxious to bind itself to sell the broker axles. No time at all elapsed until the Eastern broker had on his books contracts for all of the then existing stocks of steel-car axles, and tonnages that would normally take the railroads more than a year to cull out.

Then it happened. When scrap concerns entered the actual buying market to procure the axles to ship on their contracts they found plenty of company. Not only had the broker himself been there, but in his wake were scores of other dealers, all bidding for the same scant available supply. Prices went soaring, and the $70 mark eventually was reached. Just about a year elapsed before any steel-car axles were available for domestic users. The corner worked, and to a good end, for France was enabled to get exactly the grade of steel she wanted, and in a form that was entirely acceptable, and the broker realized a handsome profit on his sales.

It is most peculiar that, in the face of the great service it renders, scrap iron or steel in itself is utterly without intrinsic value. One dollar may represent its worth as fairly as $100. The broker, or whatever unit of the scrap trade handles it, is interested only in his margin of profit, and he prefers low prices to high ones because trading is stimulated. This is because scrap in effect is an unanticipated surplus. The pig iron that goes into steel furnaces to-day costs $32 a ton, because this represents the cost of the raw materials, the cost of production and a fair profit to the furnace interests. Certain grades of steel can be substituted for the pig iron in the steel furnace, and under the present Government limitation these grades cost $29 a ton.

The industry has come to accept scrap steel on a 10 per cent lower basis than pig iron. So if pig iron were costing $40 a ton because the cost of production warranted it the same substitute scrap steel would command $36. For this steel scrap the steel maker will pay any price up to the cost of pig iron, and when pig iron is scarce he is liable to pay more. The so-called producer of the scrap steel likewise comes out on top, because what would ordinarily be a source of loss to him, to remove it, is turned into a profit. The public, in the end, benefits, because the manufacturer takes due account of the scrap return when figuring his costs. In fact, in the case of some shell contracts the Government itself has taken charge of the disposal of the scrap so as to reduce the cost.

Just now the United States is face to face with an alarming shortage of scrap iron and steel. Railroads in their economy program are putting less on the market. Farmers are wresting another year's use out of their implements. The labor to sort out and prepare the scrap that is available is short both in numbers and in experience.

But of even greater concern is the fact that thousands of tons of iron and steel are leaving this country never to return. The ships that fall victims to marauding U-boats, the shells that are fired and the guns that are worn out, represent so much potential scrap that is Europe's to keep. Instead of going into material that will eventually be scrapped on this side of the Atlantic it is being buried in France, there to remain for all time unless after peace is declared labor is so cheap and ships so plentiful that it may pay to recover it.

Maximum selling prices, ranging from $19 to $39 a ton, have been fixed by the Government as one means of keeping down iron and steel costs and enlarging the supply. A large tonnage on the docks at Baltimore awaiting shipment to hard-pressed Italian steel mills has been taken over by Washington and distributed among 15 Eastern steel mills. Washington has taken official cognizance of the narrowing of the visible supply of scrap, and has asked that information concerning abandoned railways and construction material, old mines, and the like, be conveyed to scrap dealers. Every stray pound of junk must be uncovered and made useful.

Truth be told, the American junkman is not the least of those giving the Huns the "scrap" of their life.

GERMANY'S POLICY IN RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 8)

economic plans in Russia. Austria has found that it takes two kronen to make one ruble and thirty rubles to get a pair of shoes shined! The German and Austrian people, who have been told by their kaisers that food is coming in train-loads from the Ukraine, have a difficult time adjusting such promises to the bread, meat and potato allowances dictated by the government food bureaus.

Recently the Vienna Arbeiter Zeitung, the Social Democratic daily, voiced the indignation of the laboring classes in an editorial of which the following is an excerpt:

"The road to hell is paved with good intentions," says an old proverb. Of good intentions we have shown no lack. But the road that we are treading leads to the permanent division of Europe into two systems, armed to the teeth, directed against each other, and waiting to spring upon each other; it leads to increased rivalry of arms between the systems of the Central Powers on the one hand and the system of the Western Powers on the other; and it leads also not only to economic war but to a war of arms, new arms with which our children will have to defend what we have just extorted from the conquered east and what we propose to extort from the conquered west. The road that we are treading leads not to a new order of the universe, which a few months ago we so temptingly displayed before the admiring gaze of the world as our goal, but to a peace that will be hell.

Such a peace is exactly the kind of peace that Von Hindenburg has always contemplated—but only for Russia. The field marshal, like all of Germany's military leaders, is dreaming of the next war. To the imperialist and the militarist there can and will be no end to wars. Von Hindenburg's ideal of a dead Russia for at least another century is Germany's ambition, so that when the next war comes Germany's back will be free and her next Armies will be able to strike in one direction, instead of two or more, as during this war. But "the road to hell is paved with good intentions" says the proverb, and the Arbeiter Zeitung makes it plain that the Central Powers are on the right road.

Since the peace of Brest-Litovsk Germany's policy in Russia has been threefold. First, military. The German General Staff planned and expected this year's offensives to end this war. Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff, with their six experts, knew that this would be impossible unless Russia was eliminated. Their policy was to destroy the Russian Army, which they did through the Bolsheviki.

Second, economic. Germany and Austria need all the food they can obtain outside of Germany. A recent statement published by the Vienna Neue Freie Presse, a government organ, shows how serious the food situation is in Vienna alone. Comparing the food consumption in 1913 with that of 1917, according to official Austrian figures, this newspaper stated that the consumption of grain dropped from fifteen million bushels a week to three million bushels; milk dropped from nine hundred thousand liters—a liter is about a quart—to two hundred and fifteen thousand liters a day; the consumption of meat and vegetables decreased to one-fifth.

With food supplies from neutral countries cut down to the minimum and a food-tight Allied blockade neither Germany nor Austria was in a position to look optimistically into the future. The food crisis of 1918 was passed, but the food difficulties that are certain to come between February and May of next year are growing every day. Faced by even greater shortages next year, it was absolutely imperative that the Central Powers make some kind of peace in the east to guarantee food importations. But how the German and Austrian plans for food from Russia have so far been failures will be related later in this article.

Third, political. Germany's political objects in Russia since the Brest peace have not been to establish order throughout the length and breadth of that nation. Germany's ambition is not and has not been to subjugate the whole nation. Though there have been some writers who have written their dreams of a Russia completely under German domination, I do not know of a single German military leader or statesman who has advocated such a policy. The men who are directing Germany's politics and military movements do not intend to step into what they call the Napoleon trap. They are not and will not be satisfied to keep Russia and make concessions in the west, because Germany's ambitions are rooted in Belgium and overseas. The Kaiser still expects to realize his statement of policy made years ago that Germany's "future lies on the water."

A second political object of Germany in the east, an object that so far has been fruitless but that Germany still hopes to attain, is unity with Japan.

These were the three German goals in Russia, but how miserably she has failed to reach them! Militarily she has not succeeded, even with the help of German and Austrian prisoners released from Russian internment camps. Economically the Central Powers have had the experience of Old Mother Hubbard. In politics nothing has been settled, though the United States and the Allies seemingly have permitted Germany a free hand in Russia.

Why? That is the riddle of Russia; that is one of the puzzles of the war! One of the chief reasons for Germany's failure is her mistakes, her blunders, her changing, temporary, destructive policies.

Take Poland and the Baltic provinces as an example. When Von Hindenburg and the Kaiser's intimate military friend, Field Marshal von Mackensen, marched their Armies into these countries the first order of the day was to destroy, to destroy everything except food and raw materials. When the German guns could locate the range of factories, homes, churches, public buildings or army camps the orders were to destroy them. And what the Germans could not destroy or what they did not wish to destroy the Armies of the Czar destroyed.

Lódz, the great Polish industrial city, was gutted. Factories were razed. Machinery was smashed beyond repair. During a visit in Warsaw I walked and rode through the city. Though the Russians had retreated without destroying much property the German Army, after a few weeks of uninterrupted toil, seized everything that an Army or Germany could use, and Polish citizens who were once well-to-do were parading the streets for food and clothing. Germany pulverized the factories and stole the raw materials. Along the river front, where there were so many modern manufacturing establishments, there are to-day shells of buildings. Years and perhaps decades will pass before these places are cleaned up and before modern factories again send their clouds of industrial smoke into the skies.

Germany's object in Poland was to make it impossible for that country to compete with Germany after the war, just as her object in the occupied sections of France and Belgium has been to remove these sections as commercial competitors when peace returns. Militarism to Germany is but one method of removing commercial competition.

To-day Germany regrets this policy in Poland because it has so antagonized the inhabitants that Germany can accomplish nothing in that country. Last August, when I was last in Warsaw, the German military authorities were organizing a Polish Army. They stated that within six months they would have at least a million Poles in the German Army. To-day there are no such rash boasts. Germany failed just as she has failed to come to an agreement with the Polish leaders or with her chief ally along the Danube. Germany promised Poland to the Dual Monarchy under Emperor Francis Joseph. To-day Germany is seeking to place a Saxon or a Bavarian king on the Polish throne. To-morrow Germany may attempt something else.

Meanwhile Poland is burning with revenge and German agents are trying to cause the people to revolt against the military authorities so that Germany's opponents may be massacred. I met a number of Poles in Switzerland, and all of them told the same story. Germany wishes to annex Galicia to Poland and place the new nation under a German ruler. The Austrian Poles object. The Austrian Emperor objects, and the Polish party in Austria is strong enough to prevent the reorganization of Poland by the Berlin Government. During the past few months Polish citizens of the United States have been in Switzerland conferring with their kinsmen in exile and with others who know the underground roads between Poland and neutral European countries. The message they have brought to the Poles at home is: "Prevent Germany from settling the Polish question during the war. Wait until the peace conference." After weeks and months of tireless effort this message has reached Poland, and even those Polish leaders who have been inclined to accept German promises are holding off. Poland is adopting a policy of watchful waiting, and the eyes of the people and the leaders are turned to the United States and the Allies.

Germany failed in Poland because her policy was destructive, because she has not been able to rebuild on the ruins which she made.

But the enemy is still trying to succeed. In June, King Ludwig of Bavaria was sent to Vienna on an official visit to the Emperor of Austria. He had interviews with Baron Burian, the Foreign Minister, and with other Austrian statesmen, and according to the Donauzeitung of Passau and the Pan-German Deutsche Zeitung of Berlin, the king's object was to settle the Polish question; but after a few days in Vienna he

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Good-bye Moth Good-bye Moth Ball

returned to Munich, silent and meek. He failed where the others failed because the Poles, though not absolutely united, will not compromise. The message of no compromise is winning, if it has not already won, the great mass of Poles.

In the Baltic provinces Germany has had no better success. Though the land barons, many of them of German extraction, have petitioned Germany for a ruler, not even the Kaiser has dared to accept the proffered throne because the so-called spokesmen from the Baltic do not represent a majority of the inhabitants.

Having made a mountain of mistakes in these countries and knowing that Germany cannot win foreign peoples with the sword even if she defeats them with that weapon, Germany is pursuing a policy in the remainder of Russia that is and can be only temporary.

Though I have not been in the Ukraine I have watched the German, Austrian and Swiss newspapers carefully for all reports from that country; I have talked to travelers from that country, and I knew, in Berlin, Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, the German Ambassador in Kieff, Consul General Biermann and Baron von Schacky and others who accompanied the Ambassador. Before the United States broke diplomatic relations with Germany, Baron von Mumm, former Ambassador to Tokio, was in charge of the German propaganda in Japan, China and the United States for the Foreign Office. Von Mumm is a short, heavy-set, short-sighted diplomat of the Bismarck school, who believes in frightfulness, force and bribery. He speaks Chinese, Japanese, French, English and some Spanish. He is an old friend of the Kaiser's and his castle in Italy has often sheltered the imperial War Lord. He is one of the men who helped former Secretary of State Zimmermann formulate his policy of a Japanese-German-Mexican alliance. Though he has been ambitious to be German Ambassador in Washington his failure to keep America neutral by his propaganda has made him bitterly anti-American and he dreams of the alliance that he helped Zimmermann to formulate.

In the Ukraine Von Mumm's policy has been true to form. He has applied force through Field Marshal von Eichorn, frightfulness through the army, and though bribery is always a difficult thing to fasten upon a smooth diplomat there are evidences in the Ukraine press that Von Mumm is hard at work. I recall, as some of my colleagues in Berlin will recall, Von Mumm's attempt to bribe a newspaper man to write a pamphlet on the German Army for distribution throughout the world, because of the prestige of the newspaper that he represented.

This is the Von Mumm who was praised in the Reichstag this spring because of his work in the Ukraine in overthrowing the Rada, which refused to continue to work with the German Government.

Germany's Cheerless Outlook

But Von Mumm is not in the Ukraine to establish order or to win the people. He is not the type of man who could win any honest man. Most of his friends are bought and paid for, because that is his method of making friends and doing business. The Ambassador's chief object is to get food—to buy food, confiscate food, steal food, raise food and transport food. Peace was made between Germany and the Ukraine to feed Germany and Austria. With what success?

By the middle of May, according to official figures issued by the Berlin Government, one thousand carloads of grain and other foodstuffs crossed the German and Austrian frontiers. During the first month or six weeks of German peaceful occupation one thousand carloads of food stand to the credit of Von Mumm and his organization. At ten thousand pounds to the carload, which is the maximum carrying capacity of the German freight cars, this amounts to ten million pounds of foodstuffs.

This is not sufficient to supply Vienna alone, on the present war-ration basis, more than a few days.

If it has taken the Central Powers six weeks to obtain a sufficient amount of food to supply one city a few days, it would not seem possible for either Germany or Austria to realize the vision of a bread peace, which their statesmen proclaimed. But as far as the Allies and the outcome of the war are concerned this amount of food shipped into Austria and Germany is one thousand carloads more than Germany or Austria could obtain anywhere else in the world. For several months Germany has been shipping food to Vienna. Every carload from the Ukraine lessens the amount that Germany has to send, and in this indirect way every gram of food from Russia helps the Central Powers to pass the annual food crisis.

Real help from the Ukraine is not expected this year. Germany's plans are being made for 1919 and the years following. That there will be a crisis in Germany next spring, food difficulties that will be even graver and more serious than any of the past, is known and acknowledged in Germany. Herr von Batocki, former food controller and now governor of East Prussia, "the granary of Germany," wrote the following for the Frankfurter Zeitung:

"The cutting off of Germany from world trade becomes ever more effective, and this, combined with often unfavorable harvest weather in Germany, in the countries of our Allies and in the occupied territories, makes the system of feeding the army and nonagricultural population appear as an indispensable emergency bridge, which, artificially put together, narrow and shaky though it is, provides a way across the abyss of destruction. The bridge is supported by three principal pillars—bread, potatoes, and corn fodder for the horses needed by the army and by industries. If one of these pillars breaks, Germany will fall into the abyss that our Anglo-Saxon enemies and their vassals have prepared for us. Every year the pillars begin, in the last months before the harvest, to shake and crack."

After stating that Germany has been able every year to pass the spring crisis Von Batocki adds:

"We shall be able to go on doing this with the help of God and our good sword, which has always at the right time—once in the Balkans, then in Rumania, and this time by the eastern peace—opened up fresh possibilities of supplies; though the supplies for the present flow but scantily."

Herr von Batocki, who is still in a position to know about German food conditions, instead of making promises about relief from the Ukraine says that food from all the conquered countries flows "but scantily." Nevertheless there is a sufficient amount of food shipped into Germany from Rumania, Poland, the Ukraine and the Baltic provinces each year to prevent Germany from falling into "the abyss of destruction."

Next year another crisis may be counted upon. Next year another political crisis may be expected in Germany, for political troubles always develop when food becomes scarce, when the government has to cut down the amount of food rationed by the card system. The United States and the Allies may count upon this double crisis next year unless there is a great political upheaval in Germany this fall, when the people realize that Von Hindenburg has not won a final victory in the west.

Crises develop in Germany with considerable regularity. Something breaks in the machinery of the great war organization, and trouble follows. Sometimes it is a food shortage; often it is political intrigue; frequently it is a lack of war victories that brings on these periods of stress and uncertainty. Judging from the German press and public statements by German leaders the Russian policy is dragging Germany and her allies toward a crisis in the east.

One of the best articles on this phase of the situation was contributed to the Frankfurter Zeitung by Herr Hans von Eckard, who returned to Germany after a long sojourn in Russia.

"The desire for a revision of the peace is general," he writes of the feeling in Russia regarding the Brest treaty. "Russian society is beginning to awake from its lethargy. The German occupation of the Crimea and the events in the Caucasus have lately been a cause of special uneasiness. The revolutionary changes in the Ukraine have inspired this uneasiness with new hopes. The first great defeat of the Socialist principle and the reappearance of the Cadets in the Ukraine have seriously shaken the position of the Bolshevists and opened up new prospects for the bourgeoisie. Whereas for months it was said that the loss of non-Russian territories was tolerable for Great Russia a propaganda for the restoration of all Russia is now beginning. The right of self-determination of the peoples is now giving place to the vital interests of the Russian Empire, and the 'democratic principles' are being denied even by the Socialists since the unity of the Empire has been impaired. The main point is the alteration in the statement of the question; it is no longer a problem of the democratic or undemocratic, just or annexationist form of the detachment of alien peoples, but solely a question of the existence of Russian unity.

"The Bolshevists came into power because they met the general need for peace; doubtless they can now remain in power only by proclaiming the national aims of the Russian state to be their own. Presumably the Bolshevists in order to keep power would have been glad to accept the indirect support of German policy, but now they must yield to public opinion and play once more upon their absolute hostility to Germany. As, however, Russia is physically powerless, this fight can consist only in stubborn passive resistance and a series of diplomatic actions. . . . It may be regarded as certain that the fiasco of the Socialist measures and the desperate feeling of all classes are driving the Bolshevists to divert interest outward and to start discussion about the existence of the Russian Empire."

The Future of Russia

"A glance at the situation," Herr von Eckard concludes, "shows that the government [Russian] must now have recourse to this means of concealing the bankruptcy of Bolshevism. Only by an improvement of Russia's foreign position is it at present possible to obtain any sort of success that could at least temporarily uphold the existing régime. If the only cause of the Bolshevist domination must be found in the weakness of the other parties, all of which are at present incapable of taking the place of the Bolshevists, that does not mean that the Bolshevists would survive a further collapse of Russia."

Germany's policy of destruction in Russia, which began with the invasion in 1914 and paused only with the signing of peace at Brest-Litovsk, has solved none of the great problems in the east. In Poland Germany destroyed the industries and antagonized the people. At Brest the Central Powers split Russia into separate nations and attempted to destroy Russian unity. From the beginning until to-day Von Hindenburg's dream of bleeding the nation white has been Germany's aim. But, as Herr von Eckard states, and as all press dispatches and reports from Russia indicate, the slumbering, silent, suffering masses of Russians are awakening.

Perhaps they know not what they want; perchance they wish a revision of the Brest peace; they may even desire to throw off the German yoke. Who knows and who can tell what a hundred million people want who have passed through the fires of war with Germany and a revolution against the Czar and Russia's past autocrats? No one, perhaps, can formulate their hopes and aspirations, but it must be evident to the Allied world that they need counsel and assistance. Germany's policy has never been to help Russia, but the contrary. The Allied policy, if it is to be formulated with a possibility of success, must be helpful and constructive.

There is a crisis developing in Russia with every hour and every day of time. There is a similar crisis developing in Germany as a direct result of that nation's policy toward Russia. Whatever the United States and the Allies do, their policy must be constructive and certain of success. Another failure of the Allies in Russia will kill Russia, and to that extent help Germany in her policy of destruction. I do not know whether the Allies should intervene in Siberia, Kola or through Turkey and the Black Sea; but whatever the policy is it must not be one of abandoning Russia when the approaching crisis develops. Whatever plans the United States and the Allies make must also be on a larger scale than Germany is capable of, because Von Hindenburg is again dreaming about Russia, and Ludendorff is planning.

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LARGEST PRODUCERS of NATIVE FRUIT JUICES IN WESTERN AMERICA

The Letters of William Green

By JAMES W. FOLEY

MY DEAR AUNT: Probily you will be supprized to get a letter from me so long before Chrismas but I am staying in the house this afternoon on account of sliding off of the shedd into a full rane barrel and so I thought I would write you a few lines until my shurt and pance are dride out and you will get the bennefit.

I was upstares in the back room to studdy a cupple owers with the dore lockt so I would not be disterbed and my muther took the key so it would not get losst and had it in her apern pocket till my studdying was over.

The rufe of the shedd is rite under the windo and after studdying quite hard for probily a cupple owers more or less I slidd out of the back windo to sitt on the rufe and get some fresh aire becaws you use up a grate deel of fresh aire when you are studdying hard.

The rufe of the shedd is quite steap and was a little wet from rane and instedd of stoping I kepp on sliding witch could not be stopt becaws of nuthing to hold on to and after a quite long slide I went feat furst over the edje of the rufe and the full rane barrel happened to be rite under my sliding place.

It was luckey I went in feat furst becaws if it was hedd furst it would probily be bad news for my muther when she found out dont you think so? Feat furst even was neerly up to the Addams Apple on me witch was a clost cawl. If I went hedd furst though I would probily not be hear on my birthday two weaks from Fryday witch would be a grate supprize to you and Uncle William and a verry sad burthday for all of us dont you think so? But the danjur is all over now and onley shurt and pance to be dride out.

Uncle William would be interusted in my burthday becaws of being named after him and it will probily be a grate help to be a fine man when I am grone up. Named after sutch a fine man is a grate help. One of the boys in our class is named after Gorge Washington and he said it is a grate responsibillity but he will do the beest he can to not do anything to make Gorge Washington sorrey if he was hear.

All of the boys in school are offle fond of Gorge Washington. When he was a small boy he chopt down the cherrey tree but would not tell his father a lie and was verry famus afterwurd for it. Thare is a pitcher of the cherrey tree in the hisstery witch shows ware Gorge Washington chopt it and it fell over on page 164. The pitcher shows Gorge Washington rite by the cherrey tree with the hatchut in his hand when his father came out of the back dore to cawl Gorge in for supper and saw him. Some boys would have told a lie but Gorge would not witch pleazed his father verry mutch but he was offle sorrey about the cherrey tree but afterwurds when Gorge Washington was presidunt his father probily knew it was all for the besst.

A pitcher of the cherrey tree is a fine thing to have in the hisstery so all the boys will have a good exampul before them and thare is a bigger one on the wall of our school room so as to show when the hisstery is not open and all the boys can see it all the time and probily have a good effeck on them and save the teacher a grate deel of wurry.

Thare is a grate menny pages of the hisstery about Gorge Washington but the cherrey tree seams to be the most importunt becaws it all started from that and a boy rememburs it the longust of all.

It is a fine thing to be named after Gorge Washington but you can tell Uncle William I am sattisfide with him and I would take him agen if I had him or Gorge Washington to chews from witch is a grate complymunt to him dont you think so? It is not ennything agenst Gorge Washington onley Uncle William is in our own family.

Thare is not mutch to rite about hear no axsidunts or fires or ennything onley school starting agen for the fawl turm. Thare is one or two new teechers on account of some of the old ones waring out probily but a boy has to keep on going to school no matter how mutch it wares him out. Thare is some swiming yet but it is on its lass leggs and in a cupple weaks we will go back to Satterday nite bath probily all winter. But in sumer you do not knead Satterday nite baths becaws of in swiming so mutch.

The lass time we went swiming all of the boys went out passt Henrys wile he was wurking in thare garden diging pottatoes with onley shurt and pance on and a straw hat with a big brimm coming as far down as it could get on account of his eers. It was verry helthy wurk dont you think so and every once in a wile he would stopp to wipe the swett off of his forred witch was quite a lot on account of the hot sun and no wunder he is freckuld.

After wile he stopt diging and chast fore piggs out of the pottatoe patch witch were verry frendly and seamed to be quite fond of pottatoes if he would let them. All of the piggs came rite in our direckshun and nockt over a cupple boys after Henry threw the shuvvle at them to hurrey up. Henry did not see us when he threw the shuvvle at them witch onley mist us by a hares breath and from the way it came it would make a pigg squeel if it hit him. Billy Gibbs said he would hate to be a pigg hit by a shuvvle like that.

After Henry saw us by the fence he was offle sorrey for missing us by onley a hares breath with the shuvvle but he was offle tired chasing piggs so mutch witch were wating to be butcherd next winter and would not knead chasing any more after that Henry said. You cut thare throtes furst and then scawled them hole in a barrel of boyling wotter to get the brissels off after witch thay are dead and then you get fore kinds of meet Henry said witch are bakn and hamm and rost pork and sossidge and pickuld piggs feat sumtimes witch are washt furst though. Then Henry said his chasing days would be over witch he was offle glad of. Henry said his father brought the piggs up from the country with thare family becaws he wanted to butcher them all next winter.

Henry was sorrey he was not abul to go swiming on account of the pottatoes and chasing the fore piggs out of them. Fore piggs could keap him quite bussey Henry said and not mutch time for swiming. We did not have mutch more time to meat Henry becaws just then the fore piggs came home the back way and were neerly in the pottatoes agen when Henrys muther cawled him to chase them out of the back dore witch he did. Henrys muther is kind of tawl and thin and not verry bewtiful to us but probily is to Henry becaws a boy always thinks so. Thay have five uther children besides Henry witch is enuf to get along with dont you think so? Henry said he thought thare would be three gurls and two boys or two gurls and three boys but he always had to figger up the names to be sure but thare would be five ennyway of one kind or the uther.

After wile the uther boys went swiming and I stade and chast piggs wile Henry wirkt in the pottatoes witch made a pleasunt afternoon. Henry was glad I stade becaws it was quite loansome with onley fore piggs for cumpuny Henry said. Afterwurds we both went in the kitchen and saw Henrys muther and I invighted them all over to our house for Thanksgiving probily but not quite sure about it on account of seeing my muther furst witch seamed to be safer on account of so menny of them. Henry said when thay butcher the piggs he would be sure to let me know in plenty of time witch will be a grate site for two boys with thare throtes cut and thare brissels scrapt off in a barrel of boyling wotter.

My muther was not sure about haveing all of them to dinner on account of not enuf hichares she said but Henry would be no objeckshun enny time and the uthers could be gradjewel but all seven or ate at once would be quite a lott. So I will tell Henry about the change.

I supposse you will be interusted in Henry and me getting back the ateen miles from you and Uncle Williams safe and soun and looking verry brown and helthy after wurking to save the cropps for you and Uncle William. It was a valyubul fore weaks for all of us dont you think so and musst have been a greate releef when the last grane of weet was saved by us. Henry said to tell you you can cawl on us ennytime wether school is out or not and we would be glad to come if we can get away. And he said if you should want to scawled a pigg enny time to send for him. Henry and me ganed about fore pounds apeace but we look about the same becaws it is spread all over us but it would make quite a difrunce if it was all in one place dont you think so? Henry said we ett enuf to gane forty pounds but a good deel of it went off in wurk and the fore pounds is pretty good when you figger it all up.

Henry came out with some new freckuls wile he was down thare but nuthing seryus and thay will probily fade out a good deel this winter. His sunburnt eer has partley gone down and new skin is coming on the back of his neck witch was quite interusting to boys with no skin on after we furst came back. But it does not hurt mutch now. It is luckey for a boy he does not have menny trubbles but what a littul cole creem will ficks dont you think so?

My tonale the horse stept on came cleen off after we got home and I am saveing it to show you and Uncle William sometime becaws you saw it when it was furst stept on. Henry and me do not want you to blaim the horse becaws it was not done a purpuss and axsidunts are sure to happen once in a wile. It was quite paneful wile the horse was standing on it but it is all over now and Henry and me will always have the tonale to remind us of probily the beest time we ever had.

Besides freckuls Henry has been having a grate deel of trubble with worts and the

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8⅛ to 10 inches inclusive	4 [illegible]	6 25	[illegible]	4 25
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both of them seam to be more than his shair dont you think so? He thinks he got them from handling todes witch he offen has one in his pocket to put on gurls desks in school when she is not looking and the last one he put on hopt in a gurls inkwell and stade thare a quite long time and probily aslepe most of the time becaws it did not seam to care. Todes will slepe 2000 years Henry said and wake up purfeckly well but a little hungrey for flies and Henry thought this one was geting reddy to slepe a long time in the inkwell but the techer finally got it out with a ruler and then it hopt into anuther gurls lap with a wite dress on and was quite a site. A tode full of ink is a quite hard thing to handul and everywheres it would hopp would be a big spot of ink on the flore becaws it soked up a grate deel from so mutch time in the inkwell with onley its hedd out. She got it out just before arithmetick class but could not catch it on the floor and so it hopt rite through the mulplication table but she finaly swepp it up in the dusspan between mulplication and short division and that was the last of it. When she ast who did it nobody seamed to know and Henry said afterwurds it was a luckey thing for him he did not happen to be studdyen hisstery with Gorge Washington and the cherrey tree.

Henry does not remembur if he shode you the wort on his furst finger on the rite hand rite on the nuckel. He rememburd showing you and Uncle William the scaurs on his stummick from the nale in the rane barrel when the boys rolled him according to page 74 of the Boy Rangers Manuel after he was drowned and went down for the third time but he is not sure about the wort but he thought you mite have seen it while he was passing his plate for more at meel time. It was a quite small wort at furst but after he put the tode on the gurls desk that hopt into the inkwell it started to grow verry fast and when he would rite exampuls on the bored you could see it verry plane cleen acrost the room witch was quite uncomfortabul for him becaws of a patch in his pance and his neck burnt and his soar ere besides witch seamed a good deel for one boy dont you think so? With the new freckuls he came out with he seamed to be having more than his shair and a gurl will sometimes laugh rite behind you and you do not know if it is you or not and makes it hard to wurk an exampul. Henry said a patch in his pance when he is at the bored is apptoo make him onley sixty in arithmetick when he would be ninety with hole pance on but a teecher expex you to wurk all the exampuls pance or no pance.

Henry hurd a grate menny cures for worts and tride sevrel of them but none of them wurkt verry well. The furst one was soking with coleoyle and when it is all soked and oyley you lite it with a match and stand it as long as possibul and if you can burn the rutes of it the wort will dry up and not come back. Henry set his afire rite by the ranebarrel so he could put it out when the pane got too strong and then Henry and me wated quite a wile for the rutes to burn. At furst it was not verry paneful but in a cupple minnets it was quite strong pane and after standing it as long as we could Henry put it out in the ranebarrel and the top was pretty well burnt but the rutes were still alive becaws in a cupple days it was grone out agen and kepp Henry awake part of the furst nite after he burnt it.

As soon as Henry could stand a littul more pane he lade a cupple of hedds of sulfur matches on and burnt it agen becaws one of the boys told him sulfur would be a sure cure but it seamed verry hard to cure. Then Henry got some either from the drug stoar boy that sweaps out and grinds the ice cream becaws one of the boys told him either would freeze it but it seamed to thaw out purfeckly helthy every time. The forth time he tride to cure it the drug stoar boy let him put the cork of the carbollick assid bottul on it witch one of the boys said was a sure cure and it got verry wite and smoked a littul and afterwurds quite soar and paneful and a wite bliastur ware it got on Henrys finger witch by this time was quite paneful but the wort would come back every time. Henrys finger would not bend by this time and was quite hard to rite with in school.

Henry allso put half a bean on it and rapt it up tite and threw the uther half in a sisstern. The half on the wort kepes drawing for the uther half in the sisstern and drawa so hard it will draw out the wort witch is a fine cure if it wurks one of the boys told Henry. Probily it was a not strong enuf bean or ells the wort was too big becaws Henry kepp the half tide on for a week and it was not even started yet and it always comes out the fifth day the boy told Henry. The bean was the leest paneful of enny of the cures witch was some cumfurt Henry said. So all of the boys hear have done thare besst and if you and Uncle William know of enny cure for a wort we will try it and let you know how it comes out. Henry can bend his finger a littul now but it muss be a quite tuff wort becaws it is all grone out agen and you would not know it was ever burnt. Henry is more ankshus about worts and freckuls than he used to be becaws Lilly Purl came back in his life the uther day and he thinks maybe for good from the way he feals now. The day his neck was so soar he found a note from her in his jogafy witch must have been put thare at ressess witch is just befoar the jogafy lessen. He found it rite in the middul of the New England states betwene Mane and Vermont witch is ware we were that day. After he redd it he told me afterwurds it would probily change his whole life from the way it looks now.

Henry said to coppy it just as it was and we would send it to you and you mite be abul to give us both some good advice and nobody is to know annything about it but me and you and Henry and probily Uncle William if you should want to read it to him but he would know it was a seacrut betwene the fore of us. Henry redd it to me and I coppied it so the spelling is owers ware Lilly Purl may have made mistaiks but the meening is all thare:

Frend Henry: The reesen the flour pott fell out of the windo was by axsidunt and I told you the hole trooth about it befoar I had the meassels and was kept out of school lass spring but they are not catching now. I hurd you wissel under the windo and was hurrying to waive my handkerchef when I hit the flour pott and it fell out of the windo and mite have killed you and I was afrade to look for feer it did and I would be to blaim. I hoap you dont think I am the kind of a gurl that would throw the flour pott out of the windo on you a purpuss becaws I am not becaws I would not like you if I did sutch a thing. And I am not to blaim for what our hird man did and our dogg is dedd and if it was the flour pott and the hose turned on you by the hird man and the dogg bite that made the trubble betwene us I hoap it is all over now and this will exsplane how I feal about it. And I am not the kind of a gurl to laff at a patch in the back of a boy like yous pance becaws it would probily cuvver an honnest hart and so you will know I did not laff and you are just the same to me if you had twice as menny freckuls and my muther would be glad to let you have some sower creem to put on the back of your neck if you would come over to ower house enny evening or after school becaws we have plennty and can spare some for your neck and will heel it up quicker than ennything ells. And I saw you put the tode on the desk that jumpt in the inkwell but I would not tell on you if I dide for it but you would tell a tode on me if you knew one to tell from the way you act but thare is nuthing you can tell Mister Henry so go ahedd if you want to. And if you want my muther to put some sower creem on the back of your neck you can go over this afternoon after school and you dont need to be affrade of meating me on the rode home becaws I am going over by Gibbses house and down by the orchered and a past the slotter house and then down the south side of the park and from thare strate down forth strete so you dont have to meat me unless you are trying to becaws you can go some uther way and you will know just how to go so as not to see me unless you want to. And I will go home verry slow so you can get the sower creem on your neck and be gone befoar I get home if you want to. And I told my muther about your neck and you mite come and she will not be supprized to see you and just as nice as if you was the same. So it is all fickst for you to do as you want to about it and if I should get home before your neck is fickst I will wate on the frunt porch till you are gone becaws you will probily be at the back dore ware the sower creem is and you will not have to see me unless you want to. And thare is a peace of lemmen pie in the ice bocks left from dinner and you can have it becaws I told my muther to give it to you and I would not want it after school becaws I had all I wanted for dinner. I was quite loansome all sumer when you were gone away but I am all rite now and having a fine time.

Yours verry respectively,

LILLY PURL.

P. S.—It would take a pretty good sighs flour pott to scare some boys I know.

Henrys neck was verry paneful that afternoon and after he redd the note he said the flour pott seamed to be a littul thing after all as long as it did not hit him when it fell out of the windo and he thought if it would make her feal better he would go to her house and get some sower creem on his neck after school and he was offle sorrey about the meassels and thought what a loansome sumer it was for her wile we were down on the farm with sutch fine peopul and purfeckly happey. So he hurried up at fore o'clock and cut acrost back of Gibbses and went around and supprized her in frunt of the slotter house.

When he told her about the note and how he felt about it she said she onley felt sorrey for the back of his neck and that was why she rote it and the sower creem seamed to be the leest she could do. Henry said the flour pott was not menshuned but was dropt betwene them and that was the end of it for him. Henry said when they got home Lilly Purl put sower creem on the back of his neck between the screne dore and the back porch sterps and then her muther rapt a soft cloth about his neck and when he ett the lemmen pie it was hard to tell ware he fellt the best. He is going every afternoon to have some sower creem on his neck but it is quite slow heeling.

What do you think about it? If you would do enny difrunt from Henry about it we would like to have you tell us. Lilly Purls muther is a verry hansum woman a grate deel like you Henry said and reminded him of the time you rapt up my toe the horse stept on with the ornicka gelly.

I would not be supprized if we had Henry for dinner Chrismas probily becaws the piggs will be butchurd by then and Henry will have moar time. If he should come it would be nice for somebody to send him a littul presunt of some kind to be opened when mine are witch would probily make him verry happy dont you think so? It is a long time till Chrismas but it is just as well to be reddy.

By riting a thing like that down on the callender for the furst weak in December a person who wanted to send me and Henry a presunt would not be so apptoo forget it dont you think so?

If ennybody should want to send Henry a presunt and should want to know what kind of a boy he is you would remembur him from lass sumer quite a tawl boy with a good menny freckuls and wares a bloo shurt and brown pance and bair feat in the sumer time. He is a littul backwurd in arithmetick and quite tawl for the mulplication tabul but nuthing seryus about that dont you think so? He has red hare and quite large eers and mouth and one or too teath out but more coming. He is a littul hard of heering from the meassels and bloo eyes and a squint in one of them from scorlet feavur but nuthing to wurry about onley he is not always looking ware he seams to be and he is a quite hansum boy when you know him well.

I suppose it is very pleasant down on the farm now with lots of appuls and nuts and hunney rite from the trees and all reddy to eat. Thare is very few of them hear.

If Uncle William did not remember about my burthday tell him not to wurrey becaws it would not be as importunt to him onley being named after him I would not want it to go by without telling him witch is onley fare to him dont you think so?

We are all quite well exsept for buckweet cakes braking out on me as they genrelly do in the fawl but nuthing seryus.

I will rite you agen a cupple weaks before Chrismas probily if thare is ennything to tell and let you know how Henry and Lilly Purl come out and maybe before that if ennything should happen.

Your affectionate nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—Love to Uncle William. If he could see Henry diging pottatoes I bet he would want us to come down thare the furst thing next sumer.

P. S. 2—The napkin ring Uncle William sent for my burthday menny yeers ago is still good for a long time yet but a boy nine or ten yeers old genrelly would sooner have a good nife or something to use besides onley at meeltimes dont you think so?

W. G.

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LETTERS FROM THE BACK

Cheer Up, Billy!—By Ellis Parker Butler

TO PRIVATE WILLIAM J. BIGLOW,
X Company, 107th Regiment,
Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

DEAR MR. BIGLOW: Well, I guess you'll drop dead when you get this letter from me, Mr. Biglow, because I guess you don't know me from Adam, and maybe I got a lot of nerve, but I seen in the paper how we girls ought to write to you boys at the front to cheer them up because there ain't anything they like to get so much as a letter. I guess I got the nerve and the three cent stamp to cheer you up with, if it comes to that, and I ain't going to let you die of the droops for want of no letter from the back while you are at the front. I ain't the kind of a girl to let no United States army bawl its eyes out if I can help it. So, cheer up, Billy!

When I read in the paper that us girls ought to cheer up the Army and Navy it got my goat, because none of the soldier gentlemen hadn't left his address with me and I thought I'd have to write to General Pershing, because I know where he is. That would have been going some, wouldn't it, Mr. Biglow? But the minute I seen your letter in the Flushing newspaper I was on Easy Street, because it had your name and address on it. Only Willie, I didn't want to start in cheering you up when maybe you had a wife and six kids and she would come down here to the cafe and grab me bald-headed because I had wrote to you.

So when Big Mike come back into the kitchen for an order of corned beef hash browned and one poached egg on top I says to him "Who is this guy here that's writing all these letters to the paper? Who is this William Biglow that thinks he's got to tell all he knows about the army? He's a swell writer, I don't think! Who is he?"

You see, Willie, I didn't want Big Mike to get wise I was thinking of writing to you, so I cammyflooged it that way.

"Don't you worry about no William Biglow and he won't worry about you, Mame," Big Mike says. "You hustle that hash!"

The big stiff! Talking to a lady that way!

"You hustle it yourself if you want it in such a hurry, you big brute!" I says to him. "That's a nice way to answer a lady. You must have been raised in a barn!"

That's the way we scrap; me and him, but we don't mean nothing by it. We ain't in love or nothing. So he gives me a pinch on the arm and grabs the paper and starts to read it. Believe me, Mr. Biglow, he read your article all through before he stopped, and the guy out in front knocking on his plate with his knife because the hash was delayed. He must of thought he was in a hurry, that guy! He must of thought he was as hungry as Rip Van Winkler that was cast away on a desert island and had to eat all them sailors from the cook to the office boy. But it didn't jar Big Mike none.

"Oh, this guy!" he says when he come to the name. "This is that sawed-off, little, red-headed runt that used to work at the garage across the street there. You ought to know who he is, because he's the gink that sent his eggs back nine times out of ten. He's the guy you sent word out to one day that if he didn't like the way you done his eggs he could go chase himself."

Well, Mr. Biglow, I remembered right away who you were, because if anybody was ever bug-house in this world it was you on the subject of eggs. Believe me, I pity your wife unless the hens all go on strike before you get married. If ever anybody got my goat it was the time you sent them eggs back three times and wanted to know was there a cook back here or did the boss keep a German spy that was paid by the Kaiser to spoil good food.

You can believe me, Mr. Biglow, that when the rush hour is on here I don't hardly have time to turn my back to the range a second, but when Big Mike handed me that message from you that day I went to the swing door and looked through the glass in it and had a good squint at what kind of a sour pickle would send a message like that to a lady, and if looks would have killed you you wouldn't be filling no khaki clothes now. You'd be dead. I was so mad I could have bit you. But I got even with you, Mr. Biglow, because I just went and turned them eggs onto another plate and sent them back to you, and you ate them like you had got what you'd been scrapping for ever since you was a baby.

Well, Mr. Biglow, you see I feel sort of as if I was acquainted with you. We might almost as well be man and wife, me cooking eggs for you, and you kicking about them that way, but I give you my word that the way you looked that day when I seen you I wouldn't have you for a husband if I had to die an old maid. Only I didn't see nothing but your back. Maybe you don't look like a rough-neck from in front.

I hope this letter will cheer you up, but I guess you are pretty sick of the U. S. Army by this time and wish you was back in Flushing where you could get some of them good eggs I cooked for you. I hope this letter will make you forget your troubles so the army won't get discouraged, but if you want me to keep on cheering you up you had better drop me a post card or something, because I guess I know enough not to butt in where I ain't wanted.

Your well-wishing friend,
MAMIE HODGERS.

PRIVATE WILLIAM J. BIGLOW,
Camp Wadsworth.

MY DEAR FRIEND MR. BIGLOW: Is that so? Well, I guess if they got such swell cooks at Wadsworth you'd better stay there! I guess maybe if I had the stuff to cook I could get up swell feed too, but if I was a cook down there and you kicked about eggs the way you used to up here I'd have you took out and shot at sunrise.

Well, Mr. Willie Biglow, I guess you are some josher, all right! writing about you feel as if you knowed me of old because of seeing my blond hair so often in the hash! Because my hair ain't blond, smarty! If there was a blond hair in your hash it was Big Mike's wife's that runs the cash register and hands out the tooth-picks, because she used to come into the kitchen and help out sometimes, but I don't remember that she ever chopped hash. I guess that was just a josh, hey, Willie? Because I always gave the hash a look-over before I sent it front, after a guy made such a howl because he found a piece of towel in it. Honest, Willie, did you ever find hairs in the hash? If you did and they was sort of dark brown you've got some idea what I look like.

Say, Willie, do you remember me, honest? Maybe you do, because on a hot day I used to stand out front sometimes to cool off after the noon rush was over and you could of saw me easy from the garage, but don't think I've got a complexion like scarlet fever, because standing over a hot range is what made it red like that. If I looked like I had been wrestling with a tub of grease that was too much for me to throw, you got to remember that the way I have to hustle in this cafe don't give me no chance to doll up, but if you ever saw me about five o'clock maybe, when I come into the front room to rest under the electric fan you wouldn't know me. When I got a clean apron on and my hair smoothed up I bet I could get a job in Childs' or any of them swell places.

Believe me, you got some nerve to ask for a photograph! I bet if you got one you would use it to scare the Dutchies when you get to the other side, hey? Well, I guess I know better than to hand 'round my photograph to every smarty that asks for it and, anyway, you'll have to wait until I get some better ones took, because all I've got now is a tintype that I got took at Clason's Point and it makes me look like one of these newly-weds from Jayville.

Please, Willie, if you do get leave to come home, don't do like you say and come butting right into Big Mike's kitchen to have a look at me. I don't say I'm a queen like some of the girls, but you'd ought to give me a fair show and a chance to doll up. Please, Willie, if you come back on leave write me to let me know or I'll be nervous every time the door opens for fear it is you coming in. Have a heart! I've got so already that I pretty near throw a faint every time I look through the swing door and see a khaki kid come in.

Well, Willie, try to keep cheered up, because that is why I am writing letters to you, so you won't think the folks back here at home are forgetting about you. Like the newspaper said, we don't want you khaki kids to think we shipped you off and then forgot you was alive. But there ain't no fear of that, I guess, because this town is bug-house about the war and if somebody hadn't got an injunction I guess Flushing would have bought all the Liberty Bonds there was and then bawled for some more. Honest, I went and bought one myself and, God knows, Big Mike don't pay me no fancy wages, but I says to the guy that come selling them "Sure I'll take one; ain't I got a gentleman in the army what's corresponding with me?" What do you know about that for the nerve of me, Willie? "If he can go to war," I says, "and be a hero, I guess I can be a shero and back him up." Ain't that the limit, me letting on you was my private property like that, when I bet you've got a dozen and a half skirts you used to rush when you was here at home!

Well, cheer up, Willie! I should worry about what girls you've got.

Your well-wishing friend,
MAMIE HODGERS.

PRIVATE WM. J. BIGLOW,
Camp Wadsworth.

YOU POOR KID: Honest, Mr. Biglow, I ain't hardly had the spunk to sass Big Mike when he sassed me since I got your letter saying you was in the hospital with pneumonia and the reason I ain't wrote you was that I just says to myself "Well, Mame, that's your luck! Just when you get friends with a nice gentleman soldier he goes and dies on you!"

It's the honest truth, Willie, I didn't have the heart to write to you, because I thought you wouldn't be nothing but a corpse to get the letter. I must have been bug-house to feel that way, but I did. I thought that whenever a soldier got the pneumonia or anything he went and died like flies and was buried in groups-like, in rows like sardines. Ain't I the limit! I guess what I don't know about the army would fill a book. I must have been misinformed. So that's why I didn't write, Willie. I was feeling too bad. I couldn't hardly believe my eyes when I got your second letter saying you was almost well.

That's a nice piece of dope you try to hand me about them Red Cross nurses being like angels! I should worry, but I guess if you peeled off those white towels they wear on their heads they wouldn't be no more angels than anybody else. It's nothing in my young life one way or the other, and if you want to get stuck on a Red Cross nurse it means nothing to me, but if a Red Cross nurse don't treat you white when you're sick what would she do, I'd like to know? What have they got to do but treat you white. I'd like to see them in this kitchen trying to satisfy you with the way you want your eggs cooked and then see whether you'd call them an angel or what! You men is all alike when you're sick. If a nurse don't get up on the bed and walk up and down on you with French heels you think she's an angel and go dippy over her. If a nurse hands you a drink of water every week or so you think Heaven is too good for her and she ought to be handed a medal. I should worry! It's nothing in my young life, Mr. Biglow, and you can't get my goat, not if you get stuck on one hundred thousand of your angel nurses. I guess maybe your angel nurses ain't such a much!

Well, Willie, I don't want you to think I care what you write about nurses, because I'm only writing to you to cheer you up and I can do that, nurses or no nurses. I went and had my photograph taken but I don't think I'll send you one, because what's the use if every nurse that don't put sand in your bread and butter is an angel?

The photograph ain't as good as it had ought to be, because the shirt waist took kind of light. It is dark blue in real life and the white thing in my hand is one of the letters you wrote me, but I don't want you to think it means nothing, because I just happened to have it when I went to get photographed and I didn't have time to put it down or anything. If my face looks kind of tired it's because I had to wait so long before my turn came. I had to wait nearly an hour, and Big Mike's wife was as sore as a pup when I got back, because she had burnt the side of her hand on the range.

She says, "This is a nice way to act, when you said you wouldn't be gone but half an hour, and look how I burned my hand on the range!" The nerve of her! I gave her a look up and down that showed her I knew she was too fat to talk like that to me.

"Indeed!" I says. "Well, it's a good thing it only got scorched and didn't catch afire or it would have burned like a tallow candle!" The look she gave me! The fat thing!

Now, don't you go showing my photograph to all the rest of the United States army and laughing at it, because if I thought you would I wouldn't have sent it. I know how you fellows are, Mr. Biglow, and you don't care about a girl's feelings as long as you can have your laugh

Well, laugh if you want to! You can't say I've got a crush on you, because I haven't. All I'm writing to you for is to cheer you up, and if you wasn't sick in the hospital I wouldn't write, because I'm onto them angel nurses and the minute you're well they don't care whether you are alive or dead. Not that I care, because it is nothing in my young life, and I should worry how you get took in by a white towel around some old thing's head, but I feel like it is my duty to put you wise that a lot of this angel business is just part of their job that they have to learn like out of a book and pass an examination in, and when they hold your hand and you think they're an angel all it means is she will go into the next room and hold the next man's hand the same way, and if you think even a boob of a nurse would shout at you and swear like a truckman when you are flat on your back you're pretty soft. A lot them angel nurses care for you, Mr. Biglow, and maybe if you could hear what they say about you when they go out in the hall or somewhere you would change your mind, because a woman don't change just because she puts on a white dress and ties a towel around her head.

Well, it is nothing in my young life, and I feel like I've done my duty anyway, nurse or no nurse, because the paper said to cheer up the army, but I wish you could hear one of them angel nurses when she was maybe trying to cook some eggs to suit some crank of a red-headed rough-neck from some bum garage, so if you don't want the photograph I enclose you can send it back, because I ain't got time to waste cheering up nobody that don't want to be cheered up.

Your well-wishing friend,
MAMIE HODGERS.

CORPORAL WILLIAM J. BIGLOW,
Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

DEAR WILLIE: Well, I haven't got over seeing you walk into the kitchen here at Big Mike's yet, because you could have knocked me down with a feather when you pushed open the swing door and says "Hello, Miss Hodgers!" and me looking like the dickens! Honest, Willie, I was so surprised my mouth must have looked like a subway entrance. "Gee!" I thought. "It's Mr. Biglow!" But I never thought you would look like an Apollas so soon after telling me you was sick with the pneumonia. I'll hand it to them Red Cross nurses, Willie; they must have treated you like a king. I forgot to tell you before you went back to camp to hunt up the one that was so white to you and ask her to come and visit us when the war is over and we are married.

Oh, Willie! I can't seem to get wise to the fact that you and me are engaged, and

(Concluded on Page 48)

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(Concluded from Page 45)

one hundred times a day I have to look at this genuine Brazilian diamond on my finger and say "Gee! it's so, you lucky kid!" To think of me being engaged to you, Willie, and you a real corporal in the U. S. army! Ain't it grand!

Say, Willie, I wake up in the middle of the night and I have to get up and look at your photograph or I can't believe it! Ain't I the limit?

If you live to be a thousand years old, Billy, you'll never half guess how scared I was when you took me up to see your mother. Of course I joshed about it and pushed you off the sidewalk on the way up there, and all that, but it had me going, you bet! Ain't she a peach, though? Believe me, Billy, she's some real dame the way she treats me. It's just like I was one of the family already. I was up there yesterday morning and come in on her when she was at the washtub doing Mrs. Catterton's wash, and she just laid off and sat down for a good talk with me.

"Go on with your wash, Mrs. Biglow; don't mind me," I says, and she just says, "To the devil with the wash, sweetheart, when my own boy's girl comes to see me!" The wash wasn't anything to her when I was there, Billy.

We had a lovely talk and she told me all about what an imp you was when you was a kid, and the time you got in jail for smashing the lamp on the switch of the Long Island Railroad, but the Grand Jury let you off because you was such a kid and your old man had a pull with the boss. I'm glad you had some go to you, Billy, because I don't care for them mollycoddle kids that as like as not turn out to be pacifists. Well, I guess if you get a chance you can smash one of the kaiser's lamps and no Grand Jury in this country will need any letter from any boss. They'll hand you a medal.

Well, Billy, your mother has taught me how to knit and I'm knitting you a pair of socks, but I've had to rip them all out again, and when I get them done I'm going to knit you a hood-like and a sweater and a scarf. You'd laugh to see me knit, Billy; I'm a lemon when it comes to knitting. Your ma says that when I throw the thread over the needle I got a motion like a Swede cook grinding coffee. I guess I could do it better if I wasn't always getting my fingers burned on that range down at Big Mike's.

Well, Billy, I guess I don't have to tell you how much I love you, because you know it, so take care of yourself and think of me all you can. I don't mean I want you to think of me when you ought to be taking care of your squad, because now that you're a corporal you've got to look out for your squad, because you're their corporal and they depend on you, like you told me.

Please, Billy, don't feel too blue because we can't be married right away, because I know it is best that we should wait until the war is over, because I can keep right on here at Big Mike's, and your mother needs your pay, but when you come back we can all live together, and if her and me scrap once in awhile I'd like to know who don't.

Your well-wishing sweetheart,
MAMIE HODGERS.

CORPORAL WM. J. BIGLOW,
Norfolk, Va.

MY DEAR, DEAR BILLY BOY: Ain't it the worst of being a poor mutt of a hired cook, that I can't go down and see you before you go across, honey Billy? I would come if I could, Billy, but you know how it is with me, and you don't expect me to come, but oh, I wish I could. But I'm glad I can't, Billy, because if I seen you when I knew you was going across so soon nothing would do but we would get married and we oughtn't to do that until you come back.

Me and your ma we had a good cry when I got your letter, and we're going to be a lot of help to each other, cheering each other up, because we can have a good cry together whenever we want to, and it is a good thing we got engaged, Billy, for it wouldn't be no fun for her or for me to be crying alone.

I don't cry much, Billy, except when I go to see your ma, and you don't want to fret if we cry, because we don't mean nothing by it. We just do it for company. It is sort of easier to get along together when we are both crying over the same thing, whether it is you or a cat or a canary.

Honest, Billy, when I got your letter saying you were there at Norfolk and would maybe sail any day that a ship was ready I just took one long breath and that was all over! I knowed you would be going over some day, so it wasn't much of a shock, but I do wish I could have got anyway one sock ready for you, so you could be wearing something I had made for you with my own hands, but I guess I've ripped out about three times as much sock as I've knit. About the only thing I could knit would be a wheat biscuit.

Billy, it was real sweet of your squad to adopt you and me for their pa and ma, and I've got their photograph right alongside of yours in my room here at Big Mike's. I showed it to Big Mike and he says "Gee! what a tough lot of mugs!" So you can see he thinks they'll give the kaiser all that's coming to him when they get over there.

Your ma wants me to come up and live with her, but I ain't going to, because there's no use taking a chance of us scrapping before you and me are married. There'll be plenty of time after. Anyway, she lives so far from Big Mike's, and I have to have the range hot and things reddy at half past four in the morning, and in the winter when the snow is deep it would be tough walking all the way down there.

Be as careful of yourself as you can, Billy, but I don't want you to be backward if you get into the fighting, because your squad will kind of look to you to show them the way, and I don't want it to be said that you held back because I told you to. Only, Billy, always be sure you've got your gas mask snug around your face, and don't go out into no Dead Man's Land unless you got your bayonet on the end of your gun. And, Billy, don't get promoted into a General if you can help it, because God knows I ain't got no education to fit me to be the wife of a General, and I don't want you should ever be ashamed of me.

Billy, I've quit chewing gum, because that's about all the expense I have got that I can quit, but I'm saving the money to buy these Thrift Stamps with, because I got to do what I can for my boy in the army and the socks I try to knit is the limit!

Well, Billy, maybe by the time this gets to Norfolk you will be on a ship and on the way over there, so good-by Billy, dear, and I'll write you a letter as often as I can to cheer you up. Write to me, too, Billy, because that's all I've got of you now, but I wish you would write to your ma once in a while too, and not all to me, because she's your ma, and I know how she feels about it. And anyway, Billy, the reporter from the Flushing paper says he wants to print some more of your letters and, Billy, I don't want you to write me the kind of letters he can print in the Flushing papers. I want you to write me the kind of letter that last one was, Billy, because you and me are engaged and I love you, and what is the Flushing paper in our young life, anyway? It ain't nothing, Billy.

Well, Billy, I guess I won't have to write you no more letters to cheer you up, because since I know you I know you've got the cheer up right in you, like most all of the U. S. army I see come into Big Mike's, but I should stop on that account, Billy! I guess you will want to get my letters more than ever; how about it, Billy? So don't you be afraid, because I'll write every chance I get, and you don't need to be afraid of me anyway, Billy, you old sweetheart, because if you don't come back there won't be nothing doing with any other fellow. So cheer up, Billy, because nobody but you will ever call me down for bum eggs across a breakfast table.

Your well-wishing sweetheart,
MAMIE HODGERS.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Consecration

WHO'LL win the war? It's the man who'll go
Over the top to crush the foe,
Giving himself and his love of life,
That parents, children, sweetheart, wife,
And the sane, good peoples of all the world
May live with a decent flag unfurled,
Nor dreading a foul, land-lusting Thor
Who would beat them down. He will win the war.

Who'll win the war? It's the woman who
In her fond, warm, God-sworn heart is true
To the soldier who's fighting over there
The man who knows that her every prayer,
Her every hope is of him; and when,
With the world made right, he will come again
To all that a life's worth living for—
"Home, sweet home." She will win the war.

Who'll win the war? It's the one who sows
And tends and reaps; the one who grows
In field and garden, by vale and plain,
The sun-wrought treasure of golden grain
That must feed the soldier behind the gun
Whose steel-writ message shall lash the Hun
And his crimes all decent men abhor.
The one in the furrow will win the war.

Who'll win the war? It's the one who knows
He is giving his noblest hammer blows
To clinch the rivet and drive the nail,
Who is helping to fashion the ships that sail
The foe-infested seas with men
To set this mad world right again;
Who thinks not of his own ease or
Of his selfish gains. He will win the war.

Who'll win the war? Grandmother Gray,
As she goes on knitting day by day,
While with every stitch, as the tasks advance,
Is a prayer for a boy somewhere in France.
And she thinks of a soldier, long ago—
And a grave where old-time roses grow—
Who fought, as his grandson's fighting, for
The world's good peace. She will win the war.

Who'll win the war? It is every man—
And woman—who does the best he can,
Working and giving; who scouts his ease
And the sophistry of selfish pleas,
Till he feels the thrill of the fearful strife
Of men who are giving limb and life
For a flag that stands for a free world, nor
Deem the price too great. He will win the war.

Who'll win the war? I, I alone!
It is I who must make this fight my own!
I must strive—head, heart and hand—as though
My own clenched fist is to crush the foe!
All that I have of strength and youth
I must lay on the altar of God and Truth
And the decent world we are fighting for.
Yes, I, myself—I will win the war!

—Nixon Waterman.

Ancestral Pride

GREEN married the Widder Brown one day
When the checker players was all away
And he didn't have nothin' else to do
But marry her, as he promised to;
And he says to her: "Widder, you'll share my joys
And sorrers, I reckon, but them three boys
Is your'n, by gracious—I make no claim
To them, I tell ye! They got your name;
I'm marryin' you, just you, I be,
I ain't a-weddin' no family."

Well, Green he married the Widder Brown,
And she had a farm right clost to town,
When his health was good he'd work a spell,
But he wasn't often a-feelin' well,
So she run it mostly, with Tom and Joe
And Bill—they handled the rake and hoe
And plow and harrer and milked the cows,
While Green, he traveled between the house
And the grocery store where he played and spent
Consid'able unearned increment.

Well, them Brown boys grew and grew and grew,
Nineteen and twenty and twenty-two,
But all of 'em Browns, not Greens, you know,
'Cuz Green, he took pains to tell 'em so;
Then the war come on and they went, all three,
Right outen the Widder's family;
They wasn't backward or slow or skeered,
Just kissed the Widder and volunteered,
And Green come back from checkers and town
And nobody home but the Widder Brown.

Well, we had a meetin' the follerin' day,
With a speaker to speak and a band to play,
And flags a-flyin' and buntin' too,
And everybody a feller knew
Was right on deck, and we built a stand
Fer the speaker and parents and choir and band;
And Green drov in with the Widder Brown—
Now Green, of course—drov in to town
And hitched his hosses and arched his neck
And marched right up on the stand, by heck.

And he shuck the speaker right by the hand,
And nodded acrost at the cornet band,
And smiled at the choir with his chest a-swell
And a three-star button in his lapel;
"Our boys is gone," he says; "our three
Tuck right blame outen our family!"
And all of us fellers gasped a spell;
And old Jed Hawkins, he says: "Oh, hell!"
But there was Green, with his chest a-swell,
And them three stars in his coat lapel!

—James W. Foley.

Killed in Action

SIMPLE and steadfast, strong, serene, secure,
He smoothed life's way for every man he knew,
And now he fares upon the Hidden Road
That none he friended may befriend him through.

Fares forth alone, and leaves us lonely here
To merry make where once he merry made,
With lips that learned their laughter from his own,
'Mid fears he always fronted unafraid.

Even thus it seems to me that he has left
For all his friends what was not least of him;
That space can never loose his hearty hand
Nor any time his ready comfort dim.

And so I know that from the Hidden Road
He sends his message: "I have found it true
That whoso smiles in life shall smile in death;
Be brave, be happy to your latest breath;
Be glad for me, for I am glad for you!"

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

The Patriot

MY SON was bonny, my son was gay,
But he went from my side,
Went far away,
And they sent me back a ribbon gay
With a bit of medal thereon.

Oh, he was the light and life of me,
And he hastened away across the sea.
He stood in the star shell's blue-white light,
His eyes gazed fearless into the night;
But what is there left for my poor sight?
A cross-shaped medal of bronze.

My neighbor's son sits secure and warm.
He's idle and snug and far from harm,
While my own dear boy has gone above
And he waits for me with the King of Love.
Oh, pity her; do not pity me,
For she'll never have what my old eyes see.

They tried my boy in the fires of strife
And he came back on the Cross of Life.

—Emily Lucile Sprague.

Proof Positive

IT HAPPENED in the City of Brotherly Love, where so many good things happen, in the seventies, when the first phonographs were on the market.

Bowers believed they were humbugs. To convince him of their genuineness his friends arranged that he should hear one. In those days records could be made in a few minutes, and one was prepared for his benefit.

So when he entered the room where the phonograph awaited his coming it shrieked at him:

"Hello, Bowers! Glad to meet you!"

And Bowers shrieked back: "Gosh, the darned thing knows me!"

For Party Time or Children's Play
Dress Youngsters' Legs the Black Cat Way
Black Cat
Reinforced Hosiery
For party or play-time—appearance-test or wear-test—Black Cat is the choice of parents who want their children to look well, but also want their money's worth of durability.
It's a Question of Service
Reinforced with strong lisle threads in heel, knee, sole and toe, Black Cat stockings are made to resist romping. And time-tested dyes assure fast colors that will not harm young feet.
Ask your dealer to show them.
Black Cat Hosiery
CHILDREN'S FINE COTTON
Black Cat Textiles Company
Makers also of Cooper's-Bennington Underwear for Men
Home Office: Kenosha, Wis.
Warehouses at: Bennington, Vt.; New York, 1107 Broadway; Boston, 68 Chauncy St.; Chicago, 231 W. Jackson Blvd.; San Francisco, 57 Sansome St.
Factories at: Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wisconsin Harvard, Ill., and Bennington, Vt
COOPER'S
Spring Needle
BENNINGTON

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Lord Rosebery

LORD ROSEBERY has played many important rôles in British politics and he is never for long off the stage. When a boy he told his schoolmates that he intended to marry the richest girl in England, to win the Derby and to become prime minister—and he scored on all three points.

Wilbur Hall (An Autobiography)

FIRST tried commercial life—failed, thank Heaven!—tried cow-punching, odd-jobbing and ranching—failed, luckily; tried reporting sports under Charles E. Van Loan—succeeded only by reflecting greater glory; tried general newspaper reporting—success matter of dispute between ten or twelve editors and myself; tried short fiction because Mr. Van Loan persisted in his belief that I could be "put over"; am trying short fiction now and will continue to do so, partly because I was born with aspirations along that line, but primarily to justify Van's abiding faith in me.

Married 1909 to the most beautiful woman in the world (set down in spite of occasional assertions that I take in too much territory); have three really unusual children who are always good when there is company. Believe in to-day and to-morrow, my country, my friends and my job. Have spent only three weeks east of Yuma, Arizona, and am glad of it. Write less as I think, talk, and am, and less as I desire than would be believed, and have a standing reward offered to anyone who will tell me why.

Kathleen Burke

UPON the breaking out of the European War Miss Burke was one of the first to respond to the call of humanity and to give herself to its service. She entered Belgium on the eighteenth of August, 1914, and worked continuously there until the fall of Antwerp. With equal enthusiasm and devotion she then worked for Serbia and France, and was the first woman at Verdun during the siege in 1916. During the bitter months of the past winter Miss Burke visited the French, British, American and Italian fronts, a trip surrounded with danger and attended with the greatest personal hardship. Since February, 1916, she has spent much of her time in the United States and Canada as a special representative of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, a remarkable chain of hospitals staffed wholly by women. In this period Miss Burke has traveled over 200,000 miles and has delivered between 300 and 400 addresses.

Brand Whitlock

BELOW is the man who practically saved the city of Brussels from German bombardment and destruction. As mayor of Toledo Mr. Whitlock made his name in American politics. As minister to Belgium he made his name in world history.

Amelita Galli-Curci— (An Autobiography)

NO ONE ever expected that I should become a singer. As a child, my parents arranged for me to study the piano—though without any thoughts of the possibility of my becoming a professional. For, you see, in our family there was no favorable attitude toward any of its members adopting a musical career.

I was eighteen, and had been allowed to give several piano concerts, when the thing happened which threw the deciding shadow upon the horizon of my future. Mascagni happened into our Milan home one evening, as he frequently did; and on this occasion I chanced to be singing as I played. Mascagni came into the music room and listened—though not to my pianistic efforts, as I was to learn. Fishing for

(Concluded on Page 66)

THE WILSON LABEL PROTECTS YOUR TABLE

OUR GUARANTEE
IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS CAN IS OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE QUALITY, YOUR DEALER WILL REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE.
WILSON & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A.
WILSON & CO.
Certified Brand
COFFEE
WHOLE BEAN
ROASTED COFFEE

Wilson's Certified Brand Coffee

The Perfect Blend

THE coffee experts of Wilson & Co. have brought to perfection the delicate art of blending coffee. The result of the "Wilson Blend" is a much finer, more delectable flavor than we have ever found in any other coffee.

We promise you a new delight when you taste a cup of Wilson's Certified Brand Coffee.

Quality, of course, begins with the coffee bean. But the *quality* coffees of various regions must be merged into one—a blending of the best in each—before they yield up their richest treasures in flavor and aroma.

We submit the achievement of our coffee experts to the judgment of all lovers of good coffee.

Blue Can Blend is our highest grade coffee.

We back our belief in the superior quality of this blend of coffee with this remarkable guarantee:

If you do not say that Wilson's Certified Brand Blue Can Blend Coffee is the finest coffee you ever tasted, your dealer will refund the purchase price.

Red Can Blend is our popular-priced coffee. If you are not satisfied with the value of this blend your dealer will refund the purchase price. Ask your dealer for Wilson's Certified Brand Coffee.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO

WAR-TIME RECIPES—Write us a postal request for our book telling how to economize in using meats.

THE WILSON LABEL PROTECTS YOUR TABLE

Bone-Dry Batteries

All Ready for Immediate Delivery

(at Any Willard Service Station)

One of the many great advantages of Willard Batteries with Threaded Rubber Insulation is that the Service Station dealer can order enough at a time to be always ready when one is needed.

For Bone-Dry Batteries can be kept in dry condition without deterioration. They are as brand new when they come off the shelf as when they left the factory.

This is because they are not filled and charged till the Service Station makes them ready for your use. You do not run any risk, either of purchasing a battery which is not in every sense brand new, or of waiting a long time for your battery after it is ordered.

This is but one of the many reasons why your next battery should be a Willard Bone-Dry Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation. Ask the Service Station to tell you how it increases the reliability of your starting, lighting and ignition, and write for free booklet "196,000 Little Threads."

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

WAR AND SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 4)

were short of manganese at the time and may have captured the ship and secured her cargo. Now that we are practically self-supporting in this mineral we can rest easy. In the meantime the mining engineers of America have added a notable achievement to their long line of worthy deeds. As for Germany, her manganese supply must be very short, and it is likely that only the collapse of Russia—the sole country from which she could get the mineral—saved her from a critical situation.

Of no less interest or importance is the story of potash. At the outbreak of the war Germany, being the only important producer of this mineral, threatened to starve the agriculture of the outside world by withholding potash from all her enemies. This dream bubble, however, like that of the submarine, was soon pricked, and science is doing more than affording us temporary relief. It is developing plans that will make us forever free from the oppression of the German potash trust. When the war ends the Teuton will find that not all his losses have been on the battlefield.

The Platinum Situation

Though potash is an important ingredient of black powder, its principal use is as a component of fertilizers in agriculture. It is also employed in the manufacture of soap, glass, matches, and so on. When Germany cut off our potash supply she sacrificed a business netting her $15,000,000 annually. In addition she lost her imports of phosphate rock, which we were sending her from Florida, and which is far more essential to her plant life than potash is to ours.

The basis of practically all mixed fertilizers is phosphoric acid, and Germany is getting very little of this important ingredient, other than what she is able to recover from her phosphatic blast-furnace slags. The phosphate deposits of the United States are estimated to contain more than 10,000,000,000 tons of this valuable rock, which is enough to supply the world for generations to come. Before the war we produced 3,000,000 tons of phosphate rock, or 50 per cent of the world's output. Our present annual production is only a little more than 2,000,000 tons, but it is gratifying to know that 100,000 tons more of this material are being used here at home than were utilized before the war. It is evident our agricultural interests are making good our losses of potash.

The story, however, does not end here. Time and again Germany has pointed out the power she possessed through control of the world's potash supply. It is not likely she will have such a weapon to use in dealing with other nations after the present war. Best of all, the advances being made by our chemists and engineers in their study of the potash problem are along lines that will result in a material recovery of by-products now lost. In the cement industry, basing our estimate on prevailing prices, we have been throwing away as dust from cement kilns more than $60,000,000 worth of potash each year. More and more of this waste will be recovered in coming months. Investigation has shown also that large quantities of potash can be obtained from the iron blast furnace. It is estimated that at the present market price the iron ores of Eastern Alabama will yield in potash about $12 per ton of iron produced.

In the meantime, while the iron and cement industries are completing arrangements to give us an established potash production of our own other lines of research have been rapidly carried forward, and we are recovering quite a tonnage of this mineral from desiccated lakes and from the kelp beds of the Pacific Coast. One of our most important powder companies has developed a secret process for extracting potash from nitrate ores. This company is drawing on Chilean nitrate ores for the purpose, and has generously communicated the process to Allied interests producing nitrate ores in Chile, enabling them to increase their output of potash materially. From one per cent of the ore mined in Chile the company referred to is now producing at the rate of more than 1000 tons a month.

Greater than all these sources for potash will be the leucite-bearing rocks of Wyoming if recent laboratory investigations prove successful in commercial practice. It is estimated that the lavas of these Wyoming hills contain 197,000,000 tons of potash, which at a normal pre-war price of $20 a ton would have a value of nearly $4,000,000,000. If science makes a few discoveries of this kind the money losses of the war will soon be recovered.

It is perhaps worth noting that Germany's famous potash deposits extend over into the province of Alsace. It is likely therefore that she has more than a sentimental reason for holding on to this territory which she wrung from the French.

Another interesting war essential is platinum, which is well known to most people, and particularly to the ladies who wear expensive jewelry. The United States has urgent need of platinum for strictly war purposes. One of our most celebrated mining engineers was in Russia at the time of our entrance into the struggle, and if I could but pause to tell the story of his prompt and courageous action in getting several million dollars' worth of platinum out of revolution-ridden Russia and into the United States my readers would know that not all sacrifice and bravery are expended on the battle front in France.

Let me here suggest to the men and women of America who own jewelry or other articles made of platinum that they communicate with the United States Bureau of Mines in Washington, D. C., to determine whether or not the Government wishes to purchase their supply of the metal. Before the war platinum sold for $44 an ounce; at the present time it is worth $105. Anyone who could turn it in now at this high price would surely be able to buy it back at a much lower figure after the war. In addition the individual would be rendering a patriotic service to the Government. In this connection, however, let me advise against dealing with anyone who is not an authorized government agent. I have record of cases where well-meaning citizens have recently sold their platinum under the impulse of patriotism to unofficial people at a figure far less than the market price.

Aside from its use in the manufacture of jewelry, platinum is required in the electrical industry, particularly by manufacturers of telephone, telegraph and electrical control systems. Of far greater importance, however, are the war needs for platinum. In both agriculture and the manufacture of munitions we use large quantities of sulphuric acid, and platinum is required for the contact process in making sulphuric acid, also as a catalyzer in our new nitrogen-fixation plants, on which we are building such hopes. The chemical laboratory of every producer of war materials needs platinum utensils. Alloys of this metal are required for electrical equipment on airplanes, trucks, tractors and many of the instruments used by the signal corps and medical corps.

Looking for New Deposits

In this country we produce less than one per cent of the platinum we consume, and we have so far been unable to discover any important commercial deposits. Russia has supplied 95 per cent of the world's output and furnished us with practically all we used until 1914. Due to conscription of miners for the Russian Army the yield of platinum was much reduced, and our imports fell from 118,000 ounces before the war to 30,000 ounces in 1917. Last year 90 per cent of our supply came from Colombia, South America, and it is quite certain that the production from this source will be enlarged as rapidly as possible.

The scarcity of platinum has made it necessary to substitute other materials, even gold, for it in certain uses. Science is searching diligently for an answer to the problem. When we consider that the total output of platinum since 1843 amounts to less than 160 short tons it is evident there is no large amount available anywhere. Until recently, when the Government took over the industry, the jewelry trade in this country consumed 50 per cent of all we used. In the manufacture of sulphuric acid very little of the platinum is wasted, for it is used over and over again; but in the construction of the delicate parts of the ignition systems of airplanes, automobiles, and so on, the metal is not so easily recovered, and its consumption is increasing daily. It is roughly estimated that one-fifth of all the platinum in the world is held in this country in the form of jewelry. It is also estimated that about 75,000 ounces are now in use in sulphuric-acid works. This figure, however, is only approximate, for it is difficult to follow the rapid growth of our war industries.

The story of platinum again brings the American engineer to the front. In Russia the production dropped from 300,000 ounces in 1912 to 58,000 ounces in 1916. The outlook was serious. The deposits in Colombia had been yielding about 12,000 ounces annually. This output was won by the native miners with wooden pans. An American company was formed, and this corporation is now rapidly developing its holdings with dredges. Prospecting is going on in many localities, and though we are just now producing less than 12 per cent of our requirements we are assured of an increasing production as time passes. The situation, however, is sufficiently serious to justify the Government in scrutinizing all dealings in the metal. Surely purchasers of jewelry should demand gold, silver or some white alloy instead of platinum, and thus release this vital metal for its highest use.

Other Needed Materials

Just what the Germans are doing for platinum is a question difficult to answer. It is known that they entered the war with large supplies of all the minerals that they lacked in their empire, and it is likely they had quite a quantity of this metal. It is also believed they have been getting some from the Urals in Russia all the time, and since the Russian collapse it is practically certain they have profited through obtaining a much needed supply of platinum.

To discuss in detail all the minerals so essential to war work would doubtless tire my readers. It is interesting to know, however, that antimony is used to harden bullets and to make primers for shells and cartridges. It is also employed in the form of a sulphide for making smoke bombs. We produce 10 per cent of what we consume, and the balance we get principally from China. Bromine is used for medical purposes and also to produce an asphyxiating gas. We have plenty of it. Chromite is employed to make ferrochrome used in steel for armor plates, armor-piercing projectiles, high-speed steel-cutting tools, airplane motors, and so on. We have plenty of this mineral, but the individual deposits are small. We produce 37 per cent of what we consume, and the entire business, including domestic output and imports, is in the hands of one concern. Sixty per cent of our imports, or 43,000 tons, comes from Rhodesia. The price has advanced from $11 to $47 a ton. Germany gets chromite from Turkey.

In all metallurgical practice from steel to gold graphite crucibles are a necessity. Graphite also has a military use in foundry facings. It gives us our slate-gray battleship color and puts antifriction into the paint that goes on the bottoms of our high-speed ships. We are producing less than one-fourth of the graphite we consume, though we have considerable domestic supplies. Our imports last year came principally from Ceylon and Mexico, 57 per cent being brought in from Ceylon. American chemists have been very successful in recent months in the development of processes that enable us to make the finest graphite crucibles from our own clays. Such crucibles formerly came from Germany, so the Kaiser has here lost another profitable line of business.

Mercury is another mineral that has important military uses. We are fortunate in producing 20 per cent more of it than we need. It is often spoken of as quicksilver and is employed in making fulminate for detonating high explosives and fixed ammunition. It is used in drugs, dental amalgam, barometers, storage batteries and antifouling paint for ships' bottoms. Before the war mercury sold for $40 a flask of 75 pounds; it is now worth $110 a flask. Domestic production has jumped from 16,000 to 38,000 flasks annually. Germany is not thought to have any native supply of mercury. If she is now getting any of this mineral it must be going to her from Spain.

Where Germany is getting her nickel is a puzzle. This metal is especially useful in making armor plate, though such a product of good quality can be made without it. The sister ship of the submarine Deutschland, which was widely heralded but never arrived at one of our Atlantic ports, was to take back to Germany a cargo of nickel. This tonnage of metal was sold a few weeks ago by the Government.

Tin is also a metal that the Germans have not got, and it is a material that is sorely needed for food containers, which are practically a necessity in supplying an army with things to eat. The United States gets its tin principally from the Straits Settlements and England.

Another surprise is the ability of Germany to get vanadium. We know that 95 per cent of the world's output of vanadium comes from Peru and Colorado, yet the shells that the Kaiser's big guns landed in Paris were made from vanadium steel. In this country the metal is principally used in tool steels that are subject to severe strains, as in parts for locomotive frames and automobiles. Vanadium is very desirable but not absolutely necessary as a war mineral.

Gigantic Powder Mills

Let us now take up powder and guns and see where America stands and what she has done along these basic lines. The story of development in our powder industry is a romance unequaled in the annals of American achievement. We have it on the strength of statements by men high in the councils of our European Allies that the prompt production of explosives in America saved them from early defeat. The total capacity of our largest powder company when the European War started was 12,000,000 tons annually. The demand on this concern immediately jumped to 440,000,000 tons a year, and the American corporation delivered the goods.

This single powder company to-day employs 1100 chemists, or approximately one-tenth of the total number in the United States. It has piled invention on invention until present practices in making explosives are very unlike the methods of a few years back. This increased efficiency through the application of science to the business has made it possible to sell powder to-day at a lower price than before the war, notwithstanding the increased cost of raw materials.

When the German Ambassador was dismissed from the United States in February, 1917, the powder people drew up plans for additional plants. In April, when war was declared, these plans were laid before the Government and later accepted. Various delays on the part of Federal authorities caused actual construction to be held up until March of this year, when finally work was started on what will be the largest smokeless-powder plant in the world. The entire works will cost $80,000,000 and will produce 1,000,000 pounds of powder daily.

This plant is being built in nine units, each one complete in itself. One of these units is approximately eight times the size of the largest smokeless-powder plant in the United States prior to 1914. The entire works will be seventy times as large as any plant we had in this country before the war.

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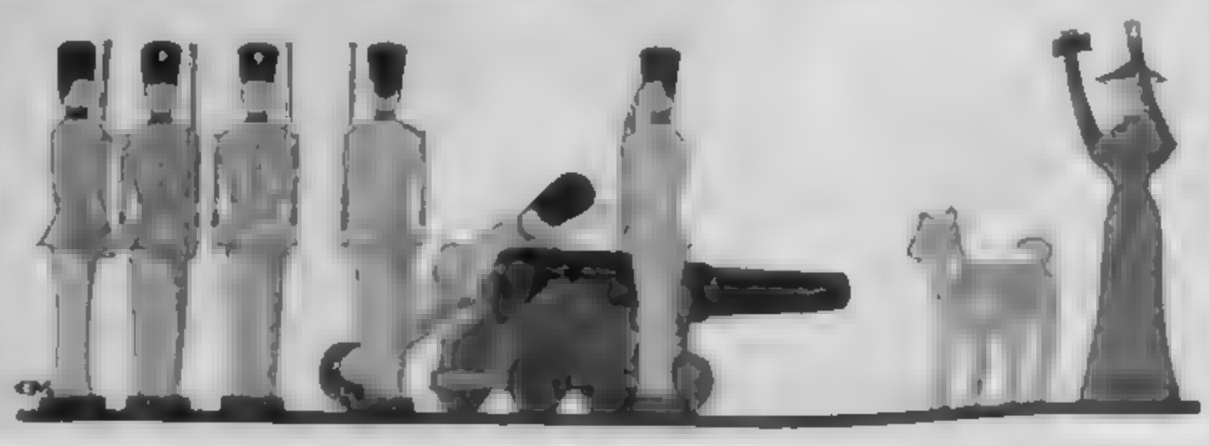


PEARS' SOAP

Ripened Like a Rare Wine

DO you really know how pleasant it is to use Pears' Soap? The smooth, delicate feel of it. The generous, free-flowing lather. Its rapid, thorough cleansing. The delightful sense of refreshment it leaves.

All these pleasant qualities are still to be found in Pears'; for Pears' is the same exquisite soap that it was before this war and many other wars since 1789.

Its price is just a trifle higher? Yes. To give you the same good soap, it had to be. But Pears' is really much more economical than many cheaper soaps. Pears' is *ripened like a rare wine*—matured for many months in storage, transparent, firm and compact, all soap. And the last thin wafer of Pears' lathers quite as freely as the first time you wash with it.

Pears' lasts longer than other soaps and cleanses better while it lasts. That's why it is genuine economy, as well as a real pleasure, to use Pears' Soap. Two pleasant forms of the same good soap:

Unscented—For those who prefer the elemental sweetness of perfect purity.

Scented—A glycerine soap, scented with the delicate fragrance of genuine flower perfumes.

Cake and sample are illustrated in actual size.

Let us show you how pleasant it is to wash with PEARS'

FOUR CENTS

This usable sample sent anywhere in the United States for 4c in stamps. It will tell you quicker than any words how pleasant it is to use Pears'. Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York, U. S. Agent for A. & F. Pears, Ltd.

Use More Milk

—"from Contented Cows"

MILK, as you know, is the perfect food for old and young alike.

"Use more milk" is the call that comes at a time when the milk supply is abundant, also at the time when you are more than ever desirous that the milk used in your home shall be safe.

Pure milk supplies all the essential food elements in their most available form for ready digestion. The leading medical authorities of the world pay tribute to the health giving qualities of pure milk.

Pure milk and plenty of it promote good health and build up the vital forces. The use of good milk in cooking gives you better food—makes it taste better, too.

You very probably have read the bulletins of the United States Food Administration which urge that you use more milk. This is advice that can be profitably followed, for your own grocer is prepared to supply your home with milk that is always pure, clean and safe—Carnation Milk.

The Story of Carnation Milk

CARNATION MILK came in response to the desire of the housewife for milk of unquestioned purity, safety, convenience and of uniform quality. It is truly "The Answer to the Pure Milk Question."

HOW well it has filled that need is shown by the fact that today there are twenty modern Carnation condenseries in operation in the United States and Canada. Their product is recognized by many thousands of housewives as the high standard of uniform quality.

These Carnation condenseries are located in many of the finest dairy sections. "Quality First" having been always the watchword of Carnation production, the herds and dairy farms have been carefully inspected, and by the establishment of the Carnation Stock Farms, Seattle and Oconomowoc, this company has helped improve the herds, through the introduction of pure bred Holsteins.

Our sanitary methods protect the purity of Carnation Milk from milking time to the moment of use in your home. It is real milk—rich, cows' milk—evaporated to the consistency of cream, then sterilized to maintain its wholesomeness. It has a richer flavor than ordinary milk. Most people like the taste at once—others have to use three or four cans before realizing how good the new taste is.

August 15th to 22nd has been designated Carnation Milk Week all over the country. During that week everybody who is not already familiar with the goodness of Carnation Milk is urged to give it a thorough trial. Make it the only milk supply used during that week.

Scene at Carnation Stock Farms, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Carnation Milk

—makes everything you cook taste better

BECAUSE of the richness of Carnation Milk everything you cook with it has a delicious flavor. It can, however, be diluted from its creamy consistency to any desired richness.

Simply add an equal quantity of pure water to Carnation Milk and you "bring it back" to its original quality, for it contains the butter fat and milk solids which nature puts into the raw milk. Nothing has been taken out except water. Nothing has been added. Carnation Milk provides a safe milk supply for the home. It is much more economical than ordinary milk because there is no waste.

Carnation Milk "keeps sweet" until opened, and for several days thereafter.

Use Carnation undiluted as you would cream with coffee, fruits or cereals. For cooking or drinking add pure water as directed. If you prefer skimmed milk for cooking, simply add more water to reduce the richness as desired.

CARNATION MILK WEEK

August 15th to 22nd—watch for display in your grocer's window

TRY Carnation with your favorite recipes. Use it in all your cooking, and for every milk purpose in your kitchen and on your table. You will be delighted with the way it adds flavor to your cooking and with its goodness as a milk supply. You will understand why it is the preferred milk supply in hundreds of thousands of homes, where safety and economy are just as much valued as are quality and richness.

Don't fail to order a supply (3 or 6 cans) of Carnation Milk from your grocer for Carnation Milk Week. For that one week make it the only milk you use, and afterwards we are more than glad to accept your judgment, for we believe you will depend upon Carnation constantly.

Free Recipe Book

Write to us now for our illustrated booklet of over 100 tested recipes for everyday and fancy dishes—mailed free.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO.
Chicago—Seattle, U. S. A.
RECIPE BOOKLET DEPARTMENT
832 Stuart Bldg., Seattle

Sold throughout Canada by
CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO., Ltd.
Aylmer, Ontario

Actual Label—Read Directions and Guaranty

TRADE MARK REG.
Carnation
BRAND
This milk will keep until opened. After opening it will remain sweet several days if kept in a cool, clean place.
KEEP IN COOL DRY PLACE
The high quality of Carnation Sterilized Evaporated Milk
KEEP IN COOL DRY PLACE
DIRECTIONS
By adding one part of water to one part of the contents of this can, a resulting milk product will be obtained which will not be below the legal standard for whole milk.
For drinking, cooking and table use, dilute with water as desired
For ice cream, use two parts of milk with one part water.
For coffee use milk without reducing
For infants, dilute with boiled water according to age and strength of child.
STERILIZED EVAPORATED
MILK
AN UNSWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
GUARANTY
This can is guaranteed by Carnation Milk Products Co., to contain no substance but fresh, pure, sweet milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream, and thoroughly sterilized.
WEIGHT OF CONTENTS 1 POUND
MANUFACTURED BY
CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO.
CHICAGO—SEATTLE, U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 54)

In producing 1,000,000 pounds of powder daily this complete plant will consume 1,500,000 pounds of nitrate of soda, 6,675,000 pounds of sulphur and 4500 tons of coal every 24 hours. It will require 100,000,000 gallons of water each day, or as much water as is used by the average city of a million people. To complete the plant will require the labor of 25,000 men for 11 months.

The chemistry of modern war is based largely on two materials—nitrates and sulphur. From the first we get nitric acid and from the second sulphuric acid, the two fundamental elements entering into the manufacture of high-power explosives. At the outbreak of the war the Teuton was forearmed in the matter of a nitrate supply, without which he could not have begun his fight. He realized further that aside from being essential to warfare nitric acid is necessary in the production of fertilizers, which affect directly the quantity and quality of the food supply. His chemists had therefore perfected a process to obtain this most vital element by artificial fixation of the nitrogen of the atmosphere. Germany through years of labor had built up its nitrogen resources to a point where it was the only great nation when war commenced prepared to fight without being dependent on a nitrogen supply situated overseas

The Kaiser was aware that the establishment of new nitrogen resources was a difficult and tedious job. Outside of the German supply practically the only other sources of nitrogen were the huge deposits of sodium nitrate in the desert plateaus of Chile and Peru. The Teuton, in ostrich fashion, believed himself secure in his preparedness and refused to countenance the idea that the men of science in other nations would be able to duplicate his achievements. It is true our progress has been slow, and the Hun still holds the lead, but the rest of the world is fast catching up, and the conclusion of the war will find still another German monopoly no longer able to dictate to the rest of mankind.

In Quest of Nitrogen

Famous scientists for years have called attention to the dangers that must result to civilization from the food demands made on our limited acres of tilled land. We were told that the world was rapidly approaching starvation from raising so much grain—a crop that particularly robs the soil of its nitrogen. Attention was called to the need of securing a part of the inexhaustible store of this element, which constitutes four-fifths of the atmospheric air. But while we were aiming to get nitrogen for our agriculture the Hun was already thinking of it in terms of war. His plans were finally completed, and war was not delayed long after the beast was ready to move.

In addition to what he was able to produce from the air the German had developed his coal by-product industry to a high point and was here getting a large output of ammonia, from which he was able to make nitric acid. Large supplies of Chile nitrates were also accumulated in Germany so that the stage was fully set for the commencement of his world drama.

Let me remind the reader here that the great battle off the Falkland Islands, when in the early stages of the war the British destroyed Von Spee's fleet, was a fight for nitrate. It was no accident that the war vessels of the Teuton were lying off South America at this critical moment. Their destruction opened the way for the uninterrupted flow of sodium nitrate from South America to the Allies and the United States. Yet there are people who will not even now acknowledge that the present struggle is a battle where the maximum use of science and materials is the only road to victory.

How very important is the nitrogen situation may be gathered from the fact that in normal times our agricultural requirements approximate 600,000 tons annually. We are now hoping to get one-sixth of this quantity from the War Department for our agriculture, and no more than this, notwithstanding the fact that we will likely import more then 2,000,000 tons of nitrate from Chile this year. War is a glutton when it comes to the question of materials.

In the light of all this it is gratifying to know that definite steps have been taken to insure America's nitrogenous independence. One plant is being built to produce 60,000 pounds of ammonia a day. A second establishment will convert this ammonia into nitric acid, producing 24,000 pounds of this product a day. Along other lines, where we expected to spend $20,000,000, we are doing work that will cost us five times that amount. Other plans call for an additional expenditure of another hundred million, so that out of the effort the public may be sure we shall soon have plenty of nitrates for agriculture as well as for munitions.

The German method of manufacturing nitrogen is now well known to us. It is called the Haber process, and a German-subsidized trust carefully guarded its secrets. A corps of American chemists set to work to discover the details of the Teuton method, and after nine months of earnest endeavor the secrets were found and the process disclosed. The war has brought forth no finer achievement than this splendid effort of our loyal men of science. We have in the meantime developed a modified Haber process, and it is predicted that eventually we shall be getting more than one-half of our fixed nitrogen from the air, just as Germany is now supposed to be doing.

These rather complicated processes, however, though far more economical, will take time to develop; so for our immediate war needs we have a new and simple method that offers us earlier relief. To save time in putting this plan into operation the War Department took $30,000,000 out of our emergency funds to finance the project. Both Great Britain and France are now producing a considerable quantity of nitric acid by this same cyanamide process, which supply goes to supplement their nitrates from Chile. It is true therefore that notwithstanding Germany's clever and rather successful pre-war plans to discourage and prevent the development of a nitrate industry by other nations, her scheme did not result in giving her the power to dictate a peace of her own choosing.

Another achievement of amazing importance in connection with our war effort is the development of an adequate supply of sulphur. Due to the shortage of pyrite large amounts of sulphur are being used for the manufacture of sulphuric acid for both agricultural and munition purposes. As indicative of the progress that has been made let me say that the production of sulphur has increased fourfold since the commencement of the war. Mining of this is accompanied by a certain degree of physical hazard, so that to provide against disaster the Government has accumulated a supply of sulphur sufficient to tide over any unforeseen happening.

Before the war we consumed about 150,000 short tons of sulphur in the manufacture of explosives. This was less than five per cent of our total output. To-day we set aside about 5,000,000 tons, or approximately 70 per cent of our output, for munition purposes. There is no apparent slackening in the enormous demands for sulphur, and there is consequently no slowing down in the policy of rapid expansion.

Germany has no known sulphur deposits, and it is fairly certain she has been compelled to get her sulphur from pyrite and zinc ores. It is generally believed that the Kaiser obtained his sulphur from Sicily until Italy entered the war. One further fact bears on the question, and that is the lessened demand in Germany for sulphuric acid for agricultural purposes since the United States cut off the Teuton's supply of phosphate rock, with which the sulphuric acid was combined in making fertilizers.

That this country has an adequate supply of sulphur is a matter for sincere thanks. It is an element of major importance to man, for it is needed in practically every form of industry, besides entering into the make-up of both vegetable and animal tissue. The small portion necessary to sustain human life is supplied us from the soil in the things we eat. Without sulphur we could not manufacture rubber, and our motor-car industry would languish. If we did not have it many of our chemical industries would be crippled. Besides its use in gunpowder it is essential to the manufacture of paper, bleaches, dyes, matches and medicines. Germany must be experiencing difficulty in getting a plentiful supply of this element, and that being true she has a national problem of considerable size on her hands. The long pages of history record many an instance where someone has put his own foot in the trap he set for another.

In the matter of guns Uncle Sam is stepping to the front in lively fashion. The great Napoleon was not only an engineer, leaving roads and works of construction that still survive, but he was an artillerist of superior understanding. Great victories on the field of battle have always gone to the side that could go on massing the greatest number of guns. Austerlitz, Friedland and Wagram bear witness to this fact. Truly it is said: "The gun conquers; the infantry only takes possession."

Just what our plans are in the matter of artillery is best judged from the fact that our army ordnance department will spend $12,000,000,000 of the total sum of $20,000,000,000 that we expect to lay out this year for war purposes.

Last year when war was declared on Germany there was in this country almost a total lack of efficient armament. A few private plants were our only hope. These shops had been making guns for the Allies, and they immediately started work on cannon for Uncle Sam. But the manufacture of large field guns is a tedious job. We were compelled therefore to secure guns from the French to satisfy our initial needs. In the meantime, from a personnel of some 80 or 90 army officers, our ordnance department developed rapidly into an organization of several thousand men.

Hundreds of draftsmen were put to work on designs for all types of artillery. Slowly but surely this work has advanced, until to-day we have under production various styles of light and heavy guns.

Up in Bridgeport, Connecticut, one company has erected 48 buildings and is employing 15,000 men in the building of machine guns. Tests have proved that the guns there being turned out will fire 20,000 shots in 48 minutes and 16 seconds. These guns are water-cooled and are fired from a tripod or other support. They are made for use in trench warfare particularly, though they are just as effective in the open. A lighter machine gun weighs only 15 pounds and can be fired from the shoulder, though the usual way is from the hip. This weapon of course is air-cooled. The gun can be carried in the rush over the top. It will fire 20 shots in two seconds and can be taken apart in one minute and put together in almost as little time. To facilitate production in this plant the transportation of supplies through the corridors and halls is done by electric trucks, and messenger boys rush back and forth on roller skates.

Perhaps the greatest recent advance in artillery design is the adoption of the split-trail carriage. This style of construction permits the gun to fire at an elevation of 40 degrees, as compared with 15 degrees in the older single-trail type, and gives it a traverse, or lateral range, of 40 degrees, as compared with a traverse in azimuth of only six degrees with guns of the older designs.

Recently I was invited to accompany Col. W. A. Phillips, Major Oberly and Capt. Sevellon Brown on a short trip of inspection over the new proving grounds the Government has established at Aberdeen, Maryland. Here on a 35,000-acre tract that cost Uncle Sam $3,500,000 the Army is testing a majority of the guns we are now producing for use on the battle front. To show the magnitude of the undertaking let me call attention to the fact that at Sandy Hook, which was heretofore our most important proving ground for testing ordnance material, during the year 1916 we fired 7000 rounds. At present it is not uncommon at Aberdeen to fire 2100 rounds in a single day.

Lafayette Not Forgotten

A visit to Aberdeen is without doubt the nearest thing to an actual journey to the battle front. Here we see long batteries of guns and mortars of all sizes. In one row I counted 77 guns of 155-millimeter caliber. These cannon were daily coming to Aberdeen in increasing lots and were being produced at a plant that had been erected on ground that was a cornfield one year ago. Here I saw mortars fire shells that left craters in the ground 10 feet deep and 30 feet in diameter. Yonder were eight-inch guns on caterpillar tractors; near by were anti-aircraft guns that will keep the boche fliers high in the air; on one side were fieldpieces firing supersensitive shells designed to kill personnel, and on my right were other guns firing shells through chronograph screens to measure muzzle velocities.

As I traveled for miles over this ground, where everyone was busy at his particular job—some assembling range-firing data, a few taking meteorological readings, still others testing detonating fuses—I tried to comprehend just what it was all about. I knew we were getting ready to save the world from a foe that had been preparing day and night for 40 years to gather all nations into the deadly embrace of Prussianism. I knew that we were pledged to save besieged peoples from subjugation by a Kaiser who believes he has the right to do what he has the power to do. I knew we had undertaken to bring to judgment a godless prince who even now looks with merciless lust out upon a world he has drenched with blood.

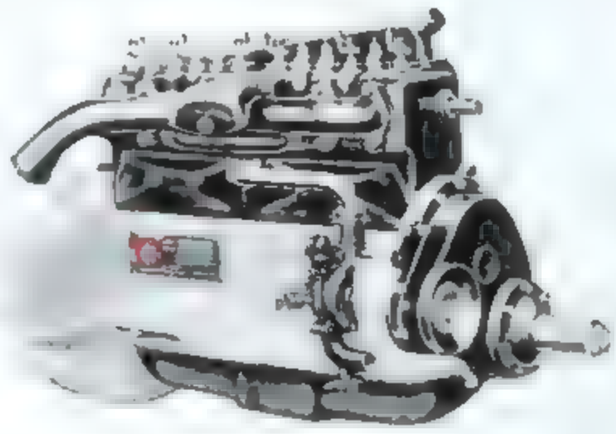
Then as the roar of the guns penetrated the cotton I had stuffed in my ears I saw in my mind's eye a slim youth, but 19 years of age, brushing aside those who would dissuade him, leaving rank, country and family behind to journey over dangerous seas for the purpose of espousing the forlorn cause of a ragged army that had met only disaster and was tracking the snows with bloody feet. I saw this youth as he vowed to conquer or perish with the people he had come to help. I saw him living for months on a single ration and sharing with Washington the same cloak for a couch. I saw him ever steady when others were fickle, and faithful when others were false. I saw him while he blocked intrigues against the father of our country and realized that it was he who had opened the way for the fleets and armies of France that were soon enlisted on our side.

And as I looked again at the belching guns each one seemed to say "Lafayette, we are coming," and I felt proud that I was a citizen of a nation that through generations could not forget.

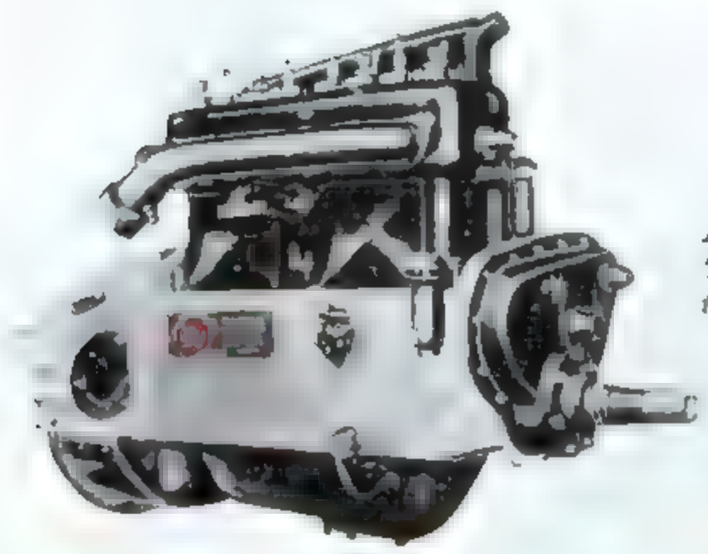
A Shop Where 16-in. Howitzers are Made

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Parsons. The second will appear in an early issue.

"There's the Continental Red Seal Motor! Now I know it's a good car."



America's Standard Passenger Car Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.



America's Standard Truck Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.

When you buy an automobile or truck, the Continental Red Seal assures you 100% motor value, guaranteeing its power, its speed, its economy, its reliability.

But it does more than that. The Red Seal also provides strong evidence that you possess not only a good motor, but a good car or truck.

For certainly the manufacturers that use the Continental Motor in their product, have thereby proved their intention to buy recognized value, not experiments of doubtful quality. When Continental leads the specifications, it is reasonable to assume . that the other units in the product are likewise reliable.

Naturally, therefore, these manufacturers are among the most prosperous in the motor vehicle industry. They enjoy the confidence of the buying public. They secure and retain the best dealers. Their automobiles and trucks sell successfully, because they are manufactured successfully.

Look for the Red Seal on the motor in the car or truck you buy. It's your guarantee of motor quality—as well as assurance of a good car or truck.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Michigan

Factories: Detroit—Muskegon

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR AUTOMOBILES AND TRUCKS

THE DUBBESS

(Continued from Page 11)

vaudeville shows would help, too—those and some live literature; the sort that isn't written by men with Ph. D. or F. R. S. after their names, but by men who have been living while the scholars have only been thinking. As for dress, I'd be no good to you there. I don't think any he-man would. But my mother could help if you'd let her. She has lots of taste."

Then he, too, stopped short, amazed at having spoken so and at having committed himself to such a task. It was the very last thing he had expected to do or say. Not even the eager gratitude of Hester's words and the almost slavish adulation of her eyes could wholly calm his self-ruffled composure.

But, being in for it, he did not turn back. And that, also, was Clem's way. Besides, the bizarre nature of the task appealed to his slumbering creative instinct. The zest of tutelage was already upon him. So it was settled, and the tuition began.

Her mind trained to wrestle with hieroglyphics, with Greek roots and with higher mathematics, it was a joyous and increasingly easy task for Hester to absorb the teachings of Clem Hathaway. Presently both tutor and pupil were enthusiastic over the unique task. Not even the dancing lessons filled Hester's soul with such wondering joy as did the books and magazines Clem brought her. They did all manner of things to her classical trend of thought and to her vocabulary.

But the crowning bliss was the tactful instruction by Mrs. Hathaway in dress and in the wearing of clothes. Hester had not dreamed that her monthly allowance could compass such miracles of taste in the way of hats and gowns as the outfit which began to adorn her wardrobe.

With all her heart and intellect she threw herself into every branch of her new education—an education, by the way, which brought Clem perforce to the Gregg house on an average of four times a week. The frequency of his calls had much the same chance of escaping notice in a town like Harleville as would the presence of the Statue of Liberty in a three-car garage.

It was two months after the beginning of her studies when Hester ventured to make a personal test of her proficiency. The Faculty Club gave its annual dance. Thither, under Clem Hathaway's escort, fared the Dubbess.

It is only in books that the arrival of any guest at a dance—any nonintoxicated guest—"creates a decided stir throughout the crowded hall." But Hester Gregg's advent at the Faculty Club dance caused the focusing of many a pair of eyes on her. And into those many eyes crept an admiring wonder as they inspected the apotheosized butt of Dirck Barry's humor.

The girl's dress was simple; but it had the perfection of simplicity. So had her loosely piled hair. So, too, had the quietly assured poise of her manner. Her dancing was graceful. The exertion of the first dance brought an adorable color to her face. Her eyes were alight with glad excitement.

Dirck Barry beheld with dropping jaw. Dirck had been away from Harleville on business for his law firm for more than a month, and had returned only a day or two earlier. Thus the metamorphosed Dubbess burst upon him as a revelation. He had not even had a chance to hear the gossip as to Hathaway's countless calls upon her.

For a time Dirck was smugly content to view Hester from afar and to speculate. True, she no longer dressed like the girls in Volume One of Little Women. And she certainly could dance! Moreover, there was an air to her.

But, with acute memories of her mental processes and type of conversation on the night she had won her title, Dirck did not crave to come to closer quarters. Long since he had tired of the joke.

Expectantly he watched the men who, drawn by Hester's beauty, sought dances with her. He had so much enjoyed guying men who, similarly drawn, had sat out single dances with her at Mrs. Gatenby's! But this time he noted an odd difference: The same men came back—and back—and back.

With a feeling-out process, Dirck finally sounded one or two of them. Then, to clear up the annoying mystery, he pocketed caution and went over to ask Hester for a dance.

She welcomed him with undisguised pleasure and was prettily regretful that her card had not a single blank left on it. To be greeted as an old and warmly liked friend by a girl so lovely and so manifestly popular was as incense to Barry. And when Hester persuaded the chagrined Clem Hathaway to forgo one of his own dances in Barry's favor Dirck felt like a conqueror.

But he was none the less dumfounded by the utter change in the former Dubbess' speech and manner. Assuredly she was not the same girl who had afforded him such refined delight on the first evening they had met! There was not one outward trace left of the pedantic little prig of that night.

Clem was sore puzzled and hurt when his pupil begged him to sacrifice his supper dance as well to Dirck. Hathaway had fairly glowed with pride at Hester's success. And in the very acme of his pride she was cutting dances with him for the sake of a cad who had made her a laughing-stock!

The more he mulled over it, the less offended and the more sharply unhappy did Hathaway become. Wherefore, on the drive home, he tried to be unusually natural, to keep Hester from guessing at his hurt, and thus from marring some of her triumph-evening's joy. His only allusion to the ache crept into his good-by words to her; and they were in such form that he was sure she could not guess what it had meant to him.

"Well, Miss Prize Scholar," he observed with ponderous lightness, "here endeth the last lesson. You are graduated with honors. To-night proved it. There will be standing room only, on the veranda after this. And I am getting too old to shine in a crowd. So it's lucky you don't need a postgraduate course. If you'll let your discharged tutor give you one final tip though: Don't ask a man to give up his dance to some other man. It isn't the thing to do; and it is apt to be misunderstood. Not that it mattered a single bit in my case!" He hurried to soften his rebuke. "I was only the school-teacher; and I was glad to let you dance with anyone you happened to prefer to me. I was there only professionally, you know. So you could have cut all your dances with me and not have done the wrong thing. But don't try it with other chaps. You don't mind the hint, do you? You know you asked me to be sure to tell you whenever ——"

"When you say there'll be crowds of men here," interrupted Hester, who did not seem to have absorbed more than the first half of his carefully framed harangue, "and that you are too old to be in the crowd, it—it's a joke, isn't it? It doesn't mean you won't care to come here at all after this, does it? Now that the lessons are over? Please! It doesn't mean that, does it?"

Before Clem could answer before he could brace himself against the queer little childish appeal in her tone her mood had shifted; and she went on gayly, without waiting for a reply:

"Oh, it's awfully late! Almost as late as it ever gets to be. And you said you had to be at the bank at nine. I'm keeping you up till all hours and letting you catch cold by standing out here with your hat off. I'm so sorry! Good night! And—thank you a million times!"

Clem drove home in the graying dawn even more perplexed than Dirck Barry had been, and infinitely more unhappy than ever he had dreamed he could be. Hathaway angrily resented his own unhappiness; the more so because he could not in the very least understand it.

He fancied a course of absence from Hester might bring him back to his normal nonhurtable self, and for a full week he forced himself to follow this self-imposed martyrdom. At the week's end he went to call on his former pupil. Four other men were adorning the once desolate veranda. Dirck Barry was apparently more at home there than any of the rest. Two more men dropped in while Hathaway was there.

Clem did not stay long—merely long enough to load up with a fresh supply of heartache, which kept him away from that part of town and from all Harleville social life for nearly three weeks.

Then he called once more on Hester. This time there was no one with her on the veranda but Dirck. And a blind imbecile could see that Barry's unresented air of proprietorship had driven away all less-encouraged competitors.

Hester was very cordial indeed to Clem; but always her eyes and her talk would stray to Barry. Clem spent a hideous half hour with the two; then departed, unhindered.

Perhaps it was the ease wherewith Barry had just routed so formidable a man as Hathaway; perhaps it was the open favoritism Hester had shown toward himself during Clem's tragically short call; perhaps the hour was ripe and the tender lure in the girl's eyes was no longer to be resisted. In any case, as Hathaway's springless footsteps died away down the still street, Dirck crossed suddenly to where Hester stood at the veranda rail, gazing through the summer dusk after the departing guest.

"Little wonder girl!" whispered Barry, coming up behind Hester and drawing her slim body back into his eager arms. "Little wonder girl, you've put the Indian sign all over my heart! You've got to marry me, Beautiful! You've just *got* to!"

For the barest instant she shivered in his clasp and made as though to shake herself free; but only for that mere instant. Then the adoring swain felt her relax and lean to his embrace.

The great eyes that looked so timidly up into his in the June twilight were luminous and worshiping.

"You darling!" panted Barry in ecstasy. "You glorious sweetheart of mine!"

But when he would have kissed the radiant upraised face the girl's timidity got the upper hand of her courage. She buried her face in his coat front, whispering in fear:

"Not yet! Not just yet! Please!"

And his kiss landed somewhere between her left ear and the soft knot of hair at the nape of her neck.

Nor could he win the lips he yearned for. He pleaded; he urged; he tried masterful cave-man tactics. But always she eluded him; and always came that coquettishly frightened whisper:

"Not yet! Not just yet!"

"Then when?" he cried at last in loverly exasperation. "When?"

"Not—not till our engagement is announced," she faltered. "If we're still engaged, then ——" She checked herself, and added, in adorable doubt: "We *are* engaged—aren't we, Dirck?"

"Engaged?" he exulted. "Engaged? Show me the man, from the Kaiser up, who dares to say we aren't. You can bet we are, sweetheart! That's the surest thing and the wonderfulest thing in all this world."

He sought to prove it by kissing her; but again she eluded him, reiterating:

"Not till our engagement's announced. Please!"

"Then when will you let me announce it?" demanded Barry, starkly eager.

"Not till—till you want to kiss me," she murmured bashfully.

"That means this minute," he vowed. "Listen! Do you mind if I tell the men over at the Faculty Club on my way home? And, if you like, I'll drop in at the Palladium office to-night, too, and tip off the Social Notes man there. And to-morrow mother and the girls will be round here to call on you. Is that announcement enough?"

"Ye-es," she said consideringly; "I think it is. Will it be in to-morrow's Palladium, do you suppose? Or will they wait till ——"

"If I could I'd make 'em run off a special ten P. M. edition to-night," retorted Dirck deliriously, "and then be here on your doorstep at ten-one for my kiss. Oh, girl of mine, how did you ever manage to make me so crazy about you? I've been just daffy over you from the first minute I set eyes on you!"

"The first minute?" she repeated dreamily. "That very first evening?"

"That very first evening!" he declared.

Hester sighed long and contentedly.

Next morning's Palladium informed all and sundry of the engagement between the junior partner of the law firm of McEntee & Barry and the daughter of Professor Maximus Q. Gregg, of Harle University.

Several hours before the Palladium went to press various men who had been spending the evening at the Faculty Club had carried the same tidings home to their wives, having obtained it from a no less reliable source than the exultant Dirck himself.

By breakfast time the story was common property throughout Harleville. Perhaps the only household of any social importance which did not discuss it at the morning meal was that of Professor Gregg himself. The professor did not take the local morning newspaper, choosing that method of punishing its editor for advocating the much-mooted three-year undergraduate course.

Clem Hathaway was not hungry, anyhow, that morning. And when, midway in his breakfast, he came upon the engagement announcement on the fourth page of the Palladium he unconsciously decided that eating is a needless and sickening habit.

Just as he was leaving his rooms, leaden-footed, for the routine of the day, a telephone call stayed him at the threshold. From the far end of the wire came an unhappy little voice, which hailed him in tremulous excitement.

"Oh, I'm so glad I caught you before you went to the bank!" Hester exclaimed as he made a thick and incoherent reply to her shaky greeting. "I'm in such a lot of trouble! Won't you help me?"

"Pardon me," returned Clem with awful stiffness; "but isn't Dirck Barry the man you ought to be calling on now for any sort of help you may want?"

"No!" wailed Hester. "He's just the man I ought not to! Have you seen the Palladium? Isn't it horrible? A dozen people have been calling me up to congratulate me. What am I to do?"

"Perhaps an etiquette book would give you a better idea how to answer them than I could," suggested Clem. "Why not just say 'Thank you—yes; I am very happy!' and let it go at that? It is a harmless answer to a congratulation."

"But I'm not engaged!" she made reply—"not the very least bit. That's the horrible part of it. I've just telephoned to the Palladium to say so. And father heard about it on the way to college. He came straight home. And now he's gone round to the Palladium himself. And after that he is going to the Faculty Club to deny it. And then he is going to interview Dirck Barry.

"I never dreamed dad could be so nearly humanly angry as he was when I told him it wasn't so and when he found that Dirck had announced it at the club. I'm afraid he isn't going to be one bit nice to Dirck. And the Palladium is going to print a retraction to-morrow and say it got the story from Dirck Barry himself, and that I deny there is a word of truth in it."

She stopped to wait for an answer from Clem. But it was a long time coming. And at last it came in the form of a wild burble of:

"I'll be there in ten minutes!"

It was a very calm and self-controlled Hester who awaited Hathaway on the little brown veranda; not in the least the tearfully distracted damsel his telephone talk had led him to expect. Hester read the bewilderment in his look and said demurely:

"We're on a party wire, you know. And the three other families on the same wire get so much real pleasure in listening and then in reporting! I couldn't let the chance slip. And one of them is Dirck Barry's aunt too. I always know when she is listening, because I can hear her parrot swear. Dad just phoned from downtown. He seems to have had a very terrible conversation with Dirck. He says Dirck is coming straight up here, in spite of dad's forbidding him the house. So we haven't much time."

"I—I don't understand," sputtered Clem. "What's—what's it all about? I am at sea. If you and Barry aren't engaged, how did he have the criminal nerve to——"

"But," she asked in sudden solicitude, "since he has gone all round announcing that he is engaged to me and since I'm denying it—well, won't it make him just a little bit ridiculous in Harleville?"

"Ridiculous?" cried Hathaway. "Why, he'll be the joke of the town! He'll never be able to live down such a thing or explain it. People won't stop laughing at him and guying him for five years. He'll never stand it. He'll move away. See if he doesn't! But"—hotly—"before he goes

(Concluded on Page 62)

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests No. 8

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what mileage he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post"

Organization

Figures recently compiled show that the cost of doing business in the branches of a number of important tire manufacturers varies all the way from 1% to 15% of the gross business done.

This difference must be reflected in the selling price. Hence it is important for you to look into the manner in which different tire organizations are conducted.

Michelin users have sometimes wondered how it can be possible to sell Michelins at such low prices in view of the unsurpassed quality which is built into these tires.

The answer lies in the Michelin watchword:—"Economical Efficiency."

Ever since Michelin invented the pneumatic automobile tire 23 years ago, Michelin engineers and efficiency experts have studied means of producing and selling tires more *efficiently*.

Every expenditure that will result in better tires or service has been cheerfully made; but every expense that would not stand this test is scrupulously avoided.

In few, if any, factories will you find efficient manufacturing so thoroughly developed as in the Michelin plants in the United States, England, France and Italy. In no other tire sales organization will you find extravagance so conspicuous by its absence as in Michelin's. Always important, Michelin Efficiency is doubly significant in these times when the welfare of the world demands the elimination of waste.

"Economical Efficiency" has enabled Michelin to supply the motoring world with "better tires for less money."

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
Milltown, New Jersey
Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Limited
782 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal, Canada

CASINGS MICHELIN TUBES

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

(Concluded from Page 60)

someone ought to thrash him for dragging your name into such a thing. He must be insane! You're certain you didn't give him any reason to think—to imagine—to ——"

"Yes," she said contritely; "I'm afraid I did—just a little. You see, I was engaged to him."

"You—you were!" babbled Clem; but she went on:

"Yes; just for a few minutes—long ago. As long ago as nine o'clock last night. Then, as soon as he went home, I sat down and wrote him a note breaking the engagement. And I mailed it to his office, so he'd be sure to get it before noon to-day. But that part of it is a secret. Nobody but you is ever going to know that I was engaged to him at all. He —— Don't look as if you were going to fall apart!" She broke off to command the wretchedly staring and dumb-stricken Hathaway.

Clem tried to speak; to make his miserable thoughts stop revolving like Catherine wheels. But Hester gave him no time to marshal his words. Her manner took on a sudden change—a change that would have done credit to Electra herself if the vengeful Atrides had been brought up with a Persian kitten instead of an Argive dagger for a plaything.

"Do you remember that night I met you at the president's?" she demanded. "The night you were the only man who didn't laugh at me or shun me as if I was a dangerous maniac? Do you know why they did that?

"Dirck Barry started it all. He would send them to talk to me, and then make fun of me with them afterward. He made me make a fool of myself at dinner. He made me do and say things that turn me cold when I let myself think of them. He stamped me before everyone as a bore and a freak. And a bore and a freak I'd have been as long as I lived here—and as left-alone as Robinson Crusoe too—if you hadn't put me on my feet. And I'd have owed it all to Dirck Barry.

"I had plenty of time to think it out before you came to the rescue. It may sound silly to you; but I made up my mind that some day I'd make Dirck Barry as ridiculous and as ashamed as he had made me. And—and I honestly think I've done it. Honestly, I do! It was a perfectly vile way for me to do, I suppose; and I'll probably be more and more disgusted with myself every time I think of it. But he did need it!"

Still, the man sat gaping, dazed. She continued, with a queer hardness in her tone that stung him:

"A man can't understand; but any girl would. Men aren't wallflowers. They can always go somewhere or other for a good time. A girl has to wait till the good time is brought to her. If it isn't brought she never has it. And Dirck Barry kept it from being brought to me. He did it because that was his idea of being funny. Well, this engagement plan was my idea of being funny.

"The people who don't laugh him out of town will cut him for a cad. They did much worse to me. They all kept away from me. I came here, just a kid, with no more knowledge—except book knowledge—than a three-year-old baby. And I looked forward to everything—the way a baby looks forward to Santa Claus' visit. I thought it would be heavenly to have girl friends of my own age and to meet men who were not old enough to be my father.

"I meant no harm. I was doing the very best I knew how to make a good impression. And Dirck made the men laugh at me. And he must have told the girls I was impossible, too, for none of them came to see me. I used to wish I was dead. My chief amusement, those first evenings, was to sit alone on this porch and see how long I could keep from crying."

"Lord!" ejaculated Clem, momentarily finding his tongue in a gust of indignant pity as he pictured the scene and recalled, at the same time, Dirck's witty term of Dubbess.

"The longer I sat here," pursued Hester, "the worse I hated Dirck Barry; and the harder I prayed for a chance to punish him. Then came my idea. I couldn't work it out alone, so I got you to help me. Now you hate me! Don't you? And we're enemies! And I'd rather be enemies with anyone else in the world. Honestly, I would—Clem!"

With a start, as of a man coming out of a dream, Hathaway realized she was no longer speaking; also that her eyes were slowly filling with tears as she looked at him.

"Yes," he said heavily, and through no volition of his own, as he continued to stare in dull fascination at the girl's brimming eyes. "Yes; I suppose we are enemies—you and I—if you say so. And that means I'm a better Christian than ever I expected to be; for, God knows, I love my enemy!"

He spoke with no emotion at all. But, the bungling words once out, he seemed to know, for the first time, what he had said. And he looked apprehensively at Hester, as though hoping she had not understood.

She tried to speak again—in the forcedly hard tone of her earlier confession. But, for some reason, her sweet voice began to play all kinds of tricks with her as she answered irrelevantly:

"Do you see that red smudge back of my left ear? I did that, rubbing off the nearest approach to a kiss that Dirck Barry was able to give me. I washed it till it burned. . . . It—it must be nice to be kissed by someone whose kisses you don't have to rub away afterward. Even the kiss of—of an enemy must be ——"

She got no farther; for—luckier than most conjecturers—she found herself able to prove, at that very moment, the truth of her own theory.

Presently a ring at the front door jarred the experimenters back to sanity.

"That must be Dirck Barry!" said Hester. "I'm too happy to talk to him now. You go and see him—won't you, dear? And—explain! Please do! It ought to be very easy. Why not just tell him the Palladium printer must have made a blunder in setting the announcement and used the name Barry by mistake for Hathaway? I'm quite sure that is the sort of joke to make Dirck Barry laugh happily and forget his troubles. . . . Did anybody ever tell you how cunningly your hair curls over that cowlick, Clem?"

BERLIN DAYS

(Continued from Page 13)

There were practically no entertainments by Germans after the war began, except for official reasons. A few rich people who gave their young people a good time were much criticized therefor. One of these families, whom we knew, had some young girls in their household, and at Christmas time had a few intimate friends in for dinner, but as soon as that was discovered by older officers in Berlin all young officers were forbidden to go to this house. Dancing was not permitted during the war. There were places where dancing went on, but the police were active in breaking them up.

A young man who was in one of the guard regiments, which were about wiped out twice over early in the war, told me a few days before he was to be married to a very sweet girl that he could never go back into the army, he had been so badly wounded. I suggested that, after all, he had done his part and was alive and ought to be happy.

He said: "Yes, but I haven't a friend left in the world. All the men I knew and grew up with were in my regiment, and they are all dead except for a couple who are blind, and one a worse cripple than I. We can never be together again."

He felt life really held nothing for him. I suppose his marriage was one of convenience. To see some handsome young officer or stalwart soldier totally blind, even while otherwise perfectly healthy, was an awful thing to me. There was one we saw who was nineteen years of age and the head of an old and distinguished house. He appeared perfectly all right when walking about with his soldier orderly, but when soldiers passed him and saluted and he didn't return the salute it was not necessary to see the pitying look to know that his wound had brought total blindness.

As the winter of 1916-1917 went on, food grew more and more scarce, until the poor suffered terribly and the well-to-do were hard put to it. Only the rich, who could get game or produce from their estates or who had money enough to buy more than their share at high prices, got on well. Everyone you ran across—man, woman or child—had grown thin, and some of them pathetically so. Many sickly people died for want of some particular nourishment, and many very old people just passed away with the strain. When one remembers the foods that should be given to the very old, the very young and to ill people, and realizes that there were practically none of them to be had, it is no wonder that many couldn't stand it.

Beyond the very limited ration allowed by the government one could not buy eggs, butter, milk, sugar, flour, meat or a single dainty thing that one would naturally give a sick person. All these things were bought on presentation of food cards, and the amounts one got with these cards were almost impossible to live on. The meat allowance was one-half pound for an individual for a week. Most of that winter one person was allowed one egg in two weeks, something like a tenth of a pound of butter and no white bread at all. The black bread was by no manner of means what used to be called black bread in Germany, but a horrible stuff in which I personally have seen sawdust, and which was almost liquid in the center. Baking at home was not permitted. All bread had to be bought at a bakeshop. This was to prevent people from using a larger proportion of real flour than the law allowed.

It really seemed to me that there was nothing left but turnips, potatoes and sometimes game and poultry at prices way beyond all reason. These last, up to our leaving, had not been put on the card system, a concession to the rich. I myself paid forty dollars for a turkey, which would have made living impossible but for the fact that a turkey was seldom to be had. My servants were eating crow and horse meat among other things at the time I left, but even these were at high prices.

Those attached to the embassy were allowed special privileges in food purchases, which, though I never used them, made me feel safer. We were able to import whatever we needed that would stand the long trip from England via The Hague. These boxes of groceries were put under diplomatic seal in Holland. It would take about six weeks for them to come through. We had to get used to living out of cans. Occasionally we were able to get butter and eggs from Sweden or Denmark by virtue of our position. The greater part of the time the egg cards of the five adults—my husband, myself and the three servants—yielded altogether only enough to give the baby one every few days.

Now this food-card system is one thing on paper and a very different thing in actual fact. The servants were more than recompensed for the lack of the eggs by the fats that they got from our imported foodstuffs. Lack of fats in the diet told on German physique in civil life more than any other food loss. Special precautions were taken by the government to provide an extra supply for the forces and for those in the munition factories.

Every expectant mother, and every woman after her child was born, and every very young child was allowed a specified amount of milk, none being sold to grown people. But delivery of this milk to the mothers was prohibited by law; they had to go and stand—many of them with tiny children in their arms—at the places of delivery, usually the street corners. Women of means were allowed to send their maids into the street with a pail and card and wait, sometimes several hours, until the regular milk wagon drove up. I have seen out of my own windows lines of women, many of them not in a condition to be about at all, standing knee-deep in the snow for hours waiting for their milk.

Almost the same thing went on with butter, meat and other foods, for the dealer generally did not have enough for all he was listed to supply. The result was that a queue was formed often hours before the store opened, the poor people standing in line for fear they would be the last and would get nothing. Lines of two hundred persons could be seen in practically every street as one went by. The physical strain on the women who must run about and get their food in this way or go without was great.

The sad and awful thought was often in my mind that children born into the world in Germany at this time cannot possibly develop into vigorous manhood and womanhood. It was a terrible thing for me to live among these people, who from a political standpoint I hoped would be starved into submission, and yet see little children hungry. But the masters of Germany would rather see them starve than lose the war.

I was walking down the Linden one afternoon shortly before we left when a child stepped up to me and said: "Can you give me a bit of bread?" When I said "No" and offered him a mark he said: "But what for? I cannot buy bread with money."

I had a feeling of helplessness such as I never had before. All through the winter I hoped and prayed that we might get away before we saw the misery grow greater. My own little child of three years had an unusually high color, and my maid used to tell me that people stopped her in the streets to ask whose baby it was, and when she told them they would say: "Oh, yes; of course people in the embassies can get food enough, and that is why she looks like that."

This made me miserable when I saw poor white-faced little children about.

Our flour came from England, and bread was baked in our own kitchen. Sometimes when going off for the day we would take sandwiches with us. After several times finding ourselves the object of ill-natured comment we learned to hide the sandwiches so as not to call attention to the fact that we were both privileged and foreigners. Once a secret service man investigated our identity in a railroad station because he saw us eat white bread.

One time I was amused by a railroad conductor who came into our compartment when we were traveling and demanded to see our passports, because he said some man in the train had heard us speaking English. My husband was on duty and had his sword with him, and when I asked why he supposed we spoke English without concealment and why my husband carried a sword if he was a spy, he said: "Well, this man told me he might be an escaped prisoner." Where he was supposed to have got the sword I do not know.

The British and French prisoners of war were occasionally supplied with white bread in packages shipped to them from home or from a central bakery in Switzerland, which was run for the purpose by their national authorities. A number of cases of recapture of prisoners occurred, due to their innocently producing and eating white bread during their travels toward the border.

In summing up food conditions in Germany from the beginning of the war to the date of our leaving, February 10, 1917, I am impressed with the fact that as time progressed there was always a steady general decline in the food obtainable. From year to year and from season to season there was always less. One thing might be increased for a season, but another would be decreased in greater amount. There were always promises that fine crops were soon to do away with want or that conquests had opened up new sources of supply. Perhaps they did, but if so they served only to tide over an otherwise impossible situation.

I am convinced that if to-day the Allied soldiers could sweep through the German military lines they would be welcomed as deliverers by great sections of the poor of Germany.

Making a great celebration at Christmas is very much encouraged by the authorities, as it is a part of the scheme to make the people love the Fatherland. They think themselves the only people that celebrate Christmas. A German officer once told one of our attachés how little Americans knew about Christmas in their country. He did not even believe we knew about Christmas trees. This young man assured him that we did, though he said: "When I come to think of it, I believe that the custom was introduced into our country by the Hessians, who were hired out to fight us and later settled there." Be that as it may, Christmas was a great time with them.

We had had a Christmas-tree celebration each year for our children and always included many of our own friends as well as theirs. We had eggnog and tea for the grown people and used to give all manner

(Continued on Page 65)

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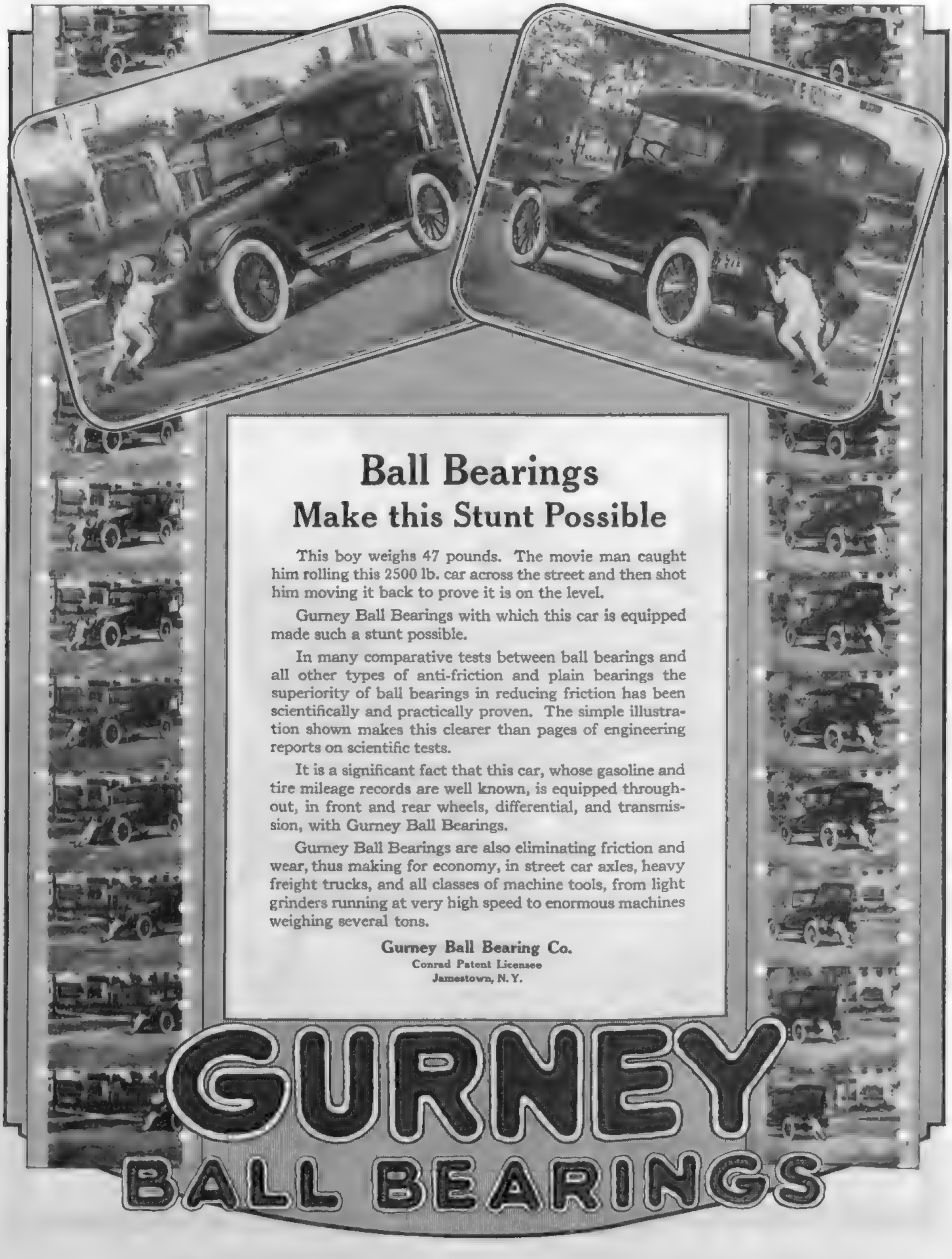

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GURNEY
BALL BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 62)

of mechanical toys to the men, which they invariably got down on the floor and played with before the afternoon was over. One year we got together all the mechanical birds and ducks we could find and some popguns, and the men proceeded to give a representation of a duck hunt in the middle of the dining-room floor.

The Germans never knew quite what to make of us when we amused ourselves in some foolish way, but on this occasion the court architect was there, and on seeing the emperor a few hours later he described our hunt to him—much to his amusement, he told us afterward. In that way gossip traveled about Berlin in a few hours.

When in 1916 there was nothing to make a celebration out of, the people were very sad. There wasn't a single confectionery left open. They could not make the big Christmas cake, which they called *Stollen* and which in peacetimes no one was so poor as to have to be without. Our servants used to hang out of our windows by turns to keep an eye on a little shop near us, which opened up once in so often to sell "*Keks*," as they called a sweetish biscuit. These were all that were left for sale of cake or candy goods, and only half a pound could be bought by one person. Even then one had to be on hand when the lines started or the *keks* were gone before one's turn came.

Next to sweets the most natural thing to give each other for Christmas in wartimes seemed useful clothing, but there again they could do nothing, for every garment had to be applied for and obtained like the food by the presentation of a card signed by the police. One could buy only rather less than one actually needed, and then only when satisfactory proof was given of the necessity. Many an amusing cartoon came out in their papers of people showing the police just how worn out their garments were.

Imagine not being able to buy a hat or a pair of shoes, or any of the numerous things that go between these, without permission! Nor material of any kind for the making of them either. I tried to buy some yellow mull once, which really didn't seem to me a thing that could possibly have a military value, but I had to get permission. A man friend of mine sent a pair of pet English flannel trousers, which he could not duplicate in Germany, to have a small piece put in them where they were worn out, but they were returned to him until he could get and send to the tailor the necessary permission to buy the piece of white flannel needed for the repair.

Gloomy Holidays

Just after Christmas one of my servants came to me and asked if I could get her permission to buy material to make a waist, for she had used up the permission she had got to buy material in purchasing for her sister a waist for a Christmas present. The police would not give her another permission until that waist she was supposed to have was worn out. I did not feel I could do this for her; so her sister, who lived in another town, had to get permission for a waist for herself and send the material back to my maid.

It was not only wearing apparel that one could not get without permission, but table linen, blankets, washcloths—practically anything made of cotton, wool or leather.

We went to three Christmas celebrations that year, 1916. Each in its way was as sad as anything I ever saw. We had a tree in our soup kitchen for the children of soldiers who had been killed. There were toys, and we managed to get together a little candy, hot chocolate and one useful garment for each. We tried to give them a good time, and there was really no reason why the children should not have enjoyed it, but the poor things had been taught a number of sad verses, principally about the departed, which custom dictated they should recite, and the mothers—small blame to them—wept continually. Then they sang that Heilige Nacht, which is always a German Christmas song, and so full of associations with these sad gatherings that I hate even the tune of it.

Perhaps they all went home better for having had a good cry; but it was a dreary party.

The next day there was the Christmas tree at the Blind Soldiers' Home, with all the stilted formality of a German social affair. There were a large number of socially prominent people present. A clergyman gave an address to these poor souls, in which he said over and over such things as: "You men will never see a Christmas tree again . . . never know the light of the candles on it . . . never see the smiles of your friends round you"; and a few more gruesome remarks, until we wondered that someone did not stop him. He ended up with the suggestion that what was sight after all to those who had lost it for *Gott und Vaterland*. There was not a particle of cheer during that entire afternoon.

On the third day we went to Ruleben, the prison camp for British civil prisoners of war outside Berlin, where, being British, they were putting the very best face on it they could. The embassy went out together and were received like long-lost friends by these poor men, who rarely saw a face with a look of sympathy on it for them. An occasion like this came once a year. There were thousands of them, and each individual one seemed to hope that one of us would manage to say one word of greeting to him especially. I suppose they never saw any other women. We were escorted into their theater, a place fixed up for this special purpose under the grand stand of the race track. There we saw a most delightfully done performance of Cinderella, of all things, with good music by an orchestra of some sixty players.

A Matter of Taste

There were many fine musicians there, as numbers of the Englishmen in Berlin at the outbreak of the war were there for the purpose of studying music. There was acting and producing talent and an excellent chorus, the young men got up as girls appearing better than any chorus at the musical shows of Berlin. They did it with a lot of spirit and with many a joke about getting back to England. It was their third Christmas in Ruleben, with no hope in sight; so many of them young and their youth slipping away from them with nothing to show for it.

There was something very sweet about these men trying to cheer themselves and their companions in misery with a childish play such as Cinderella. It was hard to turn one's back on them and go away when the show was over, but except on duty and for inspection purposes members of the embassy were not expected, and visitors were not permitted.

That Christmas I took my little girl down to Wertheim, a huge department store on the Leipziger Strasse, to see the toy exhibit they always have at this time for children. There were dolls and manikins of all sorts representing fairy tales, usually with many of the figures moving. It is always a delight to young children, but this year I found to my horror that besides tableaux showing soldiers in the trenches, and so on, the principal things were the representation of the sinking of a passenger ship by a submarine with the passengers in the water struggling for help, and a vivid representation of an air raid on London, where the inhabitants would look out through skylights in the roof, see a Zeppelin coming and then duck in terror as the airship flew over, dropping bombs that started fires everywhere. Everyone seemed to enjoy this exhibit. The German women of my acquaintance to whom I spoke of it did not seem to have the slightest feeling against it; so whether they liked the blowing up of the Lusitania or not they were quite willing to bring their children up to see such things celebrated.

On my return to America so many people who had had friends in Germany would say to me that surely Frau So-and-so or Captain von Something had remained cordial and friendly to us, even if others had not. They could not understand when I told them that everyone changed after the war; not to us personally, but their whole attitude toward all Americans was that of suspicion and dislike. Many people came over during the war who had had friends in Germany, and invariably they told us during the first weeks of their stay that they had had no trouble with people and expected to get on perfectly. That would be because the Germans used every effort with all newcomers to make them pro-German, and were cordial and friendly until they found out that they could not make them disloyal to America. Then they would turn and behave as they had to the rest of us, and these people would realize just what we all went through and feel exactly as we did. There was practically no exception to this if the person who came to Berlin stayed there any length of time. I am sure there are many here who have lived in Germany before the war who feel convinced that they could have remained on good terms with their German friends, but it does not seem to me reasonable to suppose that they could have done so when no one who did try it was successful.

The Germans believe in their newspapers with an incredible faith; America was always being pictured as their enemy, and in addition they were jealous of our profitable business while they were doing none. I can understand those who had friends in Germany imagining that they could still get on with them if thrown with them, but they must by this time realize that there is a side to the German character other than the one they knew.

This other side has been shown plainly since the war began. Belgium, which was only the beginning of their work, showed the world that they were not to be trusted; Poland had freedom promised and has had nothing given her but a greater oppression than even Belgium. The Russians made peace at Brest Litovsk, and the result is being shown from day to day in the steady inroads of German troops throughout Russia.

What the Hohenzollerns, who are typical Germans, did in other countries is shown by the actions of the Emperor's sister, Sophia of Greece, and the Czarina, both of whom helped destroy their husbands' countries; the Queen of Sweden, the emperor's relative, has helped exploit that country for Germany's benefit. Meantime the agents of the Kaiser in their own countries were preventing the development of democratic government. They were trying, and succeeding to some extent, in making Americans believe that Japan was our enemy, and spent lavishly to keep Mexico at enmity with us.

After the war started and while this country was absolutely neutral thousands of agents were actively employed to destroy American life and property. The pro-Germans with whom we were thrown used to say that they did not see that it was any worse for us in Berlin than for Bernstorff and his embassy in Washington, and seemed hurt when I suggested that we had done not one thing against Germany, whereas it had been proved beyond question that both the German and Austrian Embassies in Washington were deliberately misusing the trust and privileges allowed them as diplomats, and were continuing to do so.

Waiting for News

As the holidays passed that year, 1916, we all began to feel that our days were numbered. There were continual rumors that unrestricted submarine warfare would be declared, and as we got confirmation of this we became certain that we should not stay much longer. Most of us, I think, were pretty well packed up, though we each denied it. I remember someone's asking one day what we women talked about at a lunch where there were some German women. I told them that we talked principally about things that we were not thinking about.

I say we were packed up, but by that I mean simply our clothes and very smallest possessions, for when the time came we could take nothing but trunks with us. Personally, I had brought several trunks to America the summer before, full of smaller things and silver, because I felt sure that we should have to leave everything behind us when the break came. In the trunks that came with us I managed to put the rest of the silver that I had and a few keepsakes, which I am very thankful for now, as we shall probably never again see our house furnishings or other belongings that we were obliged to leave behind—my apartment full of things that I had taken over with me.

I remember so well the day we heard that relations were broken. We had waited for it so long, and wondered how and when it would come, that we were hardly able to realize it. It was the greatest relief, though we knew that there would be war and I knew that my husband would go at once to sea. Even so, we were glad that we were through with living in a country where we were despised, where they pretended they thought we were too cowardly and mercenary to go to war, and where one was obliged to have at least formal relations with those whose behavior was such that one would

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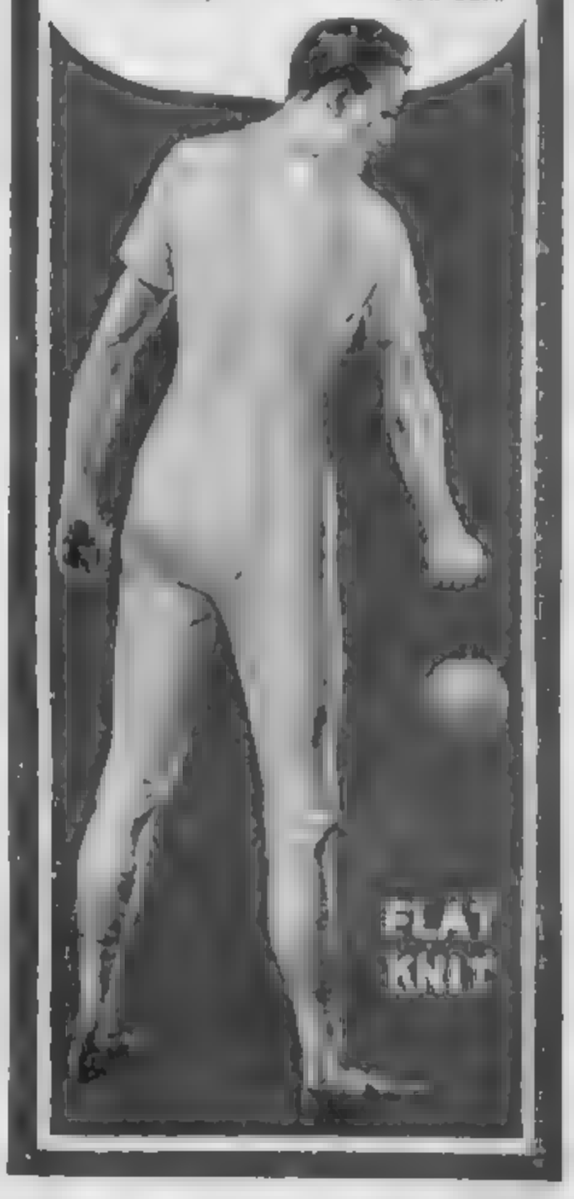

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never have to put up with it for an instant under any other conditions—a country where the dominant class hated our country, our language, our ideals and ourselves.

We had expected that there would be a great deal of feeling, but frankly I saw nothing among the plain people themselves but a kind of blank amazement and horror to them that they had taken on another enemy, and of all countries—America! I mean people in the streets, in the shops, servants, and so on. Several different types of people said to me: "Well, it seems to me that we are forsaken by God and man." In several shops where I went to pay my bills tears came into the eyes of some of the shopkeepers when they told me good-by.

They count tremendously upon American trade. Before the war tourists brought millions there each year. They often spoke about how polite Americans were to them. It is not to be wondered at that they felt that way after the manner in which they are treated by their own people.

Even in the streets people seemed dulled and stupefied by this news, and there were no demonstrations against us. I suppose the police were everywhere on the job, and certainly the secret service were, but officially we were treated as prisoners in not being allowed to telephone or get mail; the Ambassador was not permitted to communicate with his own country. However, I went about the streets alone up to the day we left, and there was none of that "*Verdammte Amerikaner*" yelled at one, as there often had been before.

The special train provided for the embassy to leave Berlin left at about eight o'clock at night, and we by some accident went to the main entrance of the depot instead of to a private one that had been arranged for the embassy to use. As we pulled up at the entrance to the station I heard mumblings against us in the crowd, but I knew that it was thoroughly policed and had only just one moment's anxiety while we found where our train was. I had always felt that they particularly hated the military and naval attachés, and as my husband was the only one left I had some fear, until we were actually over the border, that they would try to find some grounds upon which to hold him or that some crank might do him a harm. All this seems foolish and useless worry now, but it was very keen at that time.

Funny Experiences

We were quite comfortable on the train and well treated, but nothing can ever describe our feelings when all the soldiers and officers who were protecting our train had left us on the German side of the border and we pulled into the station on the Swiss side and were met with enthusiasm by the Swiss. I sometimes wonder if even a prisoner was any happier to get out of Germany than I.

From the time we arrived at Berne until we sailed from Corunna, Spain, we were continually entertained and treated with the greatest consideration. We heard our country praised, which was like balm to our poor feelings, as we had heard nothing but slurs cast upon it for so long.

I had very funny experiences, as my child of three, who was with me, could not speak a word of anything but German. She had had a German nurse, and I purposely let her speak only German so that in the streets she would not attract attention, because she could never have been made to understand that she must not speak English if she had known how. I could not and would not bring my German nurse, and after I got over the French border I could not have people hear her speak German and I had many amusing and often trying experiences trying to keep her quiet. In Paris the child was kept in her room or taken to drive in a taxi so that no one could hear her, and when by accident anyone did I had to go into full explanations of why she did it and who I was. But when I would say that I had to let her speak German so that the Germans would not illtreat her, people immediately had sympathy with me.

I shall never forget the night we arrived on the French border, at about eleven o'clock, when the poor child was already pretty tired. We were all kept carefully together so that no outsiders could attach themselves to us and get over the border under the pretense of belonging to the embassy. We all went into a restaurant in the depot to get a bite to eat, as we had had no dinner, but as this child stepped into the room she said at the top of her lungs, in German, "I cannot stay here. It smells bad," and kept repeating it until there was nothing to do but take her out, and the only other place to sit was on a bench in the cold outside the station.

Here I sat comforting the child in German and making myself considerably suspected. Explanations had to be made, and I noticed that a special guard walked up and down in front of us the whole time we sat there; all of which had its element of humor, but was hard on my poor child. She could not understand that there was more than one language and was made almost ill with bewilderment by not being able to understand anyone, and terrified if she was for a moment out of my sight.

Germany Weakening

Though the Germans all along tried to make us believe that their man power was limitless one could see the contrary. Almost any day in the week soldiers just drawn in, some often without uniforms, were on their way to the railroad stations, and month by month they grew to be physically a poorer-looking lot—whiter, thinner and older. We ourselves knew of many men totally unfit for military service who at first had been told they would never be called. After the really fit were taken these also were obliged to go. The authorities claimed that they would not go to the front lines, and perhaps they didn't, but conditions were such that all men seemed to be mobilized for some work, even if not for the actual Front.

Germany may go on for a long time yet, but to my mind she grows weaker with every day that passes. They began by picking their best and have gone on almost to their worst. The boys who were fourteen and younger at the beginning of the war, and now are of an age to fight, have not had proper care of any sort during these years. They have been undernourished and living in a most depressing atmosphere, which has grown steadily worse. Though the Germans make tremendous territorial gains in a military way and are always saying "Look at the map," to show how splendidly they are doing, I think that many of them, both of the lower classes, who feel the strain, and of the upper classes, who know what Germany's resources are, realize that there is a limit to the length of time they can hold out. Exhaustion will make them stop in time. How soon this will be cannot be predicted, and exactly where or how the exhaustion will manifest itself is not possible to know. It may be materials for ammunition or clothing or food, we know not what; perhaps something that we don't even suspect. They must obtain from abroad many things that they need and don't produce, and I believe that they know how long they can hold out, even if we do not.

Between 1914 and 1917 the railroads had run down and transportation grew more difficult in every way. There were few horses and little gasoline to run motors, to add to the deterioration of the railroads. Germans often talked of what they would do with the land they conquered and of the quantities of food they could raise on it. I have heard owners of estates tell of the difficulties of farming without horses to draw the plows or traction engines or artificial fertilizers, to say nothing of lack of farm hands even with prisoner-of-war labor.

When Rumania was overrun there was endless talk of food and oils that would be available. But there was never an ounce increase on the food cards, nor one more taxi in the streets than there had been before.

The necessity for caring for the fighting forces has led to much neglect among the noncombatant portion of the population. The doctors are taken out of small cities to the extent of leaving people totally uncared for; even in hospitals the patients cannot get good food, and restrictions too numerous to mention have a depressing effect on the soldiers as they get home and realize it. Though I do not believe that a revolution will take place inside of Germany at the present time, I do believe that the men will grow harder and harder to drive and therefore of less and less use. I so often heard, particularly the latter part of my time there, the soldiers as well as their families speak of the terrible slaughter and suffering, and say: "But why? We were prosperous before, and what did we want? What shall we get out of it?"

In the course of housekeeping, shopping and charity work I went about a great deal in the market squares, the shops, the subway and such places, and heard many a conversation that was not meant for me. I spent three years in Germany as a girl and I speak and understand the language readily. I know how the people felt. These things were not said for my benefit. My hearing them and my nationality were unknown. I honestly believe the great mass of German people are driven like animals, but lack the sense to turn. I think there is no question that they are shot down or bayoneted from behind without mercy, if they show the slightest symptom of not wanting to go forward in battle. Jails and insane asylums are used to silence those who show power to spread disaffection. Liebknecht is only one of many who have been put away for fear of the spread of a doctrine calling for peace and conciliation.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mrs. Gherardi.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 50)

Amelita Galli-Curci

the compliment as a pianist, Mascagni put upon my hook one of another, and wholly unexpected, kind. "Your voice will do better for you, Lita, than your piano," said the great composer, and left me to think about what he had said. I cannot adequately describe the effect of those words. But they hit their mark, and within a year I had prepared the rôle of Gilda in Rigoletto, and made what was described as a successful début at the Costanzi Theater, in Rome.

From that night, in 1907, until now I have tried to hold to two purposes—to be ready to meet each important opportunity that came to me, and to attain a high position in my art. Italy, Egypt, South America, Spain, Central America and the United States were all good to me. With the people of this wonderful country treating me as one of their own it is only natural that I should be planning to spend most of my time among them. In the summers I shall live in my home in the Catskills; but the winter will find me singing, in opera and in concert—and happy in that day which brought me to the land of the free.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

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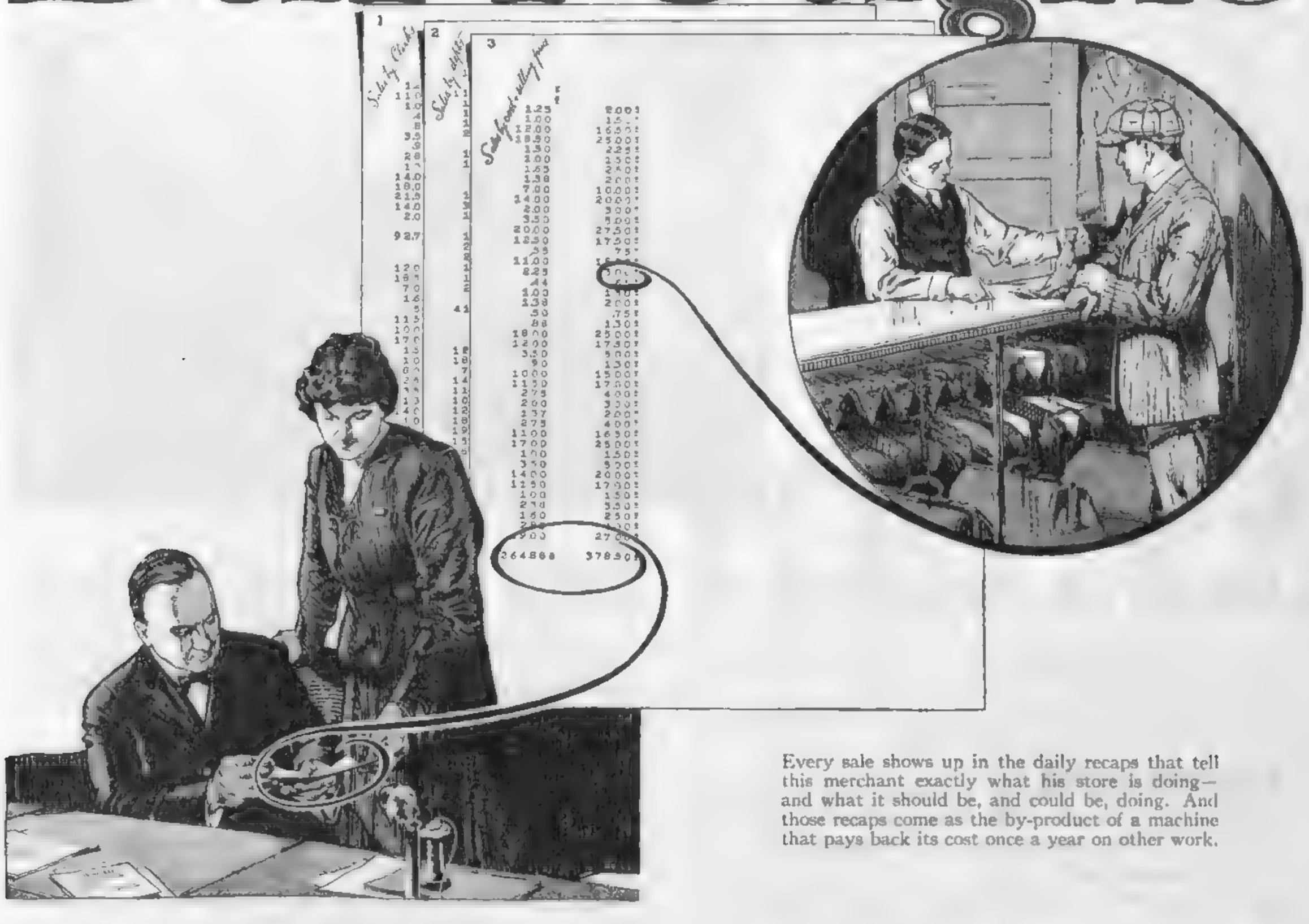

Every sale shows up in the daily recaps that tell this merchant exactly what his store is doing—and what it should be, and could be, doing. And those recaps come as the by-product of a machine that pays back its cost once a year on other work.

The Good I Get from Figures

By H. G. Larimer, of Hollinger & Larimer, Clothiers, Chariton, Iowa

Here's the whole story of what each clerk and each department sold yesterday; what was cash and what charged—with cost, selling price and profit in every case.

With these figures I can't help seeing which departments are profitable and should be expanded; which ones are overstocked and need special effort; which ones are running low and can be brought up.

I can't help seeing which clerks are earning, or how sales and profits compare with last month and last year, or what is healthy and right in my business and what isn't.

Therefore these figures tell me what and when to buy, how to mark up the stock, and how to speed the turnover. They're easy to read, and they tell me nothing but facts.

The retailer who doesn't have such figures put before him every day evidently doesn't know that they're easy to get. Mine come cheaply because our Burroughs Machine compiles them in a few minutes every morning. That Burroughs has more than paid for itself on our general figure work in every one of the four years we've used it—aside from the value of these daily reports by which we run the business.

The Burroughs that Mr. Larimer uses is one of more than a hundred models in a line that includes adding, bookkeeping and calculating machines and provides a type of machine which fits into any kind and size of business. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada. Burroughs offices are also maintained in all the principal cities abroad.

WHAT ABOUT THE HIGHWAYS?

What we do in this war is definitely limited by our transportation facilities. Railroads and highways are now wholly inadequate. But only our highways are capable of quick and flexible expansion. *Permanently constructed road systems,* which will stand heavy motor truck traffic and connect main producing centers, are as necessary to winning the war as are ships and guns.

A main highway, "Somewhere in Pennsylvania"

Industry has been hampered because railroads could not carry the fuel and raw materials needed for the vast output of war. Motor trucks have had to go to the relief. But motor trucks cannot operate efficiently nor economically without a hard, even road surface that remains so in all kinds of weather.

Commerce of war has first call on our railroad facilities. Other business will have to take its chances. Short-haul rail traffic will be discouraged if not prohibited. Without interurban truck service over our highways, merchants will run short of goods and the consumer will feel the pinch of doing without.

Agriculture is making records to keep a steady stream of foodstuffs flowing from farm to shipping point and from shipping point overseas to feed our army and our allies. We at home must rely more and more upon perishable produce which cannot be shipped abroad. But a steady and abundant supply in city markets cannot be assured unless motor trucks can operate at good speed over roads which are passable every day in the year.

Labor is short. Every worker left at home has double duty to perform. Machinery must be made to multiply man power. Fast-moving and heavily laden trucks must replace teams and drivers—***provided the roads permit.*** In this way time will be saved and many more men released for war needs.

War means quick movement of marching troops, endless motor truck trains, heavy batteries of cannon. And quick movement means broad, hard, even roads. Military authorities in this country have repeatedly called attention to our lack of strategic highways so solidly built that they can stand the weight and speed of military maneuver. Concrete roads should radiate from training camps, forts, munition, industrial and producing centers like the spokes of a giant wheel. They may some day prove our defense against hostile invasion.

Most war production is finally and completely consumed—wasted. Not so with the effort expressed in ***roads of concrete.*** *They are an enduring asset destined, both in war and peace, to play as important a rôle in the development of national welfare and wealth as did the railways in an earlier era.*

What it costs to build important highways of concrete is a small item compared with what they earn. The labor required is nothing compared with the man power they release and the wealth they create. Railway equipment needed for hauling the necessary materials of construction is an infinitesimal part of the transportation facilities they provide. ***Concrete roads are needed now to help win the war.*** They mean investing money in permanent construction instead of wasting it in temporary repairs.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

ATLANTA DALLAS DETROIT INDIANAPOLIS MILWAUKEE NEW YORK PITTSBURGH SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON, D. C.
CHICAGO DENVER HELENA KANSAS CITY MINNEAPOLIS PARKERSBURG SALT LAKE CITY SEATTLE

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

OPEN SESAME

(Continued from Page 16)

"They got him," nodded the boy; "but, you bet, he got some of them first! They give him something—a medal; but that don't do him much good after he's dead."

"Dead?"

Larry snatched the paper from the boy's hands. The paragraph was brief enough. Private Larry Young in a raid on the enemy's trenches had been one of the first Americans killed in the war. It seems he had been wounded early in the scrimmage but had tried to shoulder a wounded comrade and crawl back with him. A shell had killed them both. The French Government had decorated what was left of him with the Croix de Guerre.

Larry stood in the center of the cabin with his breath coming as at the end of a long run. Moran was dead! He was dead. He did not exist any more. But he had died game. He had died as he wished.

The boy was running on:

"Gee," he said, "but I'd like to be over there! They won't take me 'cause I'm only seventeen. It's a damned-fool rule. I'm stronger than a lot of 'em they're takin'. Why, I useter see this Larry round town and I could ha' thrown him with one hand tied behind my back. He wasn't nothin'—tall and kind of skinny. He looked something like you, Mike, only there warn't no beef on him. I could ha' thrown him with one hand tied. Sure I could!

"But he had the stuff in him, all right. You can't never tell by the looks of a frog how far he'll jump, can you? He's made good, and Benton's goneter be proud of him. Why, afore I left the girls had a Larry Young Club. An' they had a piece in the paper about him with a picter of his uncle what was killed at Gettysburg. They did look kinder alike."

Jim picked up the paper, which had fallen from Larry's hand to the floor. He bent over it again, running his blunt finger along the printed lines as he read.

"What's this thing they give him?" he asked.

"It's a medal for bravery," answered Larry dully.

"Well, he earned it, all right. D'you see what he done? He was wounded an' the feller next him was wounded. He got the other feller on his back and tried to crawl back with him. Say, but he had nerve! He come from Benton. I useter see him. I know his folks."

Somehow Larry found the door and staggered off into the twilight. He stumbled down the first wood road out of sight. He sat down with his back against the stump of a big pine.

Moran was dead and he had died game. Why, it seemed only a few days ago that he had been alive and in New York. Now he was dead. At that moment it was as though something died in Larry. God knows what it was. Perhaps it was the evil part of Moran—the part that had served the sentence at Sing Sing; the part that, blear-eyed, had schemed for a drink that afternoon Larry met him; the part that the stranger at Bridgeport had recalled; the part that had hung about Larry's neck like the Old Man of the Sea.

Clear-eyed, his body tingling, Larry sprang to his feet. He might have been facing the new Moran—the Moran who had crawled out of his skin on that bloody field in Flanders and emerged a man. For in being dead, Moran was no longer dead. He had been reborn, that was all. Clean, upright, his face shining, he stood that moment in the twilight of the North Woods before a Larry who had been reborn.

The old Moran was dead; the new Moran should live forever. And the duty of seeing this fulfilled developed upon this other new man. As far as Moran himself was concerned perhaps it did not matter. Before God it did not matter under what name he died—he had made his redeeming sacrifice. But it mattered to Larry. He felt like running back to the bunk house and telling the boy the truth. Then he must go on to St. Croix and tell the truth. Then on to New York and proclaim it far and wide.

He took three steps toward the cabin, and paused. But if he did that he must tell the whole story. He was not thinking of himself—not even of Elaine, and the folks back home whom the blow would kill. He was still thinking of Moran, and Moran alone. If he told the whole story, then he must bring back again the old Moran. And that seemed a pity even though it was possible that in his new-found glory the old Moran would not count to the world any more than he counted to God.

But the world was not God. The New York newspapers particularly were not God. They might use the past to heighten the dramatic effect of the present.

Then Larry had the truest inspiration of his whole life. His own sense of the dramatic was possibly partly responsible but, nevertheless, the vision was sound. Moran had shown him the way, and he had only to follow. What Moran had done he could do. He must accomplish for the new Moran what the new Moran had accomplished for him. That name must go down into history as the name of Young was going. So both their pasts should be buried and only the present stand.

With his head upright and his back as stiff as a soldier's, Larry returned to the cabin. Jim had gathered a small group about and was telling over and over again his story, elaborating it with each telling.

"Him and me came from the same town. I was a little feller then, but I've been as nigh to him as I am to Mike over there. He went to New York and got a fine job in a store there. Some folks useter think he was a kinder dude 'cause he useter like to dress up. Guess they'll change their tune. He had the stuffin' in him; eh, Mike?"

"Yes," answered Larry.

He could sit there listening now. It was as though they were talking about him.

To the disgust of the boss Larry left the next morning and hiked back the ten-mile stretch to St. Croix. He made it in two hours and felt as fresh at the end of it as when he started. He took an early train for Boston and, landing there too late to do anything that night, secured a room at a hotel. He turned in and slept soundly until morning.

He did not know how he was going to enlist. Moran had spoken of the difficulties, but that was the old Moran. He had a supreme faith amounting almost to a religious conviction that he would find a way. Men were more urgently needed now than they were then, and that might make a difference.

Could he give another name, that would help. But he could not do that. He must enlist as Michael J. Moran, because it was as that he meant to die. He must go on the records by that name and no other. This was essential.

Somehow he would accomplish his purpose. He was sure of that. He was even more sure of it when he awoke than when he went to bed. He rose, dressed and sought a barber shop, where he had his beard cut off and his face shaved clean and his hair trimmed. He looked five years younger when he came out—almost as young as Jim. He crossed the Common, and at the Canadian recruiting booth was stopped by the posters and the printed appeals.

He had breakfast and came back. He had a notion that it might be easier to get in here than in the United States Army. He would have preferred the latter, but after all the Allied armies were now one. And from what he heard he gathered that he might reach the Front quicker with the Canadian forces. That was what he wanted—a chance to fight as soon as possible.

A recruiting officer strolled to his side.

"You're a likely looking boy," he began.

"Well?" answered Larry.

"Look like a boy with sportin' blood."

"Well?"

"Why don't you get in on this big push?"

"I'm willing," answered Larry.

"I say, now, that's the talk! Come right in this little booth with me."

He seized Larry by the arm, as though afraid he might escape. He had not anticipated so easy a conquest as this. A second officer sat back of a desk.

"Here y'are, sergeant," the first man announced with some pride; "here's a boy that's game."

The sergeant drew a paper in front of him and took out a fountain pen.

"Name?" he asked.

"Michael J. Moran," answered Larry.

"Address?"

"New York City."

"Street and number?"

"I haven't any," replied Larry. "I've been working in the woods."

"Nearest relative?"

The words

HEINZ

57 Varieties

stand for good things to eat

IN all grocery stores, in many markets, delicatessen shops and other places where things to eat are sold, you will find some of the 57 Varieties.

In many places you will find all of them.

Some of these varieties are foods; others are condiments or relishes intended to give an appetizing taste to other foods. All of them, whether foods or relishes, have one very great thing in common—one thing that makes them characteristically Heinz—they are all good to eat. They are all made of good materials—the choicest that can be raised, or bought, or made. Many of the fruits and vegetables used are grown under our own supervision, from our own selected seed in those localities where we have found that soil and climate combine to produce the best.

They are all clean, all pure—all wholesome

They all have just the right flavor, that perfect taste which makes them so likable, the result of careful cooking and preparation, the work of men and women who have spent their lives in the work of making food taste as good as it should.

Heinz has many plants, preserving kitchens, salting stations, warehouses, all over the world, and thousands of happy, enthusiastic, loyal work people to keep the promise that wherever you find a product bearing the name "Heinz" on the label, that product is good to eat

Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Pickles, Vinegar, Olive Oil, etc.

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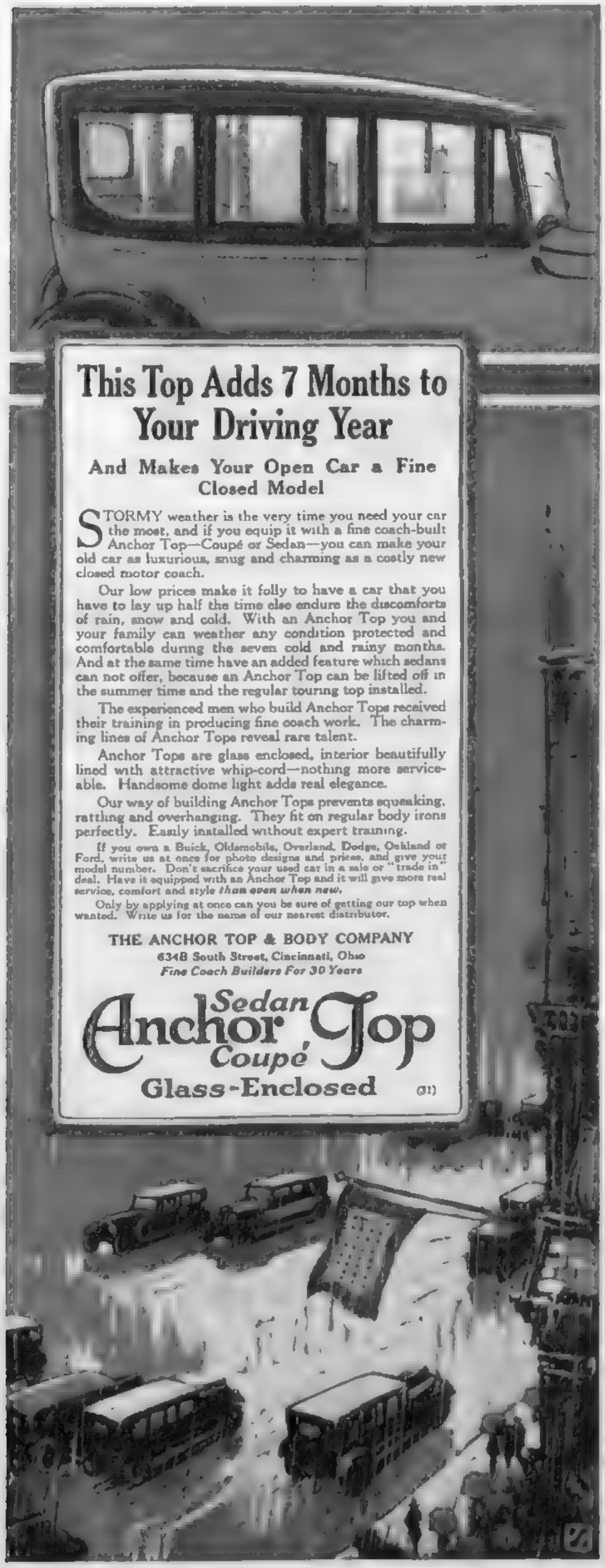
57 Varieties



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And Makes Your Open Car a Fine Closed Model

STORMY weather is the very time you need your car the most, and if you equip it with a fine coach-built Anchor Top—Coupé or Sedan—you can make your old car as luxurious, snug and charming as a costly new closed motor coach.

Our low prices make it folly to have a car that you have to lay up half the time else endure the discomforts of rain, snow and cold. With an Anchor Top you and your family can weather any condition protected and comfortable during the seven cold and rainy months. And at the same time have an added feature which sedans can not offer, because an Anchor Top can be lifted off in the summer time and the regular touring top installed.

The experienced men who build Anchor Tops received their training in producing fine coach work. The charming lines of Anchor Tops reveal rare talent.

Anchor Tops are glass enclosed, interior beautifully lined with attractive whip-cord—nothing more serviceable. Handsome dome light adds real elegance.

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Only by applying at once can you be sure of getting our top when wanted. Write us for the name of our nearest distributor.

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Fine Coach Builders For 30 Years

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Glass-Enclosed (31)

"No relatives," replied Larry.

"Place of birth?"

"Ireland," Larry answered for a guess.

"Naturalized?"

"No," replied Larry cautiously.

The rest of the questions were mere technicalities. He was turned over to the examining physician—another mere technicality.

"Jove—wish we had a million as fit as you," concluded the doctor.

Then they tied a white band round Larry's arm on which was printed "The British Army," and ordered him to report back there at three o'clock that afternoon. He returned two hours ahead of time and watched some three hundred others gather. Then a band appeared to head their march to the station and make them look as impressive as possible. The sergeant tried to whip them into some sort of line by fours and shoved Larry into the first line. There were speeches which he did not hear, and a crowd gathered about them which he did not see. The band master waved his baton. With a crash of brass and a roll of drums the band swung into The British Grenadiers. Larry snapped back his shoulders and raised his head. The music stirred something in the very soul of him. It set his heart to pounding and lighted fires in his eyes. The crowd began to cheer as they started, and on the sidewalk women waved their handkerchiefs. There were little women and big women, young women and old women, light-haired women and black-haired women, their hearts on the surface.

But after the first few seconds Larry saw none of them. He was looking straight ahead, unashamed, into the eyes of one woman only. It was as though she stooped from the sky to kiss his lips once more, lips that were very, very hungry for her, and to whisper to him in a voice trembling with joy: *"Mon brave!"*

■

WITHIN two months Michael J. Moran had become Sergeant Moran. The honor came quite unexpectedly. He had not tried for it—was not conscious of deserving it. He had thrown himself into his work heart and soul, with no other object than to perfect himself in the details of the drill. He listened eagerly to all instructions and to the best of his ability tried to carry them out intelligently. Each night he reviewed the day's work and endeavored to understand where he had made mistakes in order that he might not make them again. He seldom did. He was in too deadly earnest. Where others had to be forced into a habit until they acted as unconsciously as automata, he used his head.

It was in the mock trench work with the bayonet that Larry particularly distinguished himself.

"God A'mighty, he tikes to it like a duck to water!" exclaimed Drill Sergeant Murphy. "It's the Irish in him."

At the order of "Over the top," Larry seemed to turn into a madman—a madman with his brain still clear. He outstripped his fellows in the first hundred yards and dashed with a fury that was not shammed against the dummy figures in the enemy trench. He learned to plunge his bayonet with a quick jab that struck home without entangling the blade, and to withdraw it quickly for other work.

"Six inches in the right place is as good as a mile," the sergeant explained.

He spoke as impersonally as a butcher, and while the other men were left more or less indifferent Larry breathed sharply.

When it came Larry's turn to instruct a little group of men his influence over them was marked. In a week he had them breathing as hard as himself. He used to grip his jaws and bring his lips together into thin, straight lines as he turned to them before the order: "At 'em, boys! We just got to get 'em!"

And they got them, stumbling to keep at Larry's heels, picking themselves up and scrambling on, only stopping when exhausted with the work done. Then they mopped their foreheads—foreheads wet even in the frosty air—and grinned with satisfaction at Sergeant Moran.

He was kept on this job until he grew lean, but it was with the leanness of a panther. There seemed to be no limit to his endurance. How could there be when at the end of each day while others snored in their bunks Larry lay wide-eyed because of the big thoughts that filled him? There was Elaine, who was nearer now than she had been even that night when he had bent over her lips. In the dark he could feel her warm breath upon his cheeks, smell the perfume of her hair and hear her murmured love. He was free to accept it all now. He drank it in eagerly and strained his eyes for more of her. He repeated to himself her letters, which unconsciously he had learned by heart. He suffered no pangs even because of his own silence. She understood now. He was even glad that she had come to understand before her time. To her he was dead—dead and buried in Flanders; and so, he thought, she had opened her heart even wider to him. And because he knew that though still living in the flesh he was soon to justify her belief, he was all the freer to open his own heart during these next few months and absorb as much as he could of her.

What a toy thing that old love was to this new love! It had not been her fault. She had given all, but he had not been big enough to take all. To the capacity of what was in him then he had loved her, but that, he saw now, had not been much. He knew by his dreams. He had thought then only of possessing her. He had hoped for riches for her and had pictured her in some great house like that from which she came. He had wished to surround her with pretty trifles and love her in the midst of them, watching her laugh like a child. Now he was to die for her. He was to do for her what Moran had already done.

It was for Moran too; but somehow the idea had outgrown Moran. He still stood in the center, but Larry's thoughts had expanded round him like the ever-widening circle made by the splash of a stone in still water. Larry found himself using big words to himself—a little vaguely, but earnestly. They were Honor and Duty and Justice. Even Love had taken on a newer and bigger meaning. It seemed to have to do with the soul of things. Like the open sesame of the fairy tale it was unlocking new treasures for him. It did not seem out of place even with this grim business of war.

Larry found he could face his mother too, at night, and that lean-bodied man, his father, whom he had never quite understood. But it was his mother whom he dared stay with longest. He supposed that at the report of his death she had cried. Well, that was over. A month had passed and she was done with that. It was something to be grateful for that when he fell the next time he could close his eyes with the knowledge that no one was left to weep. Moran had never spoken of relatives.

Another month passed—a month of deliriously hard work—and then came the call. Larry and others had been transferred to an older regiment to fill their ranks, and it was rumored that this presaged a movement somewhere. The word to embark was sent round quietly—almost solemnly. One night he, with a dark mass of other men, filed aboard a big ship lying lightless at the wharf. At dawn they moved out of the harbor with other ships until they were met by slate-gray destroyers belching black smoke. These kept along beside them, alert to every bit of flotsam.

Farther and farther from Elaine the big ship took Larry, and yet nearer and nearer. It was almost as though he were going to meet her. She had talked to him a great deal about France, and it was of France all these men on an English boat thought most.

She had said once: "When a man goes to fight for France, France leaps to meet him."

It was the France which had once sheltered her that leaped to meet Larry. If he had a chance to stop in Paris he meant to search for those places where she had lived. He thought he would know them because they must have been left hallowed by her. When he came to a street she had walked, the street would let him know. When he passed a house which had harbored her, something would pluck at his sleeve. So if the present and the future were cut off from him he would have some of her past.

And he needed it. He needed all he could get of her in the next few months. Every morning he had one morning less; every night one night less. Every time he looked at the rising sun was like a page turned over toward the end of the book, and every time he sought the stars at night—her stars too—he knew that he was one day nearer the time when suddenly they would all be blotted out. And they were meant for infinity. Yet he faced them night after night boldly, silently, grimly. But he begrudged every moment that he slept. Nature was cheating him here. Nightly she forced him into this mock

(Continued on Page 73)

Shake Mennen's Talcum all over you after your bath—you'll feel cool all day

Some men seem to think the use of Talcum is an effeminate foible—one of the mysteries of a beauty toilet.

The purpose of Talcum is to make the skin smooth and protect it from friction of tight or clinging garments.

Talcum interposes a slippery, silky film between tender neck and collar—between parts of the body which rub against each other and chafe—between the skin and damp undergarments.

Try a Mennen's talcum shower after your bath and feel cool all day.

It is not effeminate to be comfortable—a man works better when he's comfortable just as an engine works better when there's no friction.

Talcum is soothing after shaving. Mennen's Talcum for Men is neutral in tone so that it doesn't show.

Mennen's Talcums—all with the original borated formula which has never been bettered—include a variety to satisfy every need: Borated; Violet; Flesh Tint and Cream Tint, each charmingly perfumed. Send 5 cents for a trial can of any one brand, or 25 cents for any five.

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Send 12 cents for a Demonstrator Tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream and learn what a really comfortable shave feels like.

MENNEN'S TALCUM POWDERS

Trade Mark

Now in the New Large-Size, Economical Can

An Almost Unlimited Opportunity for Dealers!

Cleveland Tractor

Today is the day of essentials.

The non-essentials, the unnecessary things must give way to those things which war conditions demand must have precedence.

And the Tractor is one of the greatest of the essentials.

The world demands and must have Tractors. A sufficient food supply will depend upon them.

Automobile Dealers, Implement Dealers, Machinery Dealers and Dealers handling allied lines are finding that the Cleveland Tractor fills in admirably and enables them to maintain their volume of business which would otherwise drop off because of decreased sales in other lines.

The Tractor today is an absolute necessity.

The demand is already created.

It is almost unlimited.

It simply remains for the dealer to grasp the opportunity and prepare to supply the demand.

But he must handle a Tractor of the right sort, properly designed, properly constructed, backed by an organization with abundant capital and resources.

He must handle a Tractor that does the things which the purchaser wants a Tractor to do.

The Cleveland Tractor Company is composed of some of the leading business and financial men of the city of Cleveland, Ohio. It is headed by Mr. Rollin H. White, one of the world's foremost engineers.

In the short space of about fifteen months this business has expanded and expanded until its capacity is 1,500 Cleveland Tractors per month.

In that time The Cleveland Tractor Company has grown to be *the largest producer of crawler type tractors in the world.*

This record speaks for itself.

Could anything be more convincing as to the possibility for dealers to establish a sound and stable business?

The Cleveland Tractor is decidedly different from any other.

It is an all-purpose machine which does a wider range of work than is possible with other types.

It carries, lays down and picks up its own endless tracks like the giant "tanks" on the European battlefields.

It can travel almost anywhere. There is almost no limit to the variety of work it does.

The Cleveland Tractor is comparatively small, only 96 inches long, 52 inches high, 50 inches wide, and weighs less than 3200 pounds. Its traction surface is about 600 square inches—a trifle over five pounds per square inch.

On the farm, it plows, it harrows, it sows, it reaps. It does hauling of all kinds. It does the hundred and one odd jobs which are always to be done.

One Cleveland Tractor can do as much work as a number of horses and several men—and it requires only one man to run it.

There are more than six million farms in America and the majority of them can use Cleveland Tractors to advantage—to increase production and cut down costs.

The world needs and wants Cleveland Tractors by the thousands.

The machine needs but to be shown and demonstrated.

As stated before our capacity is 1,500 Cleveland Tractors per month, and we are planning to increase this just as fast as buildings can be constructed on our 74 acres of land and equipment installed.

With this increased capacity we are prepared to contract with dealers for unoccupied territory.

Now is the opportune time.

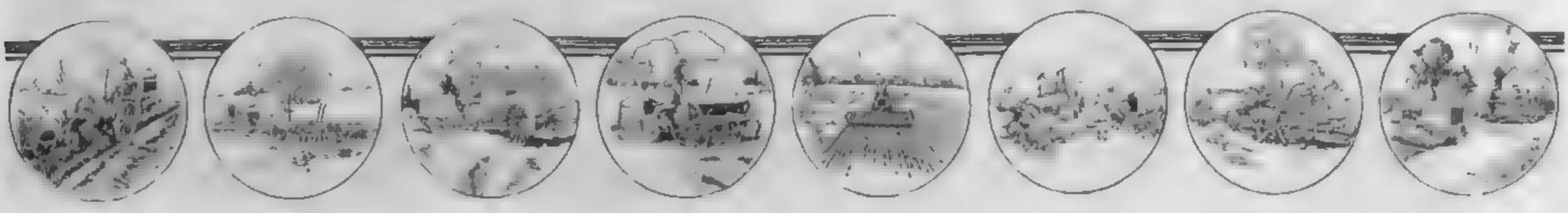
Now is the time to get ready.

When writing, dealers will enable us to handle their applications to better advantage if they will inform us fully as to their present business, their organization and facilities, together with any other information that will enable us to judge of their qualifications.

The Cleveland Tractor Co.

18991 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

The largest producers of crawler type tractors in the world



(Continued from Page 70)

death though he fought it stubbornly. It stole from his scant store just so many hours of her. But when he remembered that he in his turn had stolen the hours he was now enjoying he had nothing to say.

There came a day when other big gray ships stole out to meet them. There were many anxious hours after this, with a thousand eyes searching as for some secret the harmless-looking green waves that played about them like kittens. The wireless kept cracking and at night they moved like so many death ships, so many somber black hulls buried in the dark. So it was until they caught sight one morning of land and later of houses and green grass—the houses looking very white and the grass very green and the earth very brown because they had not seen those colors for so long.

It was England—not France. Larry was disappointed. Elaine had never spoken of England. But he had little chance to grieve about this, because following a chaotic three days they found themselves aboard a second vessel, in which they were tossed about for a few hours like dice in a box. Then came France.

To Larry it came like a bugle call. At length he was on the soil where Elaine had lived and where Moran had died. The very earth beneath his feet proclaimed these two great facts. Then he heard from a great distance a muffled drumming. It was not like thunder. It was more precise—longer sustained. A British Tommy told him what it was.

"The big guns," he explained. "We're giving 'em 'ell."

The plans as projected by his colonel were not fulfilled. It had been intended to keep the men for a few months behind the lines for intensive training and to accustom them to the strange sights and sounds that met their eyes and ears. But big things were happening over there in the month of March—things that sent many another plan to the scrap heap. The Hun offensive which had been expected was finally launched, and it came like a whirlwind. Where one division had been expected four and five were sent forward recklessly, demoniacally, but relentlessly. Men stood by machine guns and worked them against solid masses of men until the gun barrels smoked; put in new barrels and continued. So on, hour after hour. But still the hordes pressed forward and foot by foot the British line gave way, aghast at the slaughter that did not stay the waves.

The call went back from the British lines for reserves, and they came. In turn they slaughtered until they dropped from exhaustion. Still the Hun masses pressed on and the British line retreated. It was like trying to stop with shell the inexhaustible waves of the ocean.

A second and a third call came back.

"Men! Give us men!"

The call reached this new Canadian regiment, and so it reached Larry. The men were piled into freight cars and hurried nearer the guns. The roar of them rocked the cars on the tracks—vibrated the very air the men breathed. Some of the men grew pale; some flushed; some pop-eyed and stiff; some excited, like drunken men; some prayerful; some profane. But Sergeant Moran kept awake all night and listened to the roar as though it were music.

They were landed upon the trembling earth and lined up. The colonel, straight and stiff, told what was expected of them.

"Boys," he said, "you're going to get your chance sooner than I expected, but that makes it only the bigger chance. You're not seasoned yet, but I know you're going to hold as firm as the seasoned ones; you're not veterans yet, but you'll stand shoulder to shoulder with veterans, and I know you'll fight like them. You'll do this because you're Canadians. Good luck, my boys."

He turned abruptly and gave his orders. So they began their march over ground the like of which no one had ever seen before—ground that looked more like the moon surface than the earth surface, but without the peace and silence of the moon. Hell took the place of that.

One night they were billeted underground in an atmosphere that was acid. The next day they marched, and the second night were led into a front line, where the sweaty, haggard men facing death scarcely glanced at them.

What happened in the next six hours Larry saw only as a series of detached pictures from a broken film. He was fully conscious only intermittently. He forgot his duties as a sergeant and fought like a private. All organization appeared to have been lost. The group immediately round him was made up of all sorts of broken units. The man at his left was an American engineer. They were all just so many individuals loading and shooting at those gray, spike-helmeted figures that kept on coming.

Larry was not even concerned with his own face any more. He was facing a great necessity, the necessity of keeping those beasts back—as the pioneers fought off wolves. When an order came to give ground he turned and swore at the men who obeyed. It was an American engineer who turned at that and said: "Good boy!"

Yet in spite of themselves by sheer weight they were forced to a new line. Then came a brief lull—not in the big guns but in the attacks. Men, breathing hard, sank on the ground beside their hot rifles.

"Now," said the engineer—"now is the time to strike back."

Because there was no one else about he assumed command.

"Who's with me?" he cried.

Larry was first to his side—then every man son after him. They broke over the old ground in a charge that nothing could resist. They swept on. Then they reeled back. The engineer, however, did not return. Larry saw him out there, two hundred yards away. He thought of Moran. He thought of his promise and stumbled toward the prostrate man through a storm of bullets. He actually reached the fellow—actually got him on his shoulders as Moran had done. Then he started toward his own lines—felt a blow on his leg and fell. Dazed, he made his hands and knees. Once more he bundled the man on his back and began to crawl.

Then darkness.

VI

LARRY saw another series of intermittent pictures. They were so strange and disjointed that he did not understand what they meant. In the first, he appeared to be in a sort of hut with unknown men bending over him with keen eyes, wearing white aprons smeared with red. In the next picture he seemed to be in a freight car. The air was filled with curious noises—not of guns but of men. They sounded like groans; sometimes like screams. He was not greatly interested. In the next picture he seemed to be at home in bed. He saw a figure in skirts moving about. That was his mother. He remembered now; he was sick. He had typhoid fever. Only he thought that was a long time ago. And there was something the matter with his right arm. He could not move it. His head, too, felt stiff and sore. He raised his left hand to it and found it covered as with a turban.

A voice spoke:

"You are feeling better, *chéri*?"

He started at that and opened his eyes wide. He saw other beds—a mile of them at the right and at the left. He saw other figures in a queer uniform. This was not home.

He tried to collect his thoughts to a point where he could work out this puzzle. He tried to raise his hand to his head again, and he was curiously weak. The hand halfway up fell back limply.

A voice spoke again: "Better stay quiet."

With a great effort he managed to speak, his voice sounding as from a distant room. "Where am I?"

"You're in a hospital—all safe, *chéri*."

That word "safe" tried to rouse him as though it had some special significance.

The nurse held a pellet to his lips.

"Swallow this," she whispered.

He obeyed and lost consciousness again. This time, however, he was sleeping.

When he woke up his head was clearer and he saw that the reason he could not move his arm was because it was bandaged. Something was the matter with it. The nurse, who appeared to be ever alert for open eyes as distinguished from closed eyes, stole to his side.

"You had a fine sleep."

She praised him as a mother might a child.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked.

"Your hand. A—a—it got hurt."

She spoke with some confusion.

Then suddenly the detached pictures pieced themselves together. He remembered the ride toward the guns, the march, the fighting. Then he remembered having

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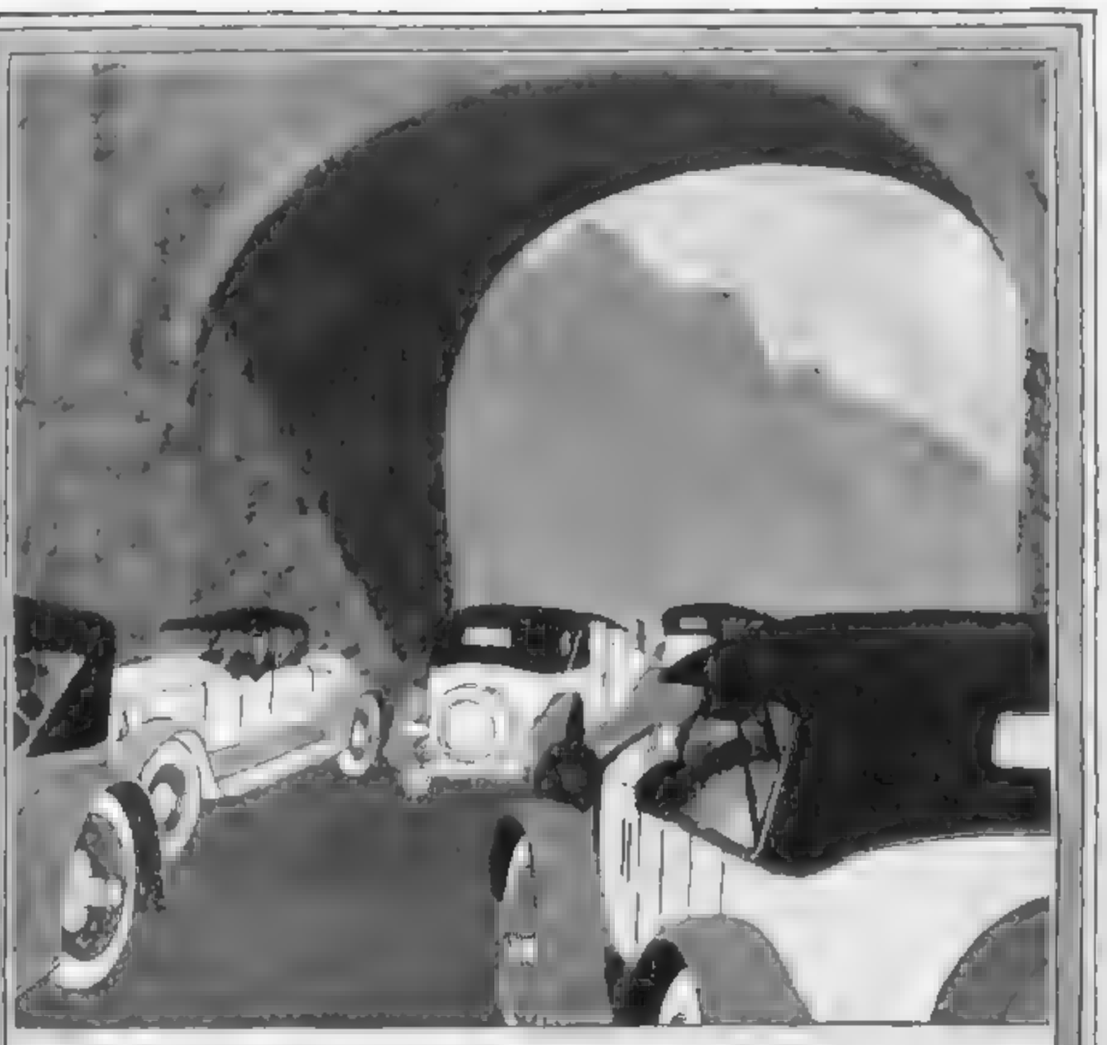

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You wouldn't be seen carrying a faded, leaky, dilapidated umbrella; no more should you tolerate a shabby, saggy, leaky top on your automobile. Have a NEVERLEEK top put on. It will make the old bus "look like a million dollars."

NEVERLEEK has been adopted by more than fifty leading automobile manufacturers as standard equipment. NEVERLEEK will not leak, crack nor fade. It will stand up through long years of hard service. "It's always fair weather 'neath NEVERLEEK."

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some big thing to do. He was trying to get a heavy weight on his back—a heavy but limp, slipping weight. He was trying to crawl with it, and in spite of the hurt he was feeling very glad.

The nurse was watching him closely. She dreaded these periods of returning consciousness—this return from the border of the valley of the shadow of death. Too often it forced her to answer questions that hurt worse than the initial wound. Only yesterday she had explained to a blind man why he could not see. She saw Larry look up at her with pained terror in his brown eyes.

"Oh, my God," he gasped; "they—they didn't kill me!"

She reached for his sound hand.

"There, there," she soothed.

"Why didn't they?" he demanded. "Why didn't they?"

"You did a wonderful thing, *chéri;* and you were mentioned in orders."

"But they didn't kill me," he complained.

"You are worrying about your hand. But that is nothing. There are men with one hand worth more than others with two."

"One hand?"

"I will tell you the truth; the right hand ——"

She hesitated.

"Gone?"

She nodded, closing her eyes. Then she took the other hand and brought it to her lips. The feel of her breath brought back Elaine. He struggled to rise.

"Quiet," she pleaded.

He groaned.

But it was not of the missing hand he was thinking; it was of mam'selle, and what this new development meant. His head fell to his pillow as he tried to work some order out of the chaos that overwhelmed him.

He was back again in the same world with her. The boches had not killed him as they had killed Moran. That was not fair. He had done his best to deserve it—done to his uttermost the best that was in him up to the last second. He had tried to fulfill his obligation; had tried to die game. And they would not let him. Worse than that, they had taken from him the possibility of a second chance. With one hand gone they would not let him back again in the firing line.

The nurse was talking again.

"There are so many things a man can do with one hand," she was saying. "You would be surprised. I have seen. In England we have many, and they are quite happy. It is the heart and the head that count. Even with everything else gone one can be quite happy with just those. You will see, *mon brave.*"

Mon brave! She felt him wince.

"Please," she said, "please not to think anything more about it. When you are stronger you will see that in spite of everything this is a wonderful old world. I, even here, cannot but think that."

Yes, it was a wonderful old world. That was the trouble with it. Even here where he lay he could not help but think of mam'selle wonderfully—and it hurt. When he caught the perfume of the hair of this other woman it brought home to him the perfume of Elaine's hair. But even while he drank it in as thirstily as a stifled man does oxygen it made him think of Elaine's lips and her eyes and all of her—all of her. She was still somewhere in this very world. She was breathing the very air he was breathing. The same sun was warming her. It did not matter that she was three thousand miles away. He had just come back from the border of a bourn where there are no distances; where there is not even time. This made her seem very near. He was again in the same world with her.

The nurse rose and handed him another pellet. He swallowed it and slept again.

During the next forty-eight hours it was sometimes night when he woke up and sometimes day. Each time he woke a little stronger and with fewer aches. It was not pleasant when the doctors came to dress his wounds, but always following this he was very comfortable. With all the attention he received it was difficult not to be. The bed was very soft and clean, and the sun made a golden counterpane for him. Every time the doctors left, the nurse stole to his side and from a secret hoard drew out a cigarette and placed it between his lips and lighted it for him. All the nurses here were like that. He ceased to think of them as women. They were more like holy angels.

Then he came to know the men in the cots at the right and left of him. To the right a Scotchman, whom everyone called Jock just because he was a Scotchman; at the left a young Frenchman, who could not talk because of a bandage round his jaw. But he could look. And, as the nurse had said, that was much. One had only to watch the poor, tossing figure four cots beyond with the bandage over his eyes to realize what it meant just to be able to see.

From these men, and even the others way down the long lines, Larry absorbed something that for hours at a time lifted him out of himself. He was not conscious of any change, but there was a change. This was some new world in which he was living—a world purified as by spring. These men about him were different men from any he had ever seen. There was a new light in their eyes; a new spirit in their voices. It was not that they talked of big things, but there were big things back of them. Even when they spoke of home and their own it was in a way that hinted of a realization of the big things behind the commonplace personalities. Home was something more than a house sheltering kindred; a wife was something more than a spouse; fatherhood and motherhood something more than a personal relationship. And a sweetheart—ah, a sweetheart was something to make sweethearts proud.

At first this talk hurt Larry. It threw him back upon himself. It was as though he was not dead, but all his own were dead. He used to turn away from it. It was Jock who stirred him up.

"Mon," said Jock, "have ye nae lass?"

It was like a challenge. It was as though either he must admit Elaine or disown her.

"In America," answered Larry with hot color.

"That is nae so far," answered Jock.

"No."

"I hae no doot ye will hear from her soon."

"That does not matter," replied Larry.

Truth to tell, it did not seem to matter—as much as it did. It was not letters that made a sweetheart. It was not even lips. It was what a man carried in his heart.

"Aye, mon," nodded Jock soberly, "if our lasses were naught but letters, there'd be mony out here without lasses."

Little by little Larry found himself talking about Elaine in those quiet hours when men talk of such things. He told, too, of his home in Benton. These days were like some sacred interlude, for this room was detached from all the rest of the world. The men were not conscious even of the great city of Paris, which sprawled all about them. This was more like some quiet valley. On one side lay hell; on the other paradise.

VII

ONE night Larry woke up suddenly. From a deep sleep he became suddenly wide awake. There was no reason for it, as near as he could see. He felt no pain in his arm, and the ward was no noisier than usual. The lamps were shaded and the room in shadows except where behind a screen surgeons were working. Nurses in their rubber-soled shoes were moving silently about their duties; taking temperatures, administering medicines, straightening a pillow here and there.

One was busy in this way opposite him. She was about the size of Elaine, but so were a great many others. He watched her in an attempt to glimpse her face—as he had done often before with others. It was every man's dream that among these women from the four corners of the globe one that he would recognize might some day appear. It was never an impossibility.

The nurse, without turning, moved to the next bed. She walked like Elaine. Dry lipped, Larry waited—knowing deep in his heart that it was not she. Soon he would see her face and go back to sleep. It was always so.

She was counting the pulse beats of the man beside her, and when she was through she raised her head and made an entry on the chart above the bed.

With a sharp cry Larry uttered her name. It was a low, inarticulate cry, but it made her start. She paused and listened while Larry held his breath. Then she went on, and Larry pulled the clothes over his eyes.

Either it was Elaine or he had gone stark mad. But he was not mad. His head was perfectly clear. He knew exactly where he was; he was here in a hospital in Paris. There was his bandaged arm to prove it. This was not New York, where she was.

(Continued on Page 77)

Economy of time, energy, and materials is highly desirable in any workshop. The kitchen, the workshop of the home, should combine this economy with the highest degree of perfect cleanliness, a workable order of arrangement, and attractive appearance. All the fundamental qualities of a linoleum floor are effective to a high degree in solving this problem. Color, also, plays an important part in the question of sanitation and attractiveness; texture in economy and comfort; while the pattern may be chosen frankly for a decorative effect, making the rest of the room plain in color. White or cream and light tones of gray are particularly good. Light soft greens and blues may be well used in sunny and very light rooms.—*FRANK ALVAH PARSONS*

DOESN'T this kitchen thrill your housewifely instincts? So clean and sanitary. So bright and attractive to work in. Everything in it is so well arranged that not a step need be wasted.

The floor is Armstrong's Linoleum. It conveys something of the feeling of spotless enameled-ware. Its attractive gray-and-ivory shades reflect the tones of walls, ceilings, furnishings, and kitchen-equipment. Its motif, struck in in black, adds a touch of restrained smartness.

Such a floor is resilient and comfortable underfoot. It saves the energy and nervous system of the woman who must be on her feet all day.

Linoleum floors can be kept clean and sanitary with less labor than other kinds of floors. There are no cracks where dirt and germs can lodge. The material is durable, therefore economical.

These practical qualities also count in the living-room, dining-room, hallway, library, bathroom, bedroom, and nursery.

Wherever it is used, Armstrong's Linoleum can be selected to harmonize with the walls and ceilings, the hangings, furnishings, and rugs. A wide range of choice is offered by the Parquetry Inlaid designs, the new Jaspé (moiré) patterns in blue, brown, green, gray, and tan, and the plain linoleums in blue, tan, brown, rose, dark gray, light gray, and green tones. Then there are matting and carpet designs for bedrooms and nurseries.

The use of linoleum for every room in the house is a well-established European practice, which is rapidly coming into vogue in America.

The names of merchants near you who sell Armstrong's will be sent on request.

Linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Genuine linoleum always has a burlap back, is flexible and not easy to tear. Be sure that you get it. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name—there *is* a difference.

Send for our new book, "The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration," by Frank Alvah Parsons, a leading American authority on interior decoration. It treats of the artistic necessities of every home and tells how to use linoleum effectively in every room. Sent with portfolio of de-luxe colorplates of home interiors for 20 cents in stamps. Also write the Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration for suggestions as to patterns and color schemes to meet your particular needs, or for any other help in solving your floor problems. No charge whatever for this service. Don't hesitate to use it at any time.

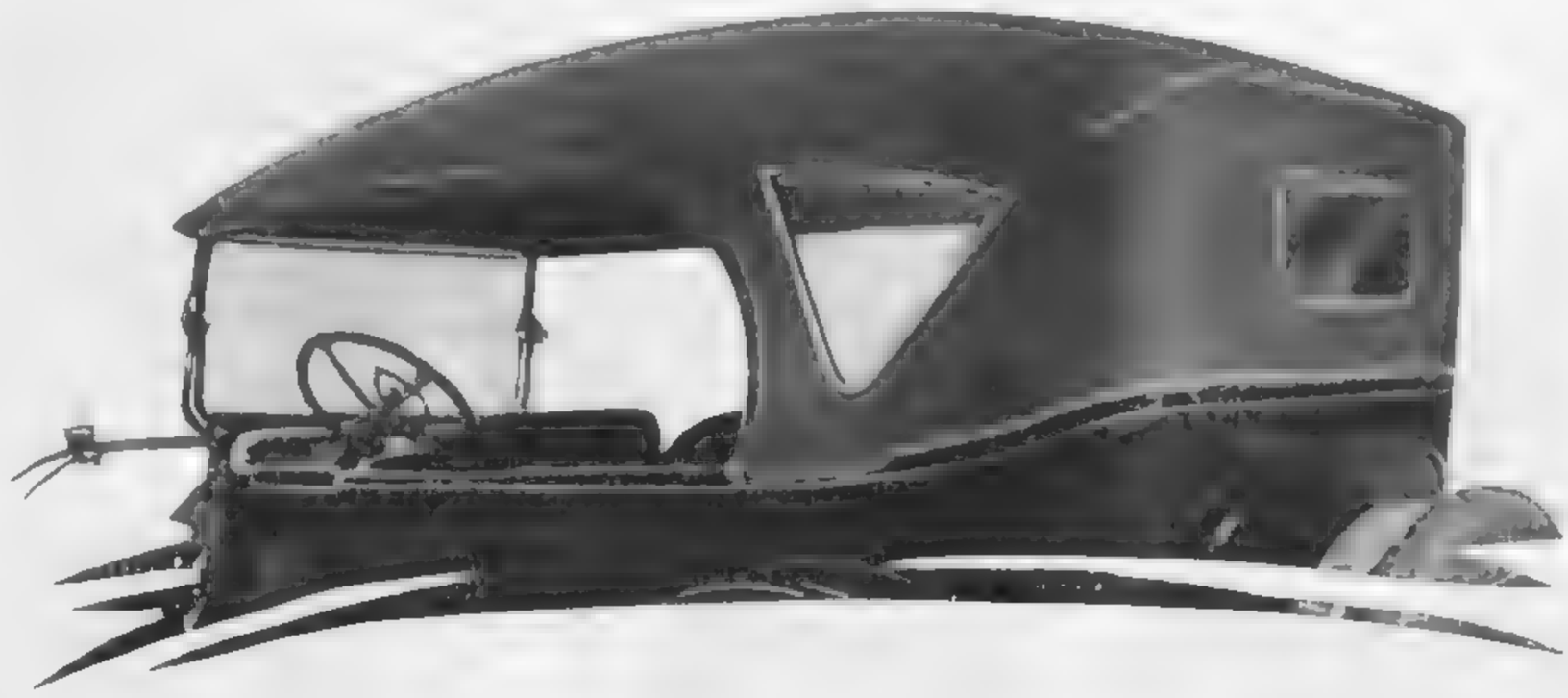
The four patterns shown at the sides suggest designs of other Armstrong floors most appropriate for the modern kitchen.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, Linoleum Department, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



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Du Pont Dye Works,	Wilmington, Del.,	Dyes and Dye Bases

DU PONT

(Continued from Page 74)

He looked again and she was farther away—almost lost in the shadows. But his eyes reached her. Had he not for months been training them to pierce the thousands of miles between them? With his left hand clenched he choked back the name that struggled to make itself heard once more. If he were to see her again he must lie very quiet—quiet like one dead. If he did not let her know, then he might look at her. Surely there was no harm in that. That much could not hurt her. His eyes took nothing away from her. Yet when she went out she took so much away from him!

All that night Larry watched the door where she went out. Twice she returned and made her rounds—the last time toward dawn. Then she did not come back. Another took her place.

When his own nurse returned she frowned at the color of her patient's cheeks—at the fever in his eyes.

"What have you been doing?" she demanded.

"Nothing," answered Larry.

"You were awake last night?"

"A—a little."

Because of that she thrust a thermometer into his mouth.

"I had thought of letting you sit up to-day, but now I can't," she decided.

The punishment did not have nearly the effect she desired. The man appeared to be utterly indifferent to it; and that was another bad sign.

"And soon you would have been in a wheel chair and permitted to go out and sit in the sun," she added.

He was indifferent even to that—with a reason. Why should he want to go out and sit in the sun when it was at night and here that the sun began to shine?

It was so. At seven o'clock Elaine entered the ward again, and all that night he watched her come and go. The next day he slept. The next night he stayed awake and watched her, while his own night nurse watched him under special orders. She reported that the patient never closed his eyes until after seven in the morning, and that at times he was very restless.

That was a mild word to use for a man who was being shuttled back and forth between heaven and hell. There were moments when he felt that he must throw off his bed coverings and cross the ward and speak to her; there were other moments when he huddled like a frightened child beneath those same coverings. When she came in he cursed God that he was alive to see her; when she left he prayed God to bring her within his sight again. To see her was both joy and torture; not to see her was torture. And always he asked himself what was to be the end of this.

Little by little he worked it out. What he must keep in mind was that he was as one dead to her. That the boches had failed to kill him was a personal matter—something that concerned him alone. It did not even concern Moran any more, because as far as it was possible for him to do so he had squared Moran with the world. To be mentioned in orders was quite as much of an honor as to have a bit of ribbon pinned upon one's shroud. More than that, if Moran had given his life Larry had given his right hand; and in many ways the former was the easier thing to do. It was the sooner done with. Moran had died game, but he—he must go on living game.

That was his catchword. He must live game. He must no longer stay awake at night, but sleep; so that in the daytime they would bundle him into a wheel chair and carry him out in the sun. So he would get well more quickly. Soon he would be able to walk, and shortly after that they would send him off somewhere—perhaps back to America. That was as far as he went—as far as it was necessary to go. Surely, if he put the blue ocean between her and him that would be as much as a man should be asked to do.

That night he permitted himself to see her when she entered—just for a heart beat—and then closed his eyes. If he did not sleep, that was not his fault. He could do no more than close his eyes. And the next morning he opened them and kept them open.

"Ah," his nurse congratulated him, "you are better."

"Then will you let me sit up?" asked Larry.

"Perhaps—if you eat a good breakfast."

Larry ate everything she brought him and that day sat up. It was not easy, because Jock kept talking to him and he did not want to talk. That night he permitted himself to see her as before just once, and then closed his eyes to thresh about restlessly in the dark. In the morning he kept them open and so was allowed to sit up that day.

At the end of a week his nurse kept her promise and wheeled him out to the balcony in the sun. The place overlooked a broad stretch of green and some beautiful trees. In the afternoon visitors came, among them some American girls, and gave him and the others cigarettes and sweet chocolate and things to read. They were very lovely, and it was refreshing to see someone not in uniform. One of them was especially attentive to Larry—a slight, tall girl with blue eyes. Her eyes were moist as she stole to his side.

"I owe so much to you, Sergeant Moran," she trembled.

"To me?" asked Larry.

"Bob," she faltered; "it was Bob—you saved his life."

Larry had almost forgotten.

"He is also in the hospital. His leg was hurt. He wished me to find you and tell you how grateful he is to be alive. But he's not so grateful to you as I."

"It was nothing," answered Larry. "But—I'm glad he got out."

"You were wonderful," she exclaimed, her eyes aglow. "Just to be alive; that alone is enough to make us all very glad, isn't it?"

She stayed on, but while she was there and for a long time afterward Larry repeated that question over and over again.

Through clenched teeth he said to himself: "That ought to be true. But that ought to be true!"

The sky was so blue and clean after not having seen it like this for so long. And the sun came through the trees aslant and played with the tender grass. And birds sang. He had forgotten there were birds. Surely it was a world to be joyful in in spite of the ugly reminders that from day to day came to remind them that the world was still at war. For him and for most of those about him the war was no longer the concrete personal affair it had been. They were through with that part of it.

And he was alive—becoming more alive every day. The doctors had even removed most of the bandages from the scars on his head. They had offered him a barber to remove his scraggly beard and shave him, but he refused that. It seemed wiser to retain that beard for safety's sake, though it made him look like a French Academician. As it was, he started every time a nurse rustled past.

For two weeks this tall, slight girl with the blue eyes—Bob's friend—came to see him in the afternoon. She read to him and offered to write letters for him. He had no letters to write.

"Not to anyone at all?" she smiled.

He shook his head.

"When you get home again you must remedy that," she joked.

She was very nice, and yet she made it hard for him. Just the sound and sight of her made it hard. He looked forward to the day when he would be released and sent off. After he was able to walk it seemed nearer, and because of this he did not mind so much when she came. She used to take his arm, and they walked every day among the trees and she told him a great deal about Bob. His name was Warren and he came from Boston, and it seemed he was the very best man in the world. And they hoped to be married right here in Paris as soon as he was well, and they were going back home to her father's big house in the country. Bob said his rescuer must be present at the wedding if he were still here, and must come to visit them at home.

"You will?"

It was necessary to promise. These women in France—it was necessary to promise them anything they asked. They had given so much that now they expected much in return. They claimed it as their right.

She stayed with him one day until almost twilight time, and left him seated on a bench like one of those in Central Park. He liked it because of that. Looking at the shrubbery and the quiet paths through half-closed eyes he could almost imagine himself back there. So he sat when Elaine passed him—out for a breath of air before going to her duties. While he gripped the back of the seat she passed him and went on. He rose unsteadily, with his eyes upon

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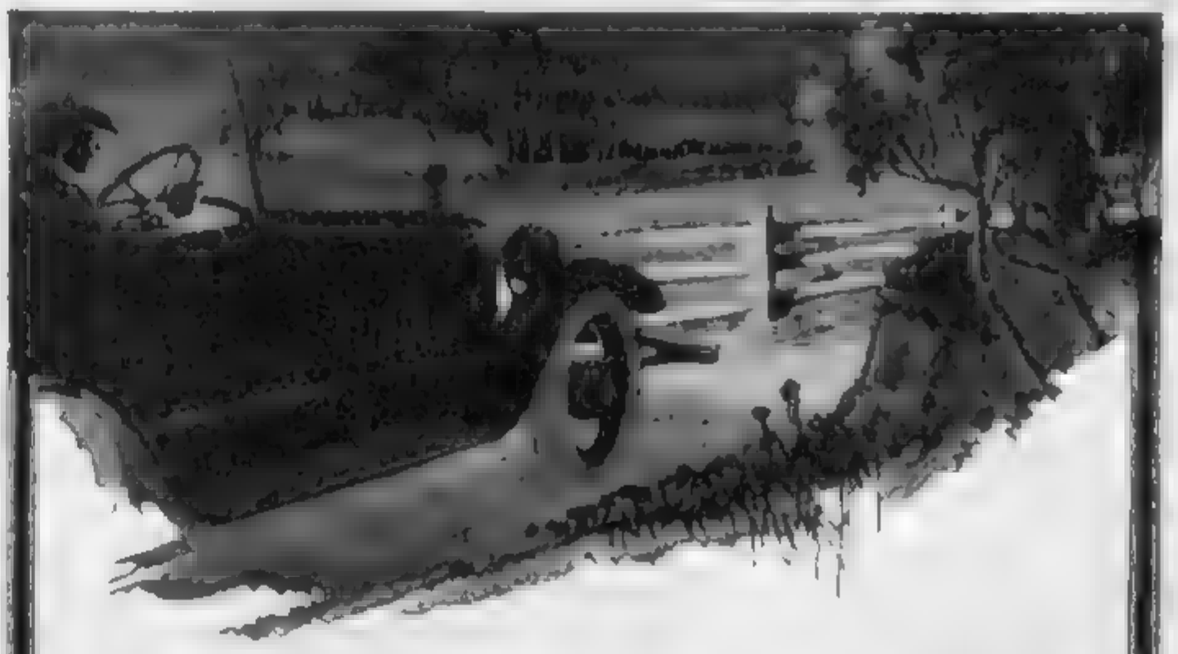

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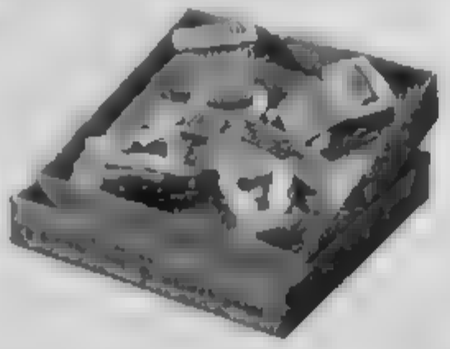


IVORY GARTER COMPANY

New Orleans, U. S. A.

her. Then slowly, almost on tiptoe, he started away. But his legs were so unsteady that he wabbled and in five paces became out of breath trying to control them. Still he kept on, praying for enough strength to round the next corner. His prayer was granted, and turning he continued as best he could down the second path. Here he came full upon her and staggered. She hurried to his side and took his arm.

"Still a bit weak?" she asked.

He did not answer.

"You have stayed out too long," she chided. "Lean your weight upon me and I will help you back."

He did not speak—dared not speak. He kept his head turned from her. But he put every ounce that was in him into his cursed legs. They had no business to cave in like this after he had been so long in the sun. With an ache in his throat that choked him he felt her warm fingers through his coat.

"You are like children let out to play—you soldiers," she said. "You do too much. You—you are American?"

He nodded.

"And I too," she said. "I am from New York."

Like an unmannerly yokel he made no reply.

Her eyes grew far away—as though she were back there in her thoughts. They began moving slowly. He figured that there were at least one hundred steps more before they would be back to the big building.

"I was thinking," she said, "that this was a little like Central Park. Do you know it?"

He stumbled over a pebble—a pebble no larger than a pea. She caught him.

"*Chéri,*" she exclaimed, "you should not be out here at all!"

She sought his eyes, fearing he was about to faint. She sought his eyes, and when she found them she grew as pale as a sheeted ghost.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" she whispered.

It was his turn then to steady her, but he did not speak.

"Who are you?" she breathed.

Still he remained dumb—even before that pitiful pleading; even before those quivering lips. Good Lord, what else could he do?

Then like one speaking into the dark at night she said very softly: "Larry! Larry!"

Like one speaking to a vision—shyly, for fear it may be frightened away—she said again in prayer: "Larry!"

Humbly he bowed his head.

Then louder and yet louder came her voice—over and over again just "Larry" until he could endure no more, and bent above her and kissed her forehead. He kissed her forehead and she held up her head and he kissed her swimming eyes and then her lips. He kissed her again and again madly, answering to nothing but the call of her to him and of him to her. That was all, at this moment, that mattered. There were no questions to ask; no answers to explain. It was as though they met in heaven, if heaven is as fair a spot as was this path at twilight. It was as though they met in heaven, if hungry hearts can meet like this in heaven. She lowered her eyes to his shattered arm and bathed it with her tears, and still trembling lifted her lips once more. Yes, if heaven is like this it pays to go to heaven.

Even if the way is through hell and back again. That is what he thought when finally she tore herself free and stood a little way off, staring at him as though seeing him anew for the first time.

"You—how long have you been here?" she asked.

"I saw you first a month ago."

"And did not call me?"

"Elaine," he cried, "there is so much to tell. I ——"

She came to his side again. She felt of his arm. She raised her head.

"Again—kiss me," she breathed.

"I ought—to tell you first," he pleaded. But first he kissed her as she ordered. These women in France—they had given so much!

"It seems to me," she said, "that now there isn't anything worth telling."

He led her to a bench near by. They sat down.

"I—I don't know how to begin," said Larry.

"Then don't begin—*mon brave!*"

The words roused him to his bitter task.

"You—you called me that when I didn't deserve it," he forced himself on. "I must tell you the truth now before it is too late. I lied to you from the beginning. I pretended. I wasn't anybody; just a clerk in a store. I hadn't traveled anywhere; didn't have any place in the country. I was just a clerk. Then when I was drafted I didn't want to go. I swapped names with another man—who went in my place. His name was Moran; and -and he was killed. They gave him the Croix de Guerre—after he was dead; and my name took that away from him. It was that—that made me see straight. I enlisted under his name and tried to get killed, to make up. But I couldn't. They—they only half killed me. So you see it was all lies from the beginning."

Big eyed she listened. Then she whispered: "*Mon brave!*"

"I don't deserve it," he cried. "It was all lies. I'm only a clerk, I tell you."

"Oh," she whispered, "I'm so glad—for that."

"You're glad?"

"Because it makes it easier for me."

"Elaine!"

"Oh, so much easier because I—I have something to tell also."

He reached for her hand.

"Not yet. Listen to me first. You—you called me mam'selle—Mam'selle Vandecar."

She lowered her eyes.

"Well, I am not Mam'selle Vandecar," she confessed. "I am only Mam'selle Debaux."

"Not Elaine!"

"Only Elaine Debaux. Oh, I did not mean to lie. It was an accident. You saw me come from the big house and you guessed that I was Mam'selle Vandecar when—I was only mam'selle's maid. No, listen," she commanded as again he tried to reach her hand. "At first it was only like a joke that you should believe that. Afterward when—when I came to care, it was not a joke, but I did not dare tell the truth. *Voilà!* After I thought you dead there was only one thing I could do to make up for my lie. So when Madame Vandecar came here to France I came, too, but not to work for her—to work for you. So ——"

"Here we are," he gasped. "And you—you are still willing to love me?"

"*Mon Dieu,*" she cried, "if you ——"

A second time that evening Larry found the open sesame to heaven.

VIII

WITH a sigh of relief Larry's mother finished the last supper dish, hung the towel on the rack to dry, placed another stick of wood in the kitchen stove and went on into the sitting room, where her husband was reading the evening paper. She picked up her skein of yarn and steel knitting needles and sat down on the opposite side of the table.

"Any news?" she asked wearily.

"Not much," he answered.

There never seemed to be as much news in the paper as there used to be. There were battles enough still, and politics enough still, and murders and robberies enough still, to say nothing of enough other matter to keep the columns filled; but even her husband did scarcely more than glance at the headlines and look at the weather report. The one link that had connected them with the outer world had snapped, and now the outer world was the outer world. Even New York was only New York. As for the fields of Flanders, which they once traced out on the map, it gave too sharp a pain to think of them. All she had left in life she could raise her eyes and see; and all he had he could raise his eyes and see. A good deal of the time their eyes were so blurred they could not see even that. Neither the gray nor the brown eyes were as strong as they once were.

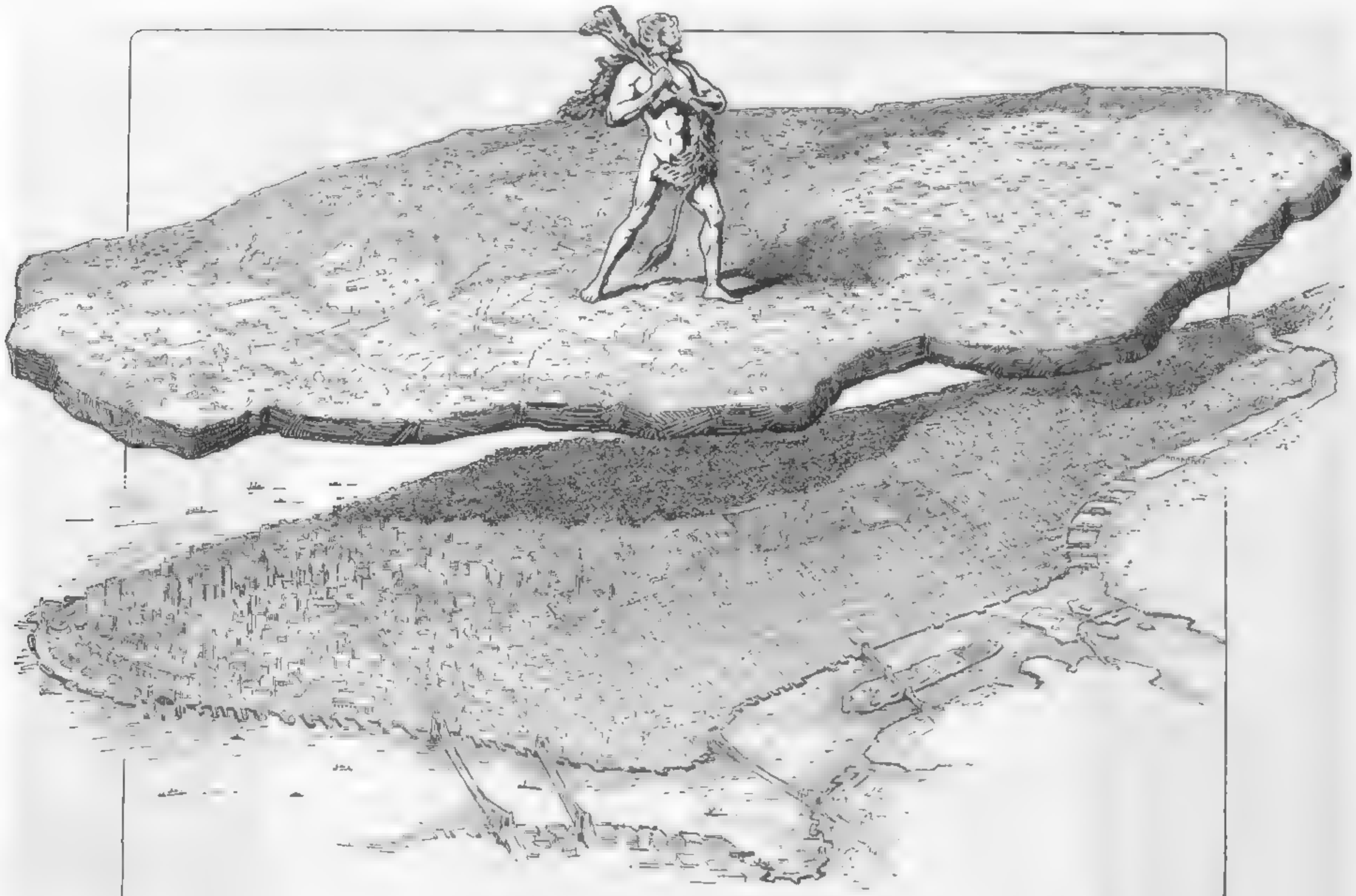
The man put down his paper, removed his glasses and filled his pipe. He smoked in silence. The clock on the mantel ticked busily. It was hurrying on toward eight, which would mark the end of another day. There was nothing more to look forward to until the morrow's work should begin.

Then came a light rap on the front door. It startled them both, for they never had callers in the evening except in emergencies, and now no source of emergencies was left. Before either stirred the knock was repeated.

"Take a light and see who it is," said Mrs. Young in a whisper.

The man rose and lighted a small kerosene lamp and went to the door. A young woman stood there—a stranger.

(Concluded on Page 81)



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Imagine a powder plant as big as Manhattan Island, the heart of New York City, and the home of nearly 3,000,000 people. Twenty Panama-Pacific Expositions could be conducted at one time and without crowding on the ground occupied by such a plant. It would easily hold ten parks the size of Forest Park, St. Louis. As large a building as the Coliseum in Chicago would appear a mere detail in the landscape.

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From it come explosives which play a vital part in placing at the Nation's disposal such essential minerals and metals as coal, iron, aluminum, silver, gold, and the less well-known manganese and chrome ores.

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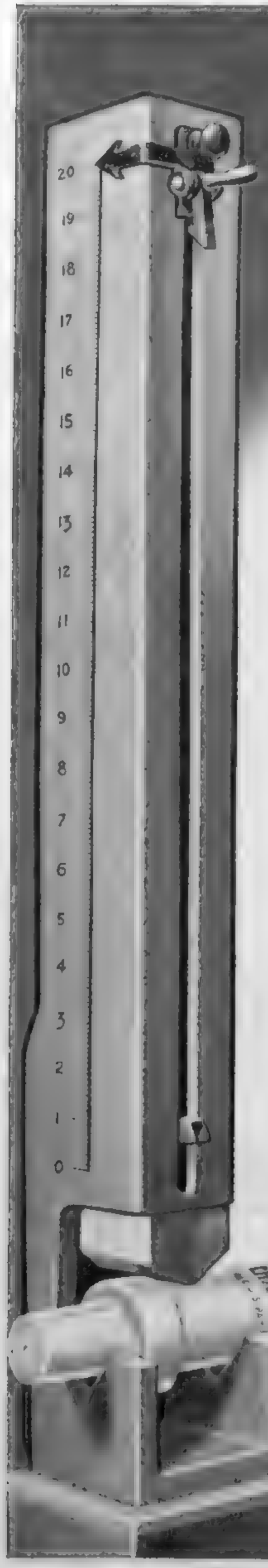

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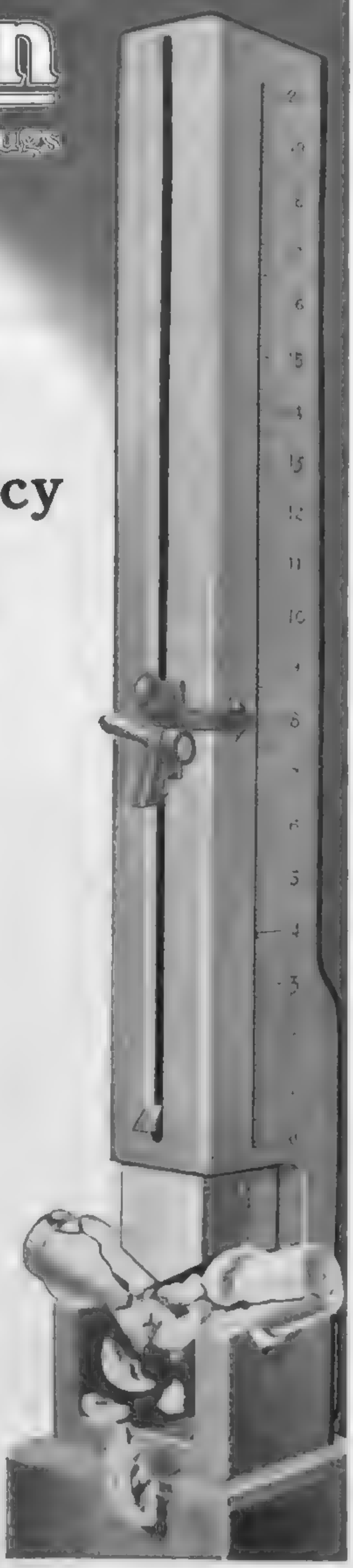


Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

(Concluded from Page 78)

"Is this Mr. Young?" she asked with a trace of excitement in her voice.

"Yes," he answered, none too hospitably.

"May I come in? I—I want to see you and Mrs. Young."

He stood aside and she passed him and came into the sitting room. She seemed a little out of breath as she faced the gray-haired woman, who looked up with no sign of recognition.

Then she stepped forward quickly and stooping said in a low voice: "You're—you're Larry's mother?"

Mrs. Young recoiled as though she had been struck a blow. The girl threw herself on her knees at the woman's feet while the father, coming back, stared in amazement.

"Oh," cried mam'selle, "that should not hurt you. It should make you glad."

"Who are you?" exclaimed the mother.

"I have so much to tell," mam'selle ran on, "I do not know where to begin. But you must not look at me like that. I have come to tell you about Larry."

"Larry? Larry's dead."

It was such a blunt statement—such an ominously final statement—that it made even mam'selle shudder.

"But if he were not dead?"

The father stepped forward.

"What's this nonsense you're talking?" he demanded.

"Hush!" the mother checked him.

Mam'selle was looking up into the dull brown eyes—Larry's eyes—with her own aflame. This was his mother. Over and over again she said that to herself, with a prayer in her heart that she might be her mother too.

"In war so many strange things happen," the girl went on. "So you must not be too surprised."

The mother leaned forward and seized the girl's hand.

"Tell me quickly," she cried.

"Larry is not dead," mam'selle said.

"Then where is he?"

"Outside—waiting for you."

The mother sprang to her feet. She rushed out of the room—out into the night, crying as she went: "Larry, Larry!"

Somewhere there she found herself clasped in a strong arm; found her boy's face against hers; heard him breathe again; heard him speak again; felt his warm flesh again. Behind her, not believing, staggered her husband. Once again the father heard the glad call of "Father!" felt the firm grip of a hand in his—a warm, living grip. Even then they would not believe. They dragged the boy into the house, into the light. There their eyes saw him again, saw his hair, his eyes, his nose, his mouth and—his arm with the turned-up sleeve.

"You're hurt!" cried the mother.

Having back all of him but his right hand she called like one in pain for that.

"You're hurt!" she cried again. "Your hand ——"

But Larry was looking round for someone else. He saw her huddled in a corner as though trying to hide. And her eyes were wet.

"Why, Elaine!" he exclaimed.

He hurried to her side and with an arm about her brought her back.

"Mother," he said, "this is my wife."

There was only a second's hesitation on the part of the mother—just time enough to let the announcement sink into her dazed brain.

Then she held out her arms.

"A son and a daughter—all at once—out of the night—out of the grave," she whispered in awe.

Mam'selle steadied her into a chair. Then she knelt again at the mother's feet and buried her face in her lap and began to cry. At the same time she murmured: "Oh, it's so silly—so silly!"

The mother smoothed her hair and looked again for her son.

"What you done to your hand?" she asked again.

"It's somewhere in France," answered Larry.

But when it came time to tell his story he told it to his father, looking the man full in the eyes. He told it without evasion—without equivocation. It was a difficult thing to do, but what he left out was toward the end and not at the beginning. That part Elaine filled in.

"He was mentioned in orders for bravery under fire. He did not tell you that, and how he went out and brought a man in on his back. It was then he lost his hand. And he did not tell you how brave he was afterward."

"That was for Moran," he broke in.

"Ah, those names! What difference does a name make? It was you who did it—just you."

His father rose and seized his son's hand again.

"I reckon she's right," he said.

That is the way the whole village took it as soon as the news was flashed round and people were able to think at all. They came up in crowds to greet Larry, and when they saw the pinned-up sleeve they lifted their heads in pride. As for the wider public, they found next morning an entertaining yarn to read over their breakfast cups.

But there were certain petty officials in the War Department who were and still are puzzled. There are some in Washington who are inclined to the view that as a matter of fact Larry is guilty of a violation of the draft laws, and as such is subject to imprisonment. But what puzzles them most is how in thunder you are going to put a man in jail for having left a hand in Flanders.

(THE END)

VENUS IN THE EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

away, assuring himself time and again that, like another Joshua, he had blown enchanted bugles and seen the walls of high resistance tumble at his feet. He had conquered. Without a struggle she had capitulated; this woman whom he had worshiped as an incarnation of the unattainable, whose printed picture he had nailed to the wall under the tin roof of his little lean-to in Axe Creek, had accepted him against the competition of princes, polo players, millionaires. His name was to fill that place which the newspaper illustrator had left vacant in the fifth point of her star. The most talked about and certainly the loveliest woman in New York had promised to become the wife of Buddy McNair of Axe Creek!

Then what is wrong, Buddy McNair? Why jaunt so moodily, knuckling your fashionable cane like a sword disgraced? Have not her delicious lips touched yours, unworthy? Have not the elbows beautiful crooked to an embrace responsive to your own? Has not the golden voice whispered "Dear," meaning you? Buddy, it can't be possible that you are sad!

"I'm happy—you bet I'm happy!" he was saying over and over to himself as he took the down slope of Madison Avenue, past flower stands, jewelry shops, windows bulging with expensive knickknacks; distantly the Metropolitan Tower showed its lacy flame in the springtime dusk.

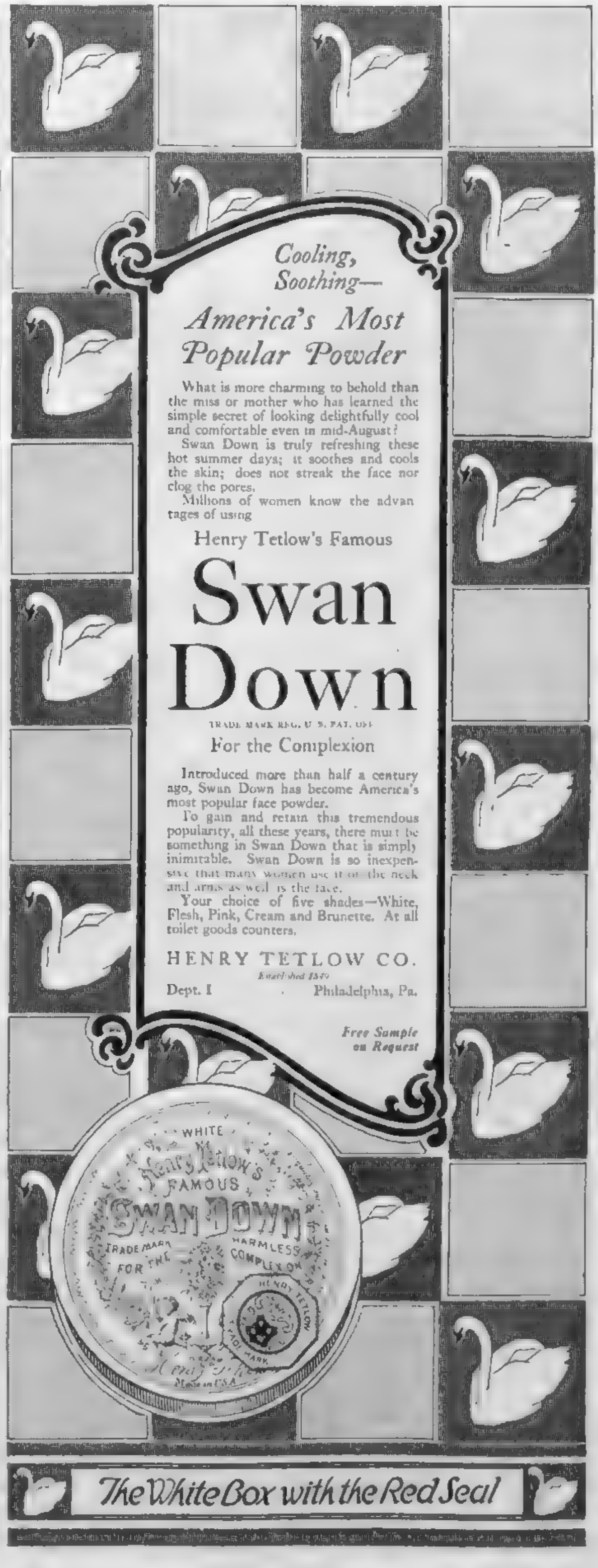
"You bet I'm happy!" he was repeating at every step; and at every step he was savagely lying to himself. But the subconscious Buddy knew the truth and realized that Buddy was disappointed. After his bitter and costly struggle to reach the flame he had found it to be a cold fire, a fire that neither warmed nor burned him.

He stopped at a pretentious florist's in the lower Fifties and bought her thirty-five dollars' worth of orchids.

Buddy had preferred pink roses with delicately curling petals and a rich yellowish glow at the center; but when the florist scornfully mentioned the price—three and a half dollars a dozen—he realized that they would never do for her.

In the upper Thirties he turned to the right toward Broadway. By now his subconscious mind was kicking vigorously against the happiness theory in the front of his brain. How beautiful it had been when she had leaned an instant to brush his jowl with her veiled cheek! How little she had said after all! He had often pictured triumphant love, but somehow it had never been like this. He had kissed her through a veil—that was it. Women of her sort loved as they lived, mostly in reservations. They were too delicate, too subtle for the whole-hearted romances of common people. The next time, perhaps, or the next he would begin to feel the high ecstasy. Of course it was perfectly natural that she should keep the engagements she had made with other men.

Pan was piping along Broadway as he joined the dinner-going throng. Male and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Quaker Hominy Grits is a superfine hominy, of exquisite flavor. Even Southerners, born and bred where hominy is a daily dish, are amazed at its deliciousness. The recipes on the package give a number of ways of serving. In addition try Hominy Grits with tomato sauce, and Hominy Grits au gratin, and sometimes simply serve it hot with meats—there is nothing better than Hominy Grits and gravy.

Quaker Hominy Grits

Fancy White Hominy—15c

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

(1928)

female, linked together in every combination of April joy, they floated along, conversing in notes of laughter; or more pertinently, with the eyes. It was mating season in Babel. The softening time of year had brought out the little fauns, who had doubtless been sleeping winter away under the Times Square Station; and Tempe's shepherds were a-wooing in new dollar-eighty-nine hats.

Directly in front of him strolled two youthful couples, very much entwined. The men wore flat-crowned hats with sporting bands and snappy belted spring overcoats. The girls were small and sprightly and they kept their melting brown eyes upon those of their protectors. They reminded him of Miss Blint, cheaply clad and humanized.

The girl in front turned back and giggled to the lagging pair: "Gee, Sadie! You poor nuts better hurry!"

"I guess Jo knows what he's doin'," responded Sadie, squeezing the sleeve of her weedy young man, who was pale and had a beak like an ibis.

And the most fortunate man in New York felt very lonesome.

Stray men and women met and joined and passed on. Rather debauched sentimentalists stood, heads close together, flirting over picture post cards in windows of cheap-Jack stores. Two by two the prospective revelers were seen fluttering out of taxicabs, to be swallowed up by gorgeous lobster palaces. The on-and-off-flashing corset advertisements, the popular tunes belching over the street from phonograph shops, bright eyes glowing up at him under the glare, languorous policemen pausing at corners for a word with a fair pedestrian—in these changing visions he saw nothing of the weariness and cynic leer of Broadway. He saw only the thing of which he had been cheated and for which he had squandered so magnificent an investment.

At some vague hour he began to miss his dinner, and a yearning sensation brought him up standing before a high stained glass façade marked Automaton Grill.

Apparently a place to eat, since people were chewing toothpicks as they came out. He entered upon a vast hall all tiled in art-nouveau designs like a giant's bathroom. And there were wonderful white-topped tables set at intervals, while round the walls people were walking and staring like a multitude at a closely packed menagerie. A mechanical pipe organ whinnied forth Poor Butterfly. Here indeed was a forecast of the new and terrible mechanical world that some advanced thinkers would wish upon the revised socialistic generations to come. Following the throng he saw, upon intimate observation, that the walls were lined with little glass doors, each resembling a post-office lock box, each provided with a coin slot and a brass knob, each showing behind the glass a slab of roast beef, a sandwich or a cut of pie. The tempted loiterer would click in the required number of nickels, the glass door would fly eagerly open, a morsel of food would be snatched forth and borne toward that forest of white-topped tables.

Buddy wasn't hungry, according to his gauge of the symptom, but he felt that he owed it to himself to go through the form of eating. Therefore he followed the crowd to the cashier's conch-shell booth, where he changed fifty cents for a stack of nickels. Thus munitioned he went forth to peer upon the glass cased exhibits. A beautiful sign in illuminated glass announced Sandwich Section, and there a specimen marked B & B Roll Egg Salmon Special—2 Nickels gained his approval. With this elaborate dish in hand he sauntered down the line toward the Hot Dishes Section where B & B Chicken Pie—3 Nickels caused him to insert the proper number of coins; and behold sesame fly open with a snap.

There was a niche in the center wall, a white-tiled grotto wherein dwelt a wonderful silver dragon whose name was Coffee. Coffee had an angry expression and large open nostrils from which jutted two silvery spouts. He was flanked on either side by piles of greenish cups and saucers, and the magic power of Coffee was this: There was a slot marked 1 Nickel right over his grotto, and when you slid a cup under his two spouted nostrils and dropped one nickel in the place so obviously suggested, then out from his right nostril would spout hot coffee and from his left hot milk until your cup would be accurately filled—no more, no less.

Just ahead of him at the magic fount a dark browed swain and a straw colored lass were leaning before the dragon whose name was Coffee. She was holding various items of the dinner they had collected from the glass windows; he was filling two cups. She gave to Buddy the regretful feeling that plus beefsteak and exercise in the open air she could still be turned into a pretty girl. Her coat was fashionably trimmed with cheap fur, and at her belt she wore a somewhat wilted cluster of lilies of the valley. They had just been married, and the world to them at that moment was golden.

"Hun-bun," she was cooing, "you oughtn't to took so much pie. We got to economize now."

"Gee. I bet your old lady'll blow all over the island when she hears!"

"Let 'er blow," she invited with a seraphic smile, revealing many gilt teeth. "I don't care for nobody now."

"Not for nobody?" he pleaded.

And the most fortunate man in New York was like to weep for very desolation.

After dinner he chose his own toothpick and strolled aimlessly toward Fifth Avenue. The thirty cents' worth of nourishment eaten in those mechanical surroundings had had a strangely humanizing effect. The feel of the wood between his teeth brought a certain consolation. Undoubtedly he had been under a great strain these two or three months—and Sally Dyvenot had admitted that she loved him at least enough to marry him.

He saw the unwieldy top of a Fifth Avenue bus swaying toward him as he stood on a corner. The conductor brayed "One on top!" as he helped Buddy aboard and started him up the ladder.

It was unfortunate, to say the least, that Buddy should have chosen such a vehicle for a lovelorn ride that balmy starlit April evening—the top of the Fifth Avenue bus, which has become New York's municipal mating ground, and where, as soon as dying March inspires the crocus buds, the wistfully unmarried may sit two by two and become engaged for the very reasonable charge of a dime.

The first glimpse he got as soon as his head came above the ladder was that of masculine arms comfortably crooked above the backs of every seat but one. Foolish little heads were snuggled against broad shoulders—in every seat but one. And beside the single vacant place sat a prim gaunt lady, well beyond middle age, the unoccupied half of her seat all too symbolic of her unloved state. Buddy lurched his way over to that space and sat down. The bus, intent upon its turn into Riverside Drive, blundered forward toward Fifty-seventh Street.

Buddy McNair's eyes strayed morbidly round over this carnival of lovers. Every pair sat amorously clamped together, little chirping soprano monosyllables responding to deep basso growls. Mentally he tried to put himself in one of those happy places. He tried to imagine Mrs. Pat Dyvenot announcing her engagement in this somewhat candid fashion, on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. The picture affected him so strangely that he found himself tittering out loud. The angular lady at his left drew away her skirts and sidled over toward the rail.

"Fare, please!" snarled the conductor in his ear. He turned and faced an implement like a blunt nosed revolver, pointed menacingly toward his breast. Buddy forced a dime into the slot, and the gaunt lady, resting a thin elbow on the rail, continued to gaze bleakly into Fifth Avenue's second-story display windows; evening wraps of velvet and ermine, Chinese pottery of ancient lineage, Louis XIV bedroom suites—on these she gazed with the hard stare of one who has been cheated of both luxury and love.

Buddy McNair sighed. He wondered if he had aged visibly since coming to New York.

Long before they had reached Grant's Tomb or turned toward the gayeties of inland Harlem Buddy had gathered most of the life history of the spooning couple in the seat ahead. She had pretty brown hair—he could see by a glimpse under the arc light—and her baby mouth was reenforced by a long upper lip. He was short and Semitic, with shaggy eyebrows and hair that curled over the ears.

"Douglas Fairbanks is playin' at the Coogan Casino," she suggested.

"Let's stay on and ride back to the Square."

"Why?"

"You're a lot more fun than the movies."

"But I love to see Douglas Fairbanks, don't you?"

(Continued on Page 85)

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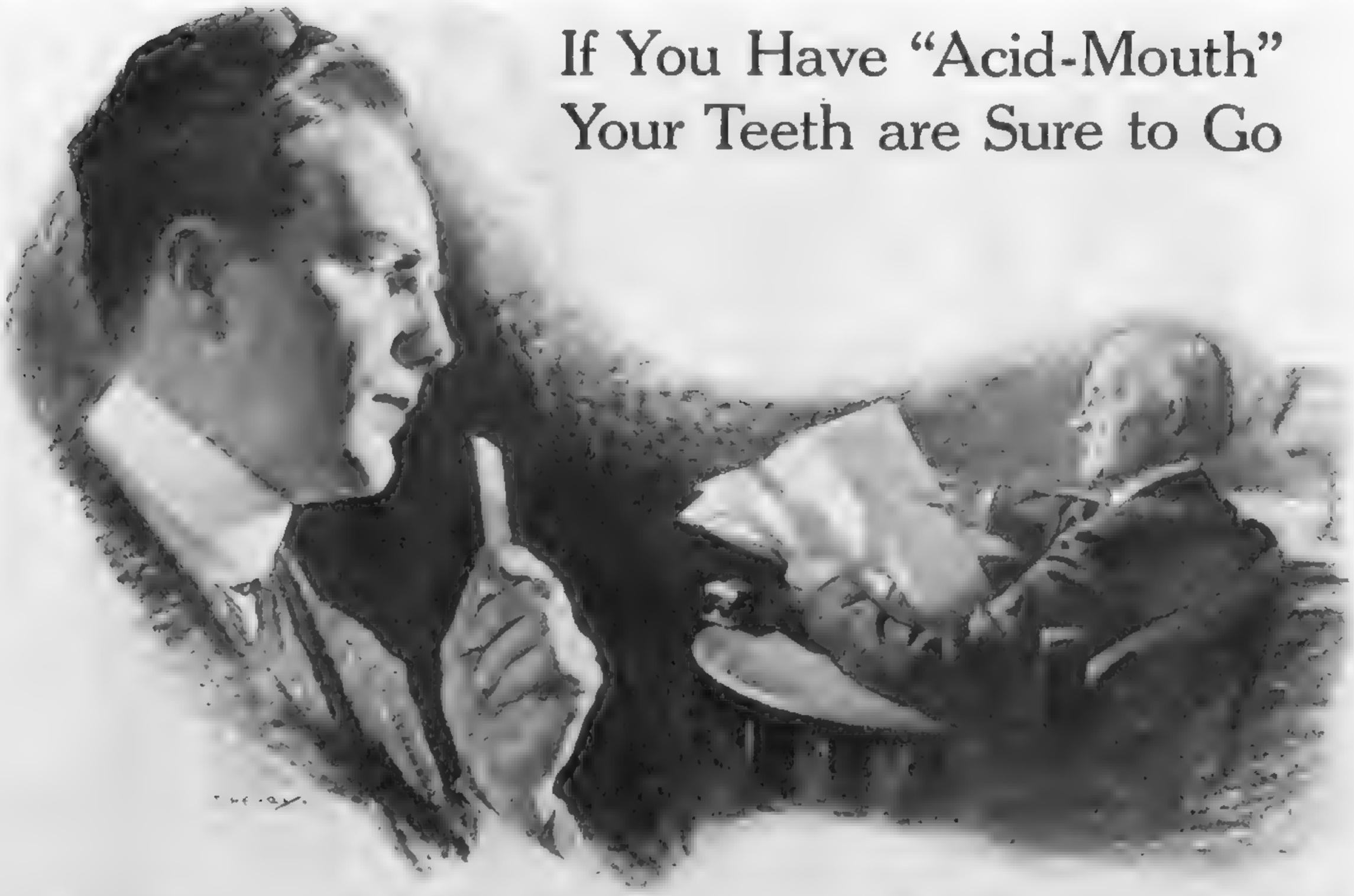

THIS young man, half-jokingly, puts a litmus test paper in his mouth for a few seconds. Removing it, he sees the blue paper turn pink before his eyes—the unfailing sign of "Acid-Mouth."

With an effort, he pulls his eyes away from the telltale test paper and they stray over and note the shrunken cheeks of a toothless old man. This picture recites the history of neglected teeth.

When the bits of food which lodge between your teeth and under the gums dissolve and break up in the constant warmth and moisture, a condition the dental scientists call "Hyperacidity" or "Acid-Mouth" is formed. This reacts against the hard enamel of your teeth and, in the course of time, actually eats it away.

Once the acid penetrates the protecting enamel, the soft dentine within becomes exposed and tooth decay becomes so rapid that it soon becomes useless to treat the tooth.

This is, in brief, what authorities claim is the cause of more than 95% of all tooth troubles.

To effectively counteract the effects of "Acid Mouth," Pebeco Tooth Paste has been compounded. Regular, consistent use, twice a day, is decidedly effective in preventing tooth decay, and in retarding decay where already started. Pebeco cleanses the mouth, sweetens the breath and brightens the teeth.

If you wish to make sure whether you have "Acid-Mouth," send for a set of free test papers. These are litmus papers—the standard laboratory test papers for determining the presence of acid. If one turns pink when moistened in your mouth an acid condition exists. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make the paper test again. Note that acid condition is absent after Pebeco has been used.

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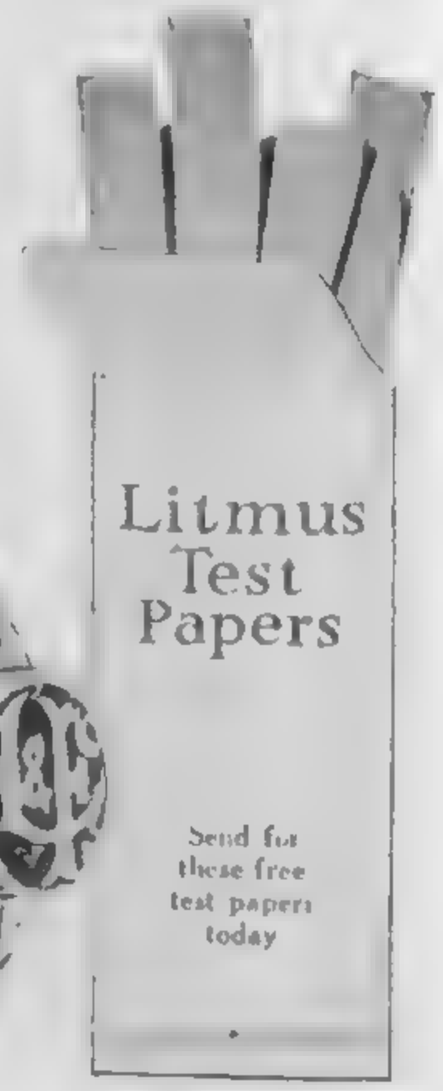

Pebeco Tooth Paste is for sale by all druggists

***Manufactured by* LEHN & FINK, Inc., 122 William Street, New York**

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(Continued from Page 82)

"What's so grand about him?"

"There's somp'n about him like you."

A silence.

"Comin' round to the store to-morra?"

"Can't get away. The boss is a crab. But say—you oughtn't to be lonesome with all those fresh electricians hangin' round."

"How can you talk like that, Sol? Do you think I could look at anybody else—now?"

"How about Douglas Fairbanks?"

"Oh, him! He's only a picture!"

"All right—let's get off."

At the end of the line the bus took on a fresh load of lovers for the trip downtown. Buddy lost his old maid and drew a fat gentleman; and growing weary of affection by proxy he resumed his brooding melancholy. Hope revived gradually. He was sure the rosy cloud would come to-morrow, when he would see her again. He would try to arrange it so that he could snatch an hour from her busy day—an hour of confidences in which, perhaps, she would tell him a few things he deserved to know. He had no intention of nagging her into confessions about poor Pat; but he had a right to demand an explanation of what others hinted at. And her romance with Terry Overbeek—of course that was in the past; but would she ever come sufficiently close to him to whisper the key to that mystery? And where did this fat Bulgarian stand? Would he go right on keeping up the appearance of a suitor? What would be Buddy's attitude after they were married? He had a vision of himself in the rôle of a much-enduring husband.

It was beginning to drizzle when the south-going bus reached the Forties. As they were approaching the white globes above the cornice of Florio's he took the ladder down to the sidewalk. B & B Roll Egg Salmon Special was beginning to lie heavy among his depressed thoughts; and he had taken the whim to sit in Florio's pleasant café and sip away the taste that was beginning to gather in his mouth.

But after all the crowded state of Florio's café discouraged him. Peering through the glass partition into the smaller of the dining rooms he saw one or two little tables empty in a good situation, overlooking the lobby. Germain, captain of waiters, who had long since accepted Mr. McNair among his bowing acquaintances, showed him to a table by the glass partition; and Buddy, having ordered a drink and a cigar, indulged himself in the vacant joy of gazing upon those coming out of the big dining room along the narrow lobby.

Several good substantial people, middle-aged and dull, gathered in a group and passed the postprandial time of day. The Tauchnitz Fieldings and their party swept past and bowed to him before they went out through the revolving door. He wondered if Prince Carlo might not be giving his dinner here to-night. He wondered, too, why he wasn't jealous. Was it because he was so perfectly sure of Sally or because his passion lacked the vitality that brews both hate and love?

He had sipped less than an inch from his tall glass and smoked less still from his long cigar when a new group, lingering in the foyer, close enough for him to have touched them had the glass partition not intervened, caused him first to crane his neck, then to rise in his chair like a jousting knight. There was no doubt about it—there, next the glass partition, stood the familiar green gown with girdle and shoulder straps of gold.

Buddy realized that there might be other green gowns, other golden girdles; yet unequipped though he was to rival M. Poiret as a male dressmaker he would have wagered all the money that New York hadn't taken away from him that in modeling, texture, character that gown beyond the glass partition was the very one that had charmed him at the servants' ball.

The wearer was standing with her straight, slender back toward him at the time; but by glancing a few inches above the nape of her graceful neck he got the one detail of her costume that clinched his assurance. Round her dark glossy hair she was wearing an emerald bandeau. No doubt in the world now; it was the marquise, that lovely French enchantress who had promised to meet him anywhere he said and whom he had so basely deserted after his meeting with Terry Overbeek. Then after all she must be a lady of quality, just as she had said. Otherwise she would not be dallying round the lobby of Florio's, so very much at ease. It occurred to Buddy that he owed her an apology if nothing more.

He was hesitating on the brink of action when a well-looking young man of her party came forth with her evening wrap and began draping it over her shoulders. Her head had been turned away up to that moment, but she came halfway round now and gave the spy full benefit of her profile. The shock sent Buddy bumping back into his chair.

It wasn't the mysterious Frenchwoman, but someone vastly more puzzling: It was the girl pickpocket who had robbed him on the D. & R. G.

There was no doubt about it. Buddy got nearly a minute of gazing into her frank smiling face, so successfully masking its duplicity and guile. When she laughed she showed pretty teeth, and her violet eyes glistened with wholesome fun. Oh, women, women! And her victim to-night was the same young man he had seen riding round with her in the hansom cab!

As soon as her wrap was adjusted against her pretty neck her party, of which there were two or three young people and two older ones, moved toward the revolving door. Buddy McNair swore aloud and started in pursuit. He had been Manhattan's pawn too long. This woman shouldn't escape him now.

It was something of a journey round the glass partition and into the lobby. By the time he had gained the entrance outside he saw a heavy limousine just swinging into Fifth Avenue.

"Stop that car!" howled Buddy to the carriage man.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" inquired the official.

"I don't want my pardon begged. I'm all fed up on pardons. But why didn't you stop that car?"

"It was already started, sir."

"You're a genius!" snorted Buddy, and stamped back into the little dining room.

"Germain," he asked of the captain of waiters, "what's the name of that young lady in the green dress who just went out?"

"I wasn't looking, Mr. McNair," said Germain, "but I can find out perhaps."

Presently he came back with florid Jacques, the head waiter.

"The dinner party was given by Mr. Grey, of Boston," said Jacques. "Mr. Inverness Grey. I'm not sure I have ever seen the young lady in green before. Mr. Grey stays at the Yacht Club when he is in the city."

Buddy gulped his drink and went his way, ruminating over his half-smoked cigar. As he called a taxicab he reflected that he owed it to society in general and to Mr. Inverness Grey in particular to give the alarm as to the second young lady in the green dress. What in the world was the significance in this costume? Was it the uniform of a gang of society pickpockets operating among the rich?

At half-past twelve, after Jass had prepared his tub and laid out his pyjamas, he decided to call up the Yacht Club.

"No, sir," said a positive voice at the telephone; "Mr. Inverness Grey is not stopping here. Yes, sir. Any mail sent here will be forwarded."

XVIII

AFTER his disguised betrothal feast next evening Buddy took his party to the theater, feeling more and more that success had failed to bring him all it should. He had snatched only a moment alone with his fiancée that day. She had slept late in the morning, had departed for luncheon when he called her up about noon, was busy with her maid late in the afternoon when again he telephoned. She had come to Buddy's dinner an instant early; and his one moment had been in the library, when she had permitted him to gather her into his arms, pearls and all. But she had seemed quite out of temper, had complained of being tired, of losing at bridge, of detesting her friends. It hurt him to think that she should have brought so ill a mood to this occasion.

"I'm glad you wore the pearls to-night," he said thankfully, just before the others came in.

"Your pearls, my dear!" she whispered, and the significance of it improved his spirits tremendously.

The dinner had been pleasant after a fashion. The wine—some of which Buddy had inherited from Sagan Rae's stock—was good, as Plummie Van Laerens attested in a spell of candid inebriation. Gertie quarreled with him as usual, and upon

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Two years ago Matthew entered college. He borrowed money to do it.

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His friend, Lloyd Hall, had earned over $10,000.00 and paid all his college expenses by representing *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He advised Matthew to try the subscription business this summer. He did.

This was the result: His June profits were $235.00. In July they exceeded $250.00. And he was wholly new at the work!

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Sally's attempts to conciliate them turned upon her and spoke bitingly of Prince Carlo.

"Buddy," she implored, "try to woo her away from that greasy old thing!"

Sally, far from offended, gave Buddy one swift glance. "I'm all out of practice with a gun," Buddy confessed. "But he's a broad target and slow moving."

They were quite late, of course, to Noisy Nettie, the Broadway success they had arranged to see. The curtain had just fallen on the pink cabaret scene, and the others had gone ahead down the aisle; Mrs. Dyvenot, removing her opera cloak, was beseeching Buddy to do something with it when a neat-figured man with a pepper-and-salt mixture in his dark curls came face to face with them in the aisle.

It was Terry Overbeek. Anybody could see that the meeting was purely accidental; but the encounter, which was over in a flash, imparted the sinister impression of an attack deliberately planned.

Overbeek had been drinking. There were fiery rims round his pale eyes and the flesh on his jowls seemed to have slipped down a quarter of an inch. Buddy saw him first and was making a gesture to guide Mrs. Dyvenot out of the way when she too saw him. Never before in Buddy's observation had she lost her poise. Her face blanked with a look of fright; and there was something else—humiliation. And yet Overbeek's eyes never met hers. Nothing he could have said could have been more obvious than his look. It was taking in her necklace, counting every pearl on the string. It was a pawnbroker's look. And after she had scurried down the aisle he still stood there leaning against a pillar, on his lips such a smile of wise wet humor as never old Silenus smiled.

"How are you, McNair?" he sang out jauntily and slouched away.

When Buddy had joined his party on the fourth row, center aisle, Mrs. Dyvenot was rippling with sprightly humor. There were telltale spots on her cheeks, but she was all animation, playing the game again with all her might. She was down in the orchestra circle, having descended from Olympus to the human level, and the contact seemed to have a stimulating effect. In fact Buddy could not but see in all these people of his party a tendency to perform for the multitude, to be noticed by the mob they so conscientiously affected to despise.

"Sit still, Plummie!" demanded Gertie Van Larens. "You shouldn't be drumming like a child."

"He simply can't wait for the bathing scene in the second act," explained Sally with one of her naughty twinkles.

"Bringing women to a musical show is like shipping rhinestones to Kimberley," objected Plummie with a long-toothed grin.

"Men are amused by poor baggage indeed," sniffed Mrs. Bitnor, which caused her somewhat chinless husband to whinny.

"The baggage who stands second from the end isn't so poor," suggested Plummie, who had seen Noisy Nettie three times.

The populace on adjoining rows were craning curious necks for a glimpse of royalty being democratic. The second-act curtain went up on the bathing scene and Bitnor said something extremely comic to Plummie Van Laerens, who snorted so boisterously as to cause the orchestra leader to look round, scowling—until he saw who had caused the disturbance. Then he smiled apologetically.

It was a good show, Buddy thought. He always preferred the weary merchant's choice in the matter of dramatic entertainment. But he was worried and he had a telepathic knowledge that Sally was worried too. He reached out and touched her hand once, but she drew it gently away. Buddy felt like the little twig in the midst of the whirlpool—everything circling wildly round him, nobody knowing why; himself the center of many curious agitations, all tending to draw him suddenly under. The relations between the two mysterious girls in the green dress, one of whom he knew to be a swindler, the other of whom he had reasons to suspect; the eloquent sneer of Terry Overbeek, gazing after Sally's pearls; his own unsatisfying engagement to Mrs. Dyvenot, and her unexplained relations with the world at large—questions, questions, questions!

In the midst of Noisy Nettie's most hilarious scene Mrs. Dyvenot leaned toward him and whispered: "I'm frightfully tired, Buddy. Won't you take me home?"

Poor Buddy's heart leaped up again. In her appeal he thought he saw her ruse to be alone with him. Almost eagerly he made his excuses to the ladies of the party, then blankly he followed her up the aisle.

When the carriage man had whistled his car forth from a side street Buddy helped her in, and in perfect silence took his seat beside her. He anticipated a melting of the snows, a blossoming of loverlike confidences.

He slipped his arm along the back of the seat and held her stiffly. She was as unresponsive as a roll of cloth, and though she did not make a gesture of dissent it was obvious enough that she did not approve of the Fifth Avenue bus method of getting better acquainted.

"What's the matter, Sally?" he asked after a while, when he had assumed his conventional attitude.

"I'm frightfully tired."

"Can't you take a rest?"

"A rest! How in the world can I?"

"Why, just naturally lay off for a while."

"That's a delicious program. I'm a slave—everybody's slave. My whole life is wasted on a pack of things I hate. Foolish backbitings and jealousies! And here I've wasted my afternoon playing cards with people I loathe, and losing more money than I can afford to a woman who is nothing more nor less than a professional gambler."

Buddy was on the point of asking if her professional wore a green gown and a curious hair ornament, but he wisely desisted.

"I don't see why you can't stop a while and rest up."

"No. I suppose you can't."

This was a crusher. From his recent intimacy he found himself receding to a distance, regarding her as an astronomer regards his Venus—through a telescope.

When they had turned into Madison Avenue he looked at her piteously and asked: "Sally—is it something about Terry Overbeek?"

"What in the world has Terry Overbeek got to do with me?" she taxed him shrewdly.

The car stopped before the white entrance of the apartment house.

At the elevator she gave him her hand and forced a smile that seemed to twist every line in her face.

"I'll feel better in the morning," she said. "Come and take me out to lunch. And, my dear—don't have foolish ideas!"

Her weariness seemed to have infected him. Questions, questions, questions—their constant assault upon his confused brain was turning The Wild Man of the Mountain into an Ibsenian heart gnawer. Interrogation points buzzed round him like a swarm of bees which he strove vainly to beat away with his bare hands.

As soon as he had unlatched the door of his apartment he decided to go straight to bed. There was a light in the entrance hall, but the rest of the place was mysterious with darkness. This was queer. Possibly he had come home a bit early and had caught the usually efficient Jass napping. He switched on the library lights and rang impatiently for his faithful servant.

"Is Jass welshing now?" he asked thunderously and, striding to his bedroom, set to the unaccustomed task of undressing himself. His pyjamas were nicely laid out, the coverlid turned down, a carafe of water and a glass set thoughtfully on the stand. Was Jass in love? Buddy rang again, and after a vain wait for a response crept into bed and groaned the bitter fatigue of soul and body.

He left the bedlight burning, and from the small stand near by picked up a carefully tooled volume. It was a collection of Carlyle's essays, which he had selected from his new library as a bedtime book.

He turned at random to a page marked Goethe. This looked invitingly dull.

". . . For the rest, what sort of mind is it that has passed through this change, that has gained this victory; how rich and high a mind; how learned by study in all that is wisest, by experience in all that is most complex! . . ."

". . . For the rest, what sort of mind is it ——"

The telephone rang. "Hello!"

"Mr. Overbeek calling."

"Say it again, slow."

"Mr. Overbeek calling."

"Terry Overbeek?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show him up."

Carlyle plumped heavily to the floor and Buddy's silken legs promptly followed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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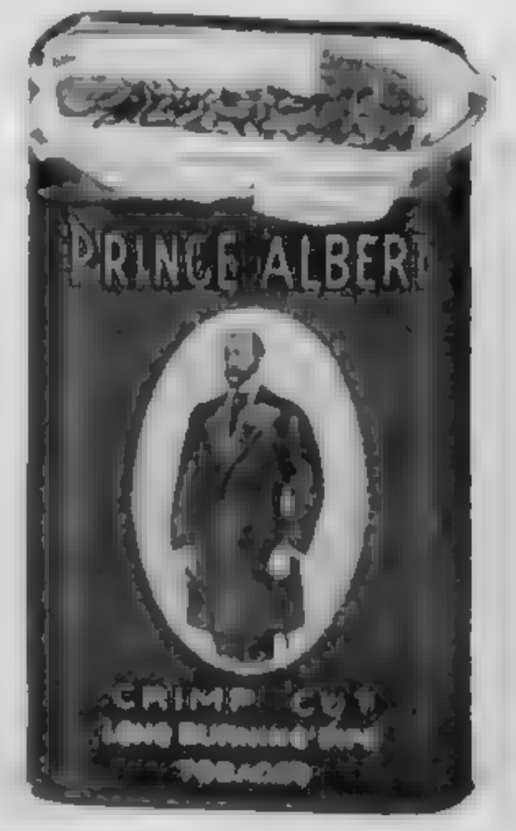

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NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
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THE VULGAR DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 7)

his face. Really I cannot bring myself to make a criticism of so prominent a man; but I can and will at this moment refer to marriage, which no one holds above criticism; and I hereby state that I can well perceive that at times things occur, such as lack of proper sympathy, for example, which must make the married state well-nigh unbearable—if you know what I mean.

I will say of Mrs. Esmeralda that she did not bring that—that supposedly necessary and hygienic but most indecorous garment back with her to the luncheon table. She rescued it from her pet, whom she soundly boxed on the ears, and gave the thing to Mrs. DeWynt's maid, who at the alarm had hurried out on the terrace. But Mrs. Esmeralda did something almost as bad. She returned to her place a trifle flushed and spoke directly to her aunt, who had only partly recovered.

"I got it all right, Aunt Sally," said that unabashed but honestly apologetic young person; "I got it all right, and it isn't much torn. I think it can even be used again. I am so sorry, because I've noticed in the advertisements how expensive they are!"

At this my dear patroness merely glared at her uncouth niece and turned the subject, her face a color which I will term a blush, but which in a person of less social importance might almost have been called purple.

Of course the whole thing was dropped immediately. But the most curious part of it all was the fact that somehow the dullness seemed to have been entirely wiped out of the luncheon party! A fact which, in view of the tragic thing that had just occurred, puzzles me to this day.

I have at times considered it is to be regretted that among ourselves a certain good old English custom has been dropped—to wit, that of the proper chastisement of insubordinate young females by the elders in authority—a tradition that seems to have become obsolete unless it is still maintained by laboring persons, petty clerks, and so forth. But among us there appears to be no method by which the hapless parent, husband or guardian can, as I may say, establish his or her authority over the intractable junior. And such was the position of Mrs. DeWynt.

Of course one of the chief difficulties my dear patroness encountered was the fact that after all Esmeralda never did anything wrong. Merely things which are simply not done, if you know what I mean, and all with a disarming simplicity which loudly proclaimed her entire innocence of intent to do a single thing out of the ordinary.

Perchance if the ancient power vested in the older members of the, as I may call them, baronial households had been applicable to Mrs. Esmeralda the disasters of the day might have ended at the luncheon table. But as the modern tendency to giving the younger women an absolutely free hand has apparently become an unassailable precedent, Mrs. DeWynt was helpless except for the quality of her facial expression; and it is well known that when my dear patroness concludes to assume her cloak of unapproachableness the effect is, to put it mildly, dampening.

But curiously enough its impression upon her niece was nil; and when that young lady reappeared in the afternoon arrayed in a delicious creation of cinnamon chiffon her manner bore not the slightest trace of shame or repentance. Upon the strictest instructions she had locked her terrible Jeff-dog into safe quarters, and it seemed to me that she hung about waiting for the guests to arrive in rather a forlorn manner, being accompanied only by her husband, Captain Tugwell, who sat beside her on the edge of the terrace and seemed to be endlessly talking about beastly unpleasant things like the war, which I am sure must have bored her awfully, though she made every effort to conceal the fact, owing doubtless to her undeniable kindness of heart. Had I not been so overwhelmed by my final duties in regard to the imminent advent of the guests I should of course have rescued her, out of sheer pity.

But people were arriving before I could reach her, and naturally I was at once almost rushed to death with the effort of attending to these half-strangers and at the same time appearing very leisurely and casual in my manner, if you know what I mean. The senator and Mr. Willy had disappeared almost immediately after luncheon, and the other members of our own crowd had grouped themselves defensively in the long drawing-room, where Hoskins had set out a special table with drinks. This was keeping them amused, because St. Johns had invented some concoction which he called a "Frozen Hell," and the ladies, Mrs. Langdon in particular, seemed to find it very entertaining to "play bartender," as they called it, and help him in the manufacture of them. The loud indifference of this group to the arriving guests, which was of course one of the recognized privileges of people in their social standings, made my work a trifle difficult. Dear Mrs. DeWynt could, it is true, occasionally be, as I may say, pried away from the group when I whispered to her of some more important arrival. But she always returned to her own unit at the earliest possible instant. Captain Tugwell and Esmeralda, with their heads close together at the far end of the terrace, were of course worse than useless, and so the whole thing devolved upon me.

Fortunately the bridge tables were not difficult to seat, and when the orchestra began to play softly it helped, as subdued music always does, to veil, as it were, the awkwardness incident to the raw beginnings of almost any entertainment. It is odd, really, how few of the men we knew had come to this function, or, even if they had appeared, troubled to play. The senator and Mr. Willy had plainly avowed their preference for golf—an exerting occupation for which I personally have very little use. And St. Johns, that champion of the brainy and, as I may call it, scientific game of bridge, was devoting himself to the concoction of his newly invented beverage! Nevertheless, there was a sprinkling of men at the tables—for the most part younger dancing fellows, who were more or less useful for that sort of thing and for big dinners or any place where one runs rather short.

But the affair was draggy—even after the usual crucial first half hour. There was no denying it—the bridge drive was not promising to prove the brilliant success which we had anticipated with such supposedly well-grounded confidence. The reporters had arrived, and the camera men; but it is an unfortunate truth that the guests had not. That is to say, nothing like so many of them as we had expected and provided for. Indeed I felt it incumbent upon me to hold the newspaper and photographic persons in conversation as long as was possible, hoping that more people would appear. But though the day was very fine and all conditions auspicious it is actually true that not quite half of the outsiders whom Mrs. De Wynt had commissioned me to invite put in an appearance!

As I was in the midst of, as it were, restraining the persons from the press and experiencing more than the usual difficulties in so doing, I caught sight of an unexpected move on the part of Mrs. Esmeralda. She and Captain Tugwell rose from their seats, and I, helplessly caught in the very midst of an unfinished sentence addressed to the reporters, was obliged to witness without protest the beginnings of the extraordinary performance that ensued.

Without even calling upon the assistance of a servant, Esmeralda and Captain Tugwell removed the large bowl of flowers from the center of that long table that had been moved out from the library. And they next ascertained, by use of the captain's handkerchief, that the surface was completely dry. Then, getting rid also of the supply of surplus tobacco, Esmeralda broke the seals of a couple of packs of new cards and began some mysterious manipulations with them.

Must I say that this conspicuous conduct of hers drew the attention of every eye? There will be no need to make such an assurance. Playing was partly suspended at every table, those who were at the moment dummy giving their entire interest to the redheaded girl, who I regret to add had not even troubled to lower her voice.

"Believe me, it moves a whole lot faster than bridge!" she was assuring her husband. "And money skips right along through it like a sheriff's posse was on its trail. Let me show you."

At this juncture Mrs. Ted, who was evidently neither interested in the bridge nor in Wynnet's new drink, strolled out and joined the two at the long table.

"Why, hello!" said Mrs. Ted in her odd unconventional manner, which somehow never offends anyone. "Why, hello! Here's a game I like too!"

Almost simultaneously the senator and Mr. Willy appeared round the corner of the house, looking very serious, as if the prospect of the promised fulfillment of duty ahead of them lay, as I may say, heavily on their minds. At sight of Esmeralda, the captain and Mrs. Ted, however, they cautiously skirted the bridge crowd, the open drawing-room windows, and joined the group at the long table. When the senator saw what was in progress there he emitted what I can only describe as a howl of joy. Really, I am aware that such a statement regarding so prominent a personage might easily be accounted an indiscretion. But such was the fact. I might further add that his face broke into a smile that gave him almost the aspect of a child who has unexpectedly come upon a new toy that particularly pleases it. Mr. Willy, of the President's Purchasing Board, also gave a distinct demonstration of pleasure, and one of the bridge players, who was dummy at the table nearest this newly developed group, also rose and joined them; a young man he was, about whom we really knew very little.

These peculiar demonstrations were, I confess, too much for my powers of composure, and so excusing myself to the press people I hastily traversed the length of the terrace with the intent of ascertaining what was, as I may say, afoot. As I simultaneously with one or two others joined the group Esmeralda looked up from her occupation of dealing out cards in a most peculiar fashion and caught my eye.

"Hello, Penny!" said Mrs. Esmeralda briskly; "want to get in?"

And it was at this moment that I discovered the horrible and indisputable fact that she had a little pile of money at her elbow—actual cash—bank notes and silver! Now of course all the best people play for money—that goes without the saying. But always by check; or at any rate matters are settled after the game, the amounts being inconspicuously tabulated. But real money on the table, with ladies present—really! Shocked as I was I managed a reply to her question.

"Get in?" I said. "What are you playing, may I ask?"

"Blackjack!" said she briefly.

"I fear I do not comprehend," said I somewhat stiffly. "Is it a native American Indian game of some sort?"

"Indians have been known to play it," replied Esmeralda. "But since you are so particular, the right name is Fantianna."

"Fantianna?" I repeated, puzzled. "May I ask you to interpret?"

"Why, Penny, you bluff!" said Esmeralda. "I thought you knew French! It means twenty-one, of course!"

A light, as I may say, broke upon me at this.

"*Vingt-et-un!*" I exclaimed.

"Have it your own way," said she cheerfully; "but a natural wins in any language!"

This last informal remark was addressed to the senator, and I turned away hastily to find and take counsel with my dear patroness. Matters were coming to a terrible state. People were leaving the bridge tables quite unceremoniously and gathering about the quickly moving red head of our Western relative, whose clear voice could be heard calling out such strange remarks as "Crack 'em down, boys! The money won't grow in your pocket like the hair on your heads!"

A short silence ensued. Then I was amazed to hear the senator's voice excitedly calling out "Hit me! Hit me! Whoa!"

Laughter began to manifest itself among the crowd, and an air of gayety that was of a quality quite different from our sort of thing started to develop. I fairly fled to Mrs. DeWynt. She was still in the drawing-room, unconscious of all that was afoot, and when I whispered the alarming tidings in her ear she, with her ever-ready social generalship, if you know what I mean, mustered the little crowd of intimates from about the improvised bar and led them out upon the terrace with full intent to break up that terrible gathering about the library table, which I had so inadvertently placed there as a means to an unforeseen end.

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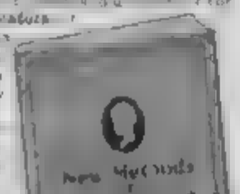

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with one in a social crisis. Most certainly such a thing could have been justifiably expected from such persons as St. Johns, Mrs. Langdon, Ted Collins, Marjorie and the Lennotts. And to do them justice, Marjorie and Mrs. Langdon certainly stuck to my dear patroness in the best possible form, but whether St. Johns' new alcoholic experiments had anything to do with the matter or whether there was really something contagious about that long table and the, as I may say, presiding spirit I cannot pretend to state. But I do know that hardly had Mrs. DeWynt's little troop reached the scene of action when all save the two aforementioned ladies deserted, creating a situation that was, to say the least of it, deucedly awkward. There was but one thing to do, and my dear lady did it without hesitation.

"William!" she said, raising her lorgnette and staring fixedly at the senator. "William, I think you and I might form the basis of a new bridge table. At once!"

It was masterly—or ought to have been, if you know what I mean. But somehow it wasn't. The senator unfortunately happened to be winning at that moment, and the face he turned to his wife was actually flushed with excitement, while his eyes shone like a boy's.

"Not on your life, Sally!" he cried laughingly. "Wow! A natural—once and a half!"

It was truly awful. But I do not think that anyone, excepting Mrs. DeWynt and myself, really heard him, there was so much noise going on; and of course we covered it at once by talking and laughing with the rest and seeming to form a part of what was shortly the event of the day. The senator was, however, irrepressible. He even urged his wife to take part in Mrs. Esmeralda's outrageous undertaking.

"You ought to get into this, old girlie!" he cried. "It's the squarest game I've seen in a long time. Stands on seventeen, draws to sixteen, and doesn't take stand-offs. And pays once and a half for naturals!"

Of course Mrs. DeWynt paid no more attention to this remark than would any self-respecting wife. But no one noticed this little difference of opinion, because just then Mr. Willy—the Mr. Willy of the President's Purchasing Board—suddenly began shouting: "Once more, once more! Busted, by gad!"

Mrs. Esmeralda, totally unabashed by this outbreak, acclaimed in a loud clear voice that her bank roll having increased she was now prepared to take bets of ten dollars. No one responding immediately, she renewed her familiar singsong—a sort of aboriginal chant, I take it to be—about "Crack 'em down, crack 'em down, boys!" referring doubtless to the tomahawk of her native district.

Then the rush began again. I must here mention that for the most part her transactions continued to take place in actual cash—perhaps because the amazing young female who was running the game kept assuring her delighted public that she would cash their checks, but that there was "no tick," whatever that might mean!

"Cash for cash!" she would call. "Cash for cash and fire the bookkeeper!"

And at this the senator would pound the table and yell with an emphasis which, though it would doubtless befit the nature of his public duties during a period of national crisis, was scarcely of a sufficiently dignified quality to make it suitable to one of his wife's entertainments, if you know what I mean. Altogether the degree to which the game affected the poor dear man was quite extraordinary.

Nor was his enthusiasm the only surprise produced by this aboriginal pastime, for Mr. Willy became equally excited. He being by nature taciturn, rugged and ruddy in appearance, and well-gotten-up in a breezy sort of, as I may call it, country-squire fashion, one would not have been surprised by an outburst of enthusiasm from him on, let us say, the subject of golf. His appearance warranted such a demonstration. But Mr. Willy had, so I understand, some connection with that same unfortunately crude period of the senator's early life to which I have unwillingly, yet I trust not too tactlessly, referred. In short their acquirement of their knowledge of Mrs. Esmeralda's game must have been about simultaneous, to judge from their similar behavior upon this occasion, and their occasional somewhat cryptic reminiscences. Mr Willy developed a peculiar habit—unquestionably an old and abandoned one which memory renewed—of standing on one leg and swinging the other foot in a half circle through the air, to the accompaniment of a very individual whistling sound made through his front teeth. These demonstrations reoccurred with great regularity and increasing vehemence whenever he made a play. Whether he won or lost never altered the vehemence of the whistle or the swing of the boot.

To say that the crowd was delighted by the spectacle of these two prominent persons so openly enjoying themselves is merely a mild indication of what actually occurred. As a matter of fact the other gamblers—I can call them by no other word—became almost as wild as the three leading lights of this "social" gathering. The noise was growing quite deafening and, greatest calamity of all, those wretched newspaper people and photographers instead of keeping their proper distance actually joined the game; one quite impossible little chap, in an obviously ready-made suit of tweeds, almost outdid the senator himself in shouting and pounding.

The spirit of the West was becoming, as I may say, rampant. I can truthfully assert that had the men drawn revolvers and begun firing into the air I should have been in no whit surprised. It was just as things got to this appalling state that poor dear Mrs. DeWynt's almost amazonian, if I may respectfully so term it, social leadership reasserted itself in full force. Never, never, in all the time I have known her, has it failed to do so at any tremendously critical time. Completely recovering her usual manner by a stupendous effort of will, she simply ordered tea, thereby automatically bringing her doomed garden party to its close.

This time there was no failure. For once tea appeared it would of course be impossible for any guest to have continued playing. And though it was barely four o'clock and so under ordinary conditions far too early to order it, still it more than served its purpose, and the crowd at the long table began to disperse.

Of course it is possible that Mrs. Esmeralda's unexpected willingness to, as she called it, "quit" may have had something to do with the readiness with which her audience left her board for ours—to crack a mild joke, if you know what I mean! Far from opposing their desertion she even rather encouraged it.

"I guess this crowd is pretty thoroughly cleaned out, anyway!" she remarked. "Go along and get your ice cream, folks! No, thanks, nothing for me! I'll just count up now!"

During the tea which followed, and which my dear patroness succeeded in making as dull and consequently as brief as possible, I had perforce to pass the long table where Esmeralda still sat surrounded by a persistent group of admirers. And as I did so I fairly chilled with horror at sight of the money that she was engaged in assorting. There seemed an amazing lot of it in bills, silver, and even a little gold. And that outrageous young woman was coolly straightening it out and making notes concerning it with Captain Tugwell's notebook and pencil. She was even chatting in a friendly fashion with the people about her. I hurried by as fast as possible, for the sight somehow wounded my sensibilities to the quick.

I have ever observed that when a situation reaches a point where endurance of it no longer seems possible a change occurs, and usually for the better. I dare say Nature or something like that takes care of the matter, if you know what I mean. Like blondes marrying brunettes, and rain after a dry period, and all that sort of thing. And so it was in this instance.

The guests, having finished their uncomfortable tea, at length began to depart, my dear lady by this time having reached such a pitch of, as I may call it, nervous strain that she scarcely heeded their farewells. Indeed she once or twice simply turned her back upon some of the outsiders when they tried to say good-by. And then finally there was left only a little group of ourselves—the senator, Mr. Willy and Captain Tugwell, all deeply absorbed in helping Esmeralda at her task, Mrs. Ted, Mrs. Langdon, and of course St. Johns and Marjorie remained to see the thing out.

Preparing for the inevitable and wishing to be in an advantageous position, my dear patroness ensconced herself in a large chair and surrounded herself with her little group of loyal ones. She was evidently determined that the girl should come to her, and so indeed it happened. After a very few moments Mrs. Esmeralda rose and approached her aunt, bearing a cake basket full of money, and backed up in the rear by the senator, Mr. Willy and Captain Tugwell. Mrs. DeWynt eyed the oncoming procession unsmilingly. But Esmeralda was plainly elated, and when she was in such a mood I assure you there was something contagious about her, even if one were trying to stand on one's dignity.

"Look, Aunt Sally!" she exclaimed. "Pretty good pickings! We make it two thousand dollars. This village must represent a lot of hard money!"

Mrs. Esmeralda's announcement was electrifying. St. Johns gave a long whistle, and the other women took on a rigid expression. All but my dear lady, who half rose from her seat and then sank back again.

"Two thousand dollars!" she said. "But my dear child! And what on earth are you going to do with all that pin-money?"

A dead silence followed the question. I think the expression on Esmeralda's face was the cause of it. For once it was deadly serious, and she lost all her color, becoming very white, as though she had been suddenly and badly frightened. But she was not frightened; her eyes showed that. She was merely extremely angry, and holding on to her temper in, as I must say, the very best of form. Her voice was very quiet, yet distinctly disconcerted.

"Aunt Sally," said she slowly, "every person on this terrace was playing for money—even at the bridge tables. Do you mean to tell me they expected to keep their winnings?"

"Now, Esmeralda ——" began Mrs. DeWynt. But that stern young figure would not allow her aunt to go on.

"I was playing for the Red Cross," said Mrs. Esmeralda. "I thought the others were too. I see by your face that I was wrong. Well, there's no question about where my money goes!"

In silence still we watched her count off a certain number of bills, which she retained. Then she set her basketful of assorted wealth upon the arm of her aunt's chair.

"There you are—all but sixty dollars," said she. "With the three hundred you took in at the gate the boys over there will get quite a lot of help."

"And for what, may I ask, are you retaining that sixty dollars?" inquired Mrs. DeWynt.

Esmeralda laughed a little, though not very gayly.

"This member of the Red Cross pays expenses first!" she said, pointing to herself. "And that sixty was lent me by my husband to stake the bank!"

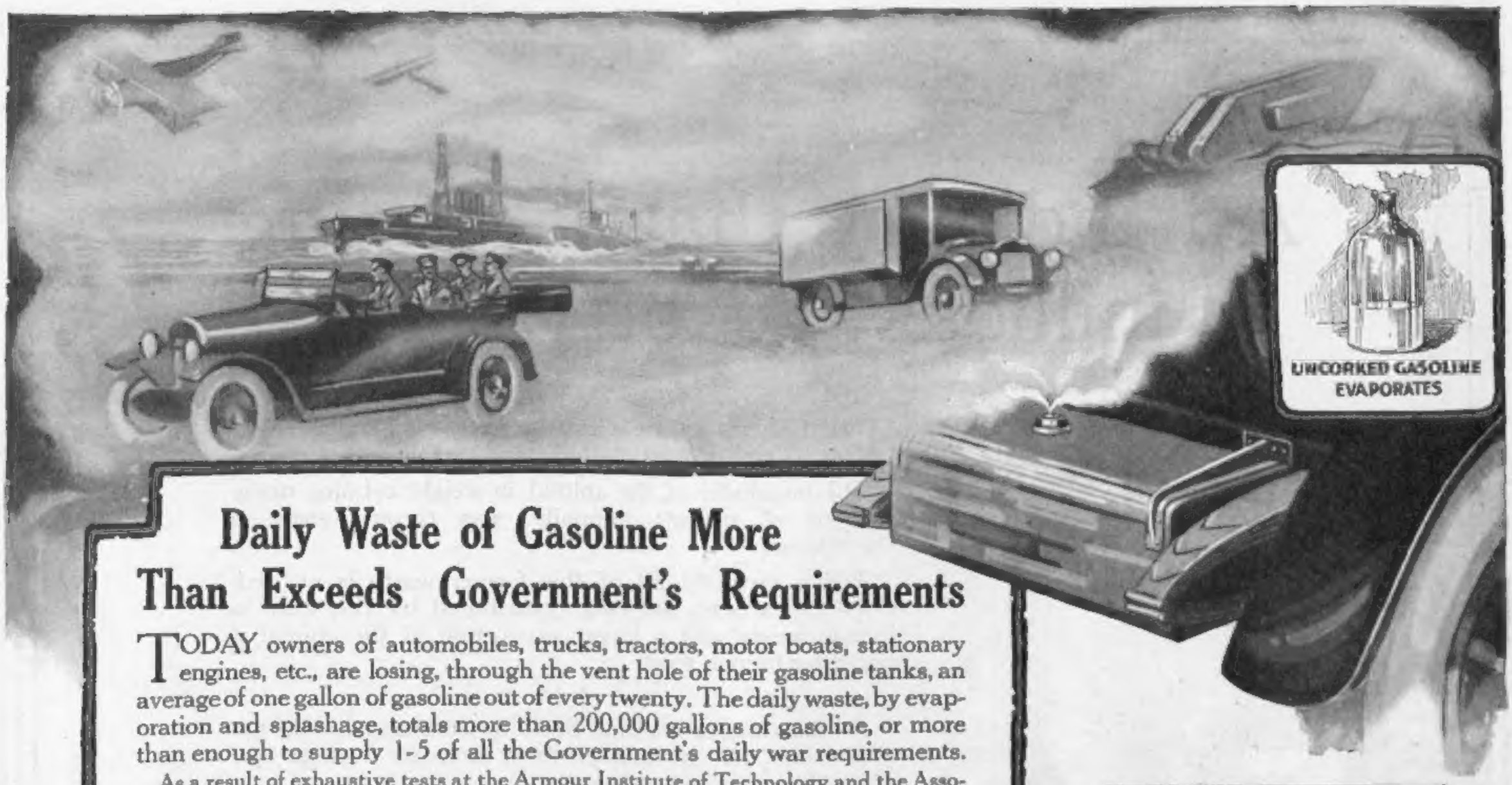
With that she turned to hand him the money. But he was gone—vanished utterly!

"Well, never mind," said Mrs. Esmeralda, stuffing the money into her belt. "I'll give it to him next time I see him, unless he wants to donate it. But I'll let him do it himself."

And then, to the infinite relief of all of us, Hoskins appeared with the tray of before-dressing cocktails. What marvelous inventions food and drink are, and how many a difficult situation have they not solved!

I do not as a rule partake of alcoholic stimulants, so I left the party at this juncture to complete my duties for the day, as they were by no means finished. And as I entered the long drawing-room I discovered the missing Captain Tugwell.

Now from the moment of his introduction to us I claimed that he was of very inferior mentality, and what I now saw convinced me that he was perhaps even feebleminded. For there was no one in the room—mind you, absolutely no one—and yet the man was laughing, conversing and making gestures. On my word of honor! He was leaning against the sofa, his back toward me, and he was alternately beating the air with his hands and slapping his knees with them, his shoulders shaking with almost silent mirth, and in a whisper he kept saying over and over: "Rippin'! Simply rippin'! Oh, I say, rearly! it's too much!" And a lot more mere gibberish like that. On my word of honor! No wonder Mrs. DeWynt had to drop those people. They were impossible—you can see it for yourself. Absolutely impossible!



Daily Waste of Gasoline More Than Exceeds Government's Requirements

TODAY owners of automobiles, trucks, tractors, motor boats, stationary engines, etc., are losing, through the vent hole of their gasoline tanks, an average of one gallon of gasoline out of every twenty. The daily waste, by evaporation and splashage, totals more than 200,000 gallons of gasoline, or more than enough to supply 1-5 of all the Government's daily war requirements.

As a result of exhaustive tests at the Armour Institute of Technology and the Associated Engineering Laboratories, the enormity of this waste, unsuspected by the average car owner, has been established. Read their statements below, which prove that gasoline losses from tank vent holes are stopped when your car is equipped with the

Imperial Gas-Tank Seal

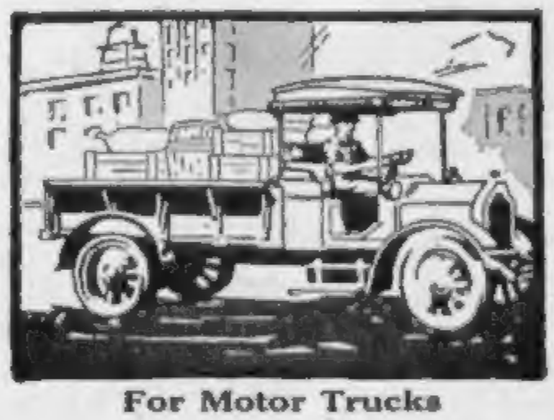
You would not leave the cork out of a bottle of gasoline—why leave your fuel tank uncorked? The Imperial Gas-Tank Seal is simple—cannot get out of order. It works equally well with Gravity or Vacuum systems. The valve admits air automatically, to replace gasoline used through the carburetor.

You can stop your share of this waste—help conserve the nation's supply of gasoline, reduce your fuel bills and increase your mileage—by equipping your car with the Imperial Gas-Tank Seal. Installation requires only a few minutes—simply bore a ⅜-inch hole in the filler cap.

Send $3.00 for an Imperial Gas-Tank Seal today. When ordering specify whether Seal is wanted for Gravity or Vacuum Feed System. We shall be pleased to mail you "Where the Gasoline Goes," our Free Pamphlet.

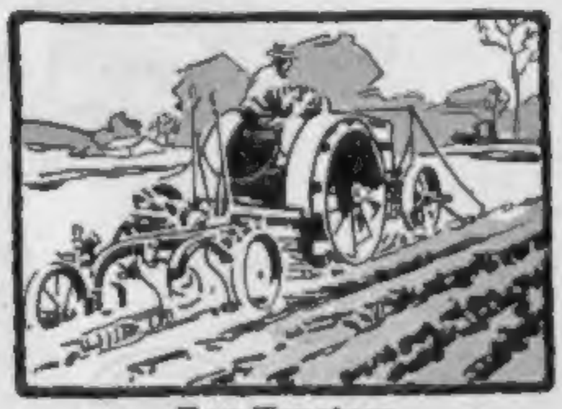
THE IMPERIAL BRASS MFG. CO., 1227 W. Harrison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

ALSO MAKERS OF Imperial Oxy-Acetylene Welding, Cutting and Lead Burning Equipment: Primers, Gasoline Cocks, Compression Couplings; Bronze Signs and Name Plates; Bronze Kick Plates, Door Guards, Push Bars; Watrous Sanitary Plumbing and Liquid Soap Fixtures; Imperial Self-Heating Irons.



For Motor Trucks

For Motor Boats



For Tractors

For Automobiles

$3.00 Prepaid

$4.50 in Canada

The Only Device of Its Kind

What Tests Proved

On the Road

Imperial Brass Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

We hand you herewith our report on road test made of the Imperial Gas-Tank Seal.

This test, in which a standard make of car was used, continued for a period of 25 days.

The car was first run over a 900-mile route without the Imperial Gas-Tank Seal and then run over the same route with the Imperial Gas-Tank Seal installed on the tank. On both trips the operating conditions were as nearly identical as possible.

The test clearly demonstrated the fact that where the Gas-Tank Seal was not used, the loss through the vent hole of the tank was 15 7-10% of the total volume of gasoline used, and on the trip with the Imperial Gas-Tank Seal installed, this loss was entirely eliminated.

Associated Engineering Laboratory

By L. J. Chase

Principal Asst. Engineer.

In the Laboratory

Imperial Brass Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

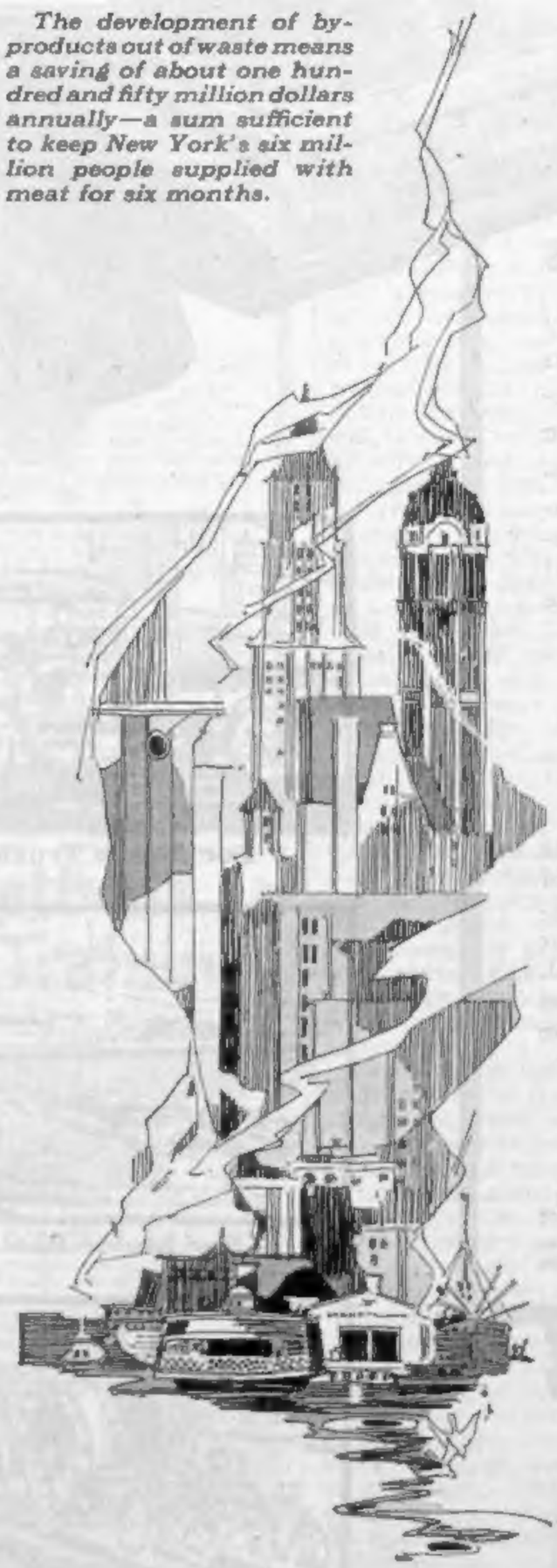
Under separate cover please find detailed report on Laboratory test made of the Imperial Gas-Tank Seal.

You will note that the aggregate wastage of gasoline, through the vent hole of the tank, due to evaporation, expansion and splashing, is 5% of the total volume of gasoline used in the tank. Our test not only definitely established this volume of loss but conclusively proved that the use of Imperial Gas-Tank Seal entirely eliminates wastage.

John J. Schommer

Prof. Chemical Engineering
Office and Laboratories
Armour Institute of Technology

An industry that is saving millions out of waste



The development of by-products out of waste means a saving of about one hundred and fifty million dollars annually—a sum sufficient to keep New York's six million people supplied with meat for six months.

THERE was a time when the steer was handled solely for its edible meat, its hide, and its tallow.

The remainder of the animal, in weight totaling many millions of pounds annually, was thrown away—a sheer waste.

Today virtually all of this former waste is utilized. Over 250 articles are now contributed by the steer to human needs, and a larger proportion of the animal is saved for human food.

* * * *

At the time of writing, Swift & Company has to get about $125 for the dressed meat from an average beef animal in order to break even.

But if the old order of waste prevailed today and only the hide and tallow were saved, Swift & Company, to break even, would need to get about $135, or to pay the producer less for his cattle.

This is a saving of about ten dollars per animal—a saving which, when multiplied by the total number of cattle dressed annually by Swift & Company, over two million, amounts to more than twenty million dollars yearly, and this saving results in higher cattle prices and lower meat prices.

If applied to the entire number of cattle dressed annually in America, approximately fifteen million, this saving would amount to about one hundred and fifty million dollars annually.

* * * *

The real development of by-products came with the development of the larger packing organizations.

Success was attained not easily, but by patient effort, by exhaustive experiment, by intense specialization. It has been a big job and has called for big methods—a job far beyond the resources of the old, unorganized system of local meat dressing.

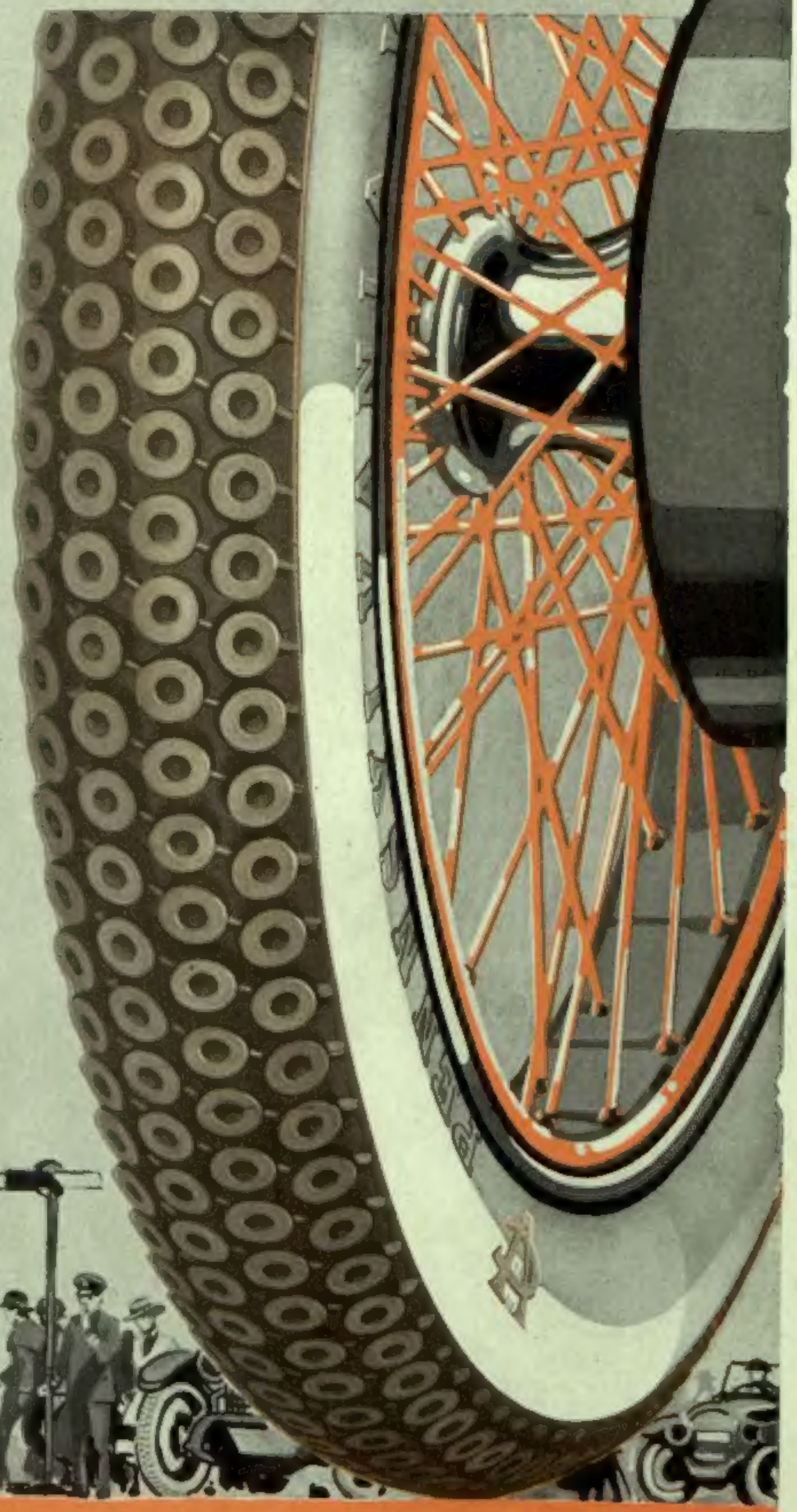
Not only are by-products saved but their value has been increased through better handling of hides, fats and other edible portions of the steer.

Swift & Company is glad to have had a part in this development. It is an achievement of thrift—an achievement that has made possible today lower meat prices to the consumer and higher prices to the producer of cattle.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization with
more than 20,000 stockholders

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP
TIRES



WHEN renewal time comes, users of Vacuum Cup Tires do not reorder them merely because of any *single* superiority they possess.

They are actuated by the *combined* greater *quality, safety,* and *economy* every Vacuum Cup Tire offers.

The *guaranteed* nonskid action of the Vacuum Cups, that makes the wet, slippery pavement as trustworthy as a dry, hard road, unfailingly enlists new users among *regular* Vacuum Cup Tire enthusiasts.

This enthusiasm is strengthened by the price at which Vacuum Cup Tires are sold—approximately the same as ordinary 3,500 mile tires and much less than any other make carrying equal mileage assurance.

Finally, this undeviating choice of tire equipment is made complete by the actual ability of Vacuum Cup Tires to run far ahead of the definite mileage for which they are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag—of

6,000 Miles

Makers of Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

Jeannette, Pa.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

Member Jeannette War Service Union

Broiler Efficiency

You obtain the perfect, wholesome and natural flavor of broiled foods when the broiler and pan are hygienically clean